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THE MAN WHO GAVE US CHRISTMAS

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How many of us in the hurry and hubbub of the holiday season steal a few silent moments to consider where our Christmas comes from? Stories as beautiful as that of Christmas do not just happen; they have a source, they come from somewhere, they come from someone. When we stop to think and search for a sure but distant origin we shall find, contrary to the evidence of this mass-mad decade, that over and over again some far-off individual, man or woman, is responsible for giving the whole world some undying dream, a dream that can always be seen to have been long and courageously preserved within the dreamer's own undaunted soul. Yet this far-off bravery too often fails to stir us, because we seldom pause to look back, and remember.

From year to year we join in the singing of the old familiar carols, forgetting who recorded the very first Christmas hymns that have set the fashion for all that have followed. From year to year we listen while some voice reads, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord,' without remembering how high and holy and humble some far-off man must have kept his spirit before he could have perceived the ineffable loveliness of the Annunciation and shared a young mother's glory in a child-to-be. Every year we gather together, young and old, to construct the Christmas crèche. We arrange the sheep, we place the kneeling shepherds, we crown with a halo the baby's head lying on the straw, but we forget the man who so revered the sacredness of commonplace things that he dared to describe a God laid in a cattle trough for a cradle. We forget the man who gave us Christmas.

We do not know Luke well enough to say 'thank you' to him across the centuries. But we might know him better, and Christmas might mean more to us, if we tried to discover what it must first have meant to the man who gave it to us, gave it in all its perennial freshness and beauty to a world racked with war in his day and still racked with war in our day, in spite of the soaring, singing message of the two thousand Christmases that have come between. While in no sense did Luke invent the Christmas narrative, one can with truth say that it was he who gave us Christmas, for it was Luke, and Luke only, who searched out and found and preserved a birth story too

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humble for prouder historians to touch. It is said of Jesus, the wayside preacher, that the common people heard him gladly. It may be said of Luke, the wayside doctor, that he heard the common people gladly. Was it these same common people who brought to Luke's knowledge the story of the first Christmas, revealing to him perhaps the existence of some close-kept Aramaic document, or simply transmitting to him by word of mouth sacred and secret memories? The narrative of Jesus' birth seems to have been unknown to the earliest Christian Church, concentrated as that church was on its Founder's death and Resurrection. Who else but humble people, still open to wonder and awe, could have told those old tales of miracles and angel voices? Who else but Luke would have listened? Who else in that day and hour reverenced humanity enough to accept the story of a God born in a stable and to give that story to the world?

Let us read once again the first two chapters of Luke's Gospel. Then let us pause to consider where our Christmas comes from, picture by picture, chant by chant. The most beautiful book in the world, so Renan has described the Gospel of Luke. And in that book, for sheer unearthly loveliness, the opening chapters are the most beautiful of all. Only a painter could have conceived the strange stark beauty of the scene in which the tall angel delivers his message to a wondering awestruck girl. In fact, some early statues of Luke represent him as an actual artist, carrying palette and brushes. Only a dramatist could have seen and made us see that doorway meeting of two rapt women, one young, one old, each bearing beneath her heart a little child. Only a man attuned to music like a harp could have given us those immortal chants uttered by Zechariah and Mary and Simeon. The first thing, then, that we know about Luke is that he was a genius. The second thing we know is that, from the first written word of his Gospel to the last, Luke must have dedicated all his endowment to the delineation of an invisible Master, always, from Bethlehem's manger to the supper table of Emmaus, alive and shining before his eyes.

II

We possess little enough information about Luke, but it seems to be generally accepted that he was a young doctor of Antioch, and a member of the Christian community there before he met Paul and joined that intrepid leader on his second missionary journey as his personal physician. Except for those intervals when his superior trusted him to carry out certain missionary undertakings by himself, Luke seems to have remained at Paul's side, at hand during Paul's two years' imprisonment in colonial Cæsarea, and always within call during the longer incarceration in imperial Rome. There in Rome the two must have said a last farewell before Paul's martyrdom. Paul's description of his friend has become part of the world's vocabulary: 'Luke, the beloved physician.'

But this compressed account of a great Christian doctor who was to become a still greater Christian historian needs to be set against the more expanded background of Luke's place and time if we are to have even the scantiest knowledge of the man who gave us Christmas. There is no period so obscure, so difficult to penetrate with accuracy, as the first century of modern times, now labeled A. D. But today these hidden decades are being penetrated with more and more patient research. Present-day scholars are suggesting fresh hypotheses about circumstances and people too long represented as already conclusively examined. Even Jesus himself comes alive with new challenge when the English scholar of today, Professor Thomas Walter Manson of Manchester, lecturing at Yale this very spring of 1939, presents a carefully documented and most stimulating new conception As for Luke of Antioch,

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there is a vast fresh area of deeply human conjecture opened by another scholar whose monumental study of the earliest foundations of our faith, *The Four Gospels*, stands on the shelves of every religious library. Canon Streeter, whose tragic airship death will be instantly recalled by many, holds that the historian Luke must have gone up and down the Palestinian countryside garnering from the humble people of field and village priceless jewels of teaching, parable, incident, preaching, that the Great Teacher scattered prodigally to the wind as he passed by. Barely twenty years later Luke followed after him. Streeter maintains that only by such sure and reverent tracing of Jesus' footsteps could Luke have come by the wealth of biographical material that he alone of the four Evangelists has been able to retrieve from oblivion and preserve for our knowledge.

Streeter's argument flashes a great searchlight of illumination upon Luke's own soul. There must have been some strange and beautiful magnetism about the man Luke, or the lowly people of the harsh upland pastures of Judea and the sun-swept vineyards about Galilee would not have opened to him their most sacred memories of the eternal Wayfarer. If it be only guesswork to suggest that Luke actually went about gathering much material for his book from humble people who recalled Jesus, still it is guesswork based on the evidence of the type of material he gathered and the type of man he seems to have been. Certain great parables and great incidents which had deathless effect on all Christian idealism are found in Luke alone. What toilworn peasant on some solitary hillside poured into Luke's eager ears the story of the Prodigal Son? What stooping trudger-by on some burning highroad straightened before Luke's earnest inquiries and imparted to him the recollection of that thrilled long-ago moment when as a youth he had heard Jesus, steadfast on his last black journey, utter that scathing parable of rebuke to the taunting questioner who had asked, 'And who is my neighbor?' It must have been in some such way that Luke came by his immortal story of the Good Samaritan. What obscure witness of a horror twenty years past recalled and described to Luke the last friend and the humblest that Jesus made on earth, one forever remembered by every one of us, but recorded by Luke alone, the Penitent Thief? And where and how and when did Luke learn of a baby God cradled in a manger?

But one cannot press on into Luke's mind and heart without first sketching what must have gone to the making of that mind and heart years before Luke had so much as heard of the hero of his great biography. Now just how did the wide-flung, powerful, but curiously disillusioned pagan Empire of Rome first come to hear about the mysterious occurrences in one of its remotest provinces? The first news the pagan world received about the Man who was destined to change the very name of history from his day to ours was sudden and sharp and unbelievable. From a mysteriously radiant and intrepid little band of Hebrew fishermen, people began to hear about a dead Leader who had utterly transformed their lives by the new laws he had laid down for all living. This Leader had died a most shameful death as a crucified criminal. But no, he had not really died at all! In spite of careful burial and a tomb sealed with the official Roman insignia, he had come back! His humble friends had seen him! They asserted that he was with them at this very moment, alive! — as he could be with anyone, so they asserted, who desired him enough to obey his laws for living, a method and practice so fresh and surprising that throughout the Empire the new sect, everywhere spreading and finally upclimbing from the humble to the high, was coming to be called simply The Way.

Nobody at first took the trouble to write the story of Jesus of Nazareth, for the simple reason that he himself had

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said that he would come back. His first followers took that promise of his literally. Only slowly, as the years went by, did they realize that Jesus was speaking, not of his physical return, but of his abiding spiritual presence in his world. Then the Good News of Jesus the Christ, which had first been told by flaming preaching, began to be written down here and there, wherever the message had come to be known, in scattered fugitive documents, which slowly coalesced into four books finally accepted as authoritative by the small new congregations, often secret, now swiftly forming the habit of assemblage in the name of The Way. Thus humbly the Christian Church began, steadily shaping its liturgy, its chants, its prayers.

But the Christian Church was in existence before its Gospels, as we possess them today. Our Gospels are the account of those aspects of Christ's life, and those words of his message, which had previously been tried and tested and proved to be vital by the usage of myriad little churches springing up all over the Empire, at first hidden away, for the most part, from the proud intellectual ruling classes. These classes at first regarded askance a new religious leader who had been legally executed on a charge of sedition against the brief but secure and comfortable international orderliness of that period.

But the first century was not yet half gone before the new faith was attracting the attention of some among the educated and the high-born. Of these, young Doctor Luke of Antioch was one. Another was his Excellency Theophilus of Rome. To this Theophilus Luke dedicated his twin books, his Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles. Luke addresses a preface to Theophilus indicating the nature of his researches and the purpose of his book: 'Because many historians have undertaken a narrative of the mysterious events that form the basis of our faith, as these events have been transmitted to us by those who were actually present at them, I myself have now resolved to set down a record of the Christian message authenticated by all the investigation possible to me, in order that you and others like you may have a true and detailed presentation of matters you have hitherto ascertained by word of mouth.'

Thus there came into existence a book which to this day presents the supreme appeal of Christianity to all paganism past or present. The universality of the Christian faith is revealed by the fact that Luke's book was written by a Greek to a Roman about a Jew.

III

But what had gone into the making of Luke the man before he could become equipped to make his book? Luke had first been child and lad and man in Antioch before he had so much as heard of Jesus of Nazareth. Luke was perhaps a boy in his middle teens when in famous Jerusalem, two hundred miles distant, a certain mysterious malefactor was put to death. One cannot ascertain just how soon afterwards the news of this cruel death and the triumphant Resurrection from a felon's grave reached the receptive ears of the young Luke, but by the year 50 Luke seems to have become a well-known member of the Antioch group of Jesus' followers.

The Antioch of Luke's day was a large and prosperous city, an important transportation centre for the long caravan routes, as well as the repository of a Greek culture established by Alexander the Great two centuries before. Antioch was a seaport; the boy Luke would have been familiar with ships and sailors. Many foreigners walked the streets of this flourishing metropolis; the boy Luke might have picked up the native speech of the villagers as they pressed into town, some of them speaking Aramaic, the language of Palestine, the language of Jesus. Luke, well-to-do and educated with all the liberality of Greek custom,

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probably had first-hand knowledge of the Old Testament, long before translated into Greek and widely circulated among Greek-speaking Jews, of whom there were very many scattered throughout the first-century Roman Empire. The large Jewish colony in Antioch was broad-minded in its outlook, and a young Greek also broad-minded in outlook would have had happy friendships that perhaps supplied Luke with his intimate understanding of Hebrew ways and customs. Luke's writing shows him to have had an eager and adventurous delight in travel. We can imagine him when a boy as taking tramps of investigation in the environs of Antioch. But both within and without the city he would have observed want and suffering to which he would never have been indifferent. Gifted, educated, well-born, and well-to-do, Luke was free to choose his own career. He looked at suffering, and he chose to be a doctor.

In Luke's after years he must often have recalled the peace and joyousness, the freedom and sanity, of his Antioch background, much as many of us today look back wistfully and gratefully to the world we knew before 1914. In Antioch, Luke in childhood and early maturity was privileged to form foundations of normal thinking and normal living. The Christian group to which he came to belong was dominated by the wise and kindly Barnabas, one of the first to trust and befriend Paul after Paul's strange sudden conversion from persecutor to missionary. Barnabas had even brought Paul to Antioch. Barnabas's warm welcome to all young Greeks was well known. In Antioch, Luke could also have known Silas and Mark. Early in his career as a Christian doctor he appears to have joined a relief expedition from the Antioch church to Jerusalem, carrying a cargo of wheat to that city stricken with famine. It may have been on this visit that Luke met people prominent among those earliest Jerusalem Christians — Peter, James, John; Mary, the mother of Mark, in whose upper room the Last Supper was celebrated; and probably that greater Mary, the mother of Jesus. Some dozen years later Luke again accompanied Paul to Jerusalem on a mission of kindliness, taking a gift of money to the Temple treasury. On one of Luke's visits to Jerusalem, many people think he must have known Mary, the mother of Jesus, and from her received directly some of the most intimate details of his story of Christmas.

The second visit to the sacred city was from the first ill-omened. Paul had become most unpopular with the Jerusalem Christians because of his friendliness with the Gentiles. James, the brother of Jesus, who was at this time Bishop of Jerusalem, advised Paul to go slowly, to give proof of his fidelity, to placate his enemies. However, almost at once the dreaded circumstance occurred, and Paul was mobbed within the Temple precincts, to be rescued by the Roman guard and sent for safety, with an accompanying battalion of soldiers, to the colonial governor's seat at Cæsarea and the fortress prison there. Paul was to remain in Cæsarea for two long years, from 56 to 58. During all this time Luke was not only in constant attendance upon the prisoner, but ceaselessly working for his release. Vainly. At the end of two years Paul made his famous direct appeal to the Emperor, and was sent to Rome, never to be freed except by death.

For Luke and for us the two years at Cæsarea were to have priceless significance, for it is most probable that it was during this sojourn there, when Luke could move about freely even though in constant attendance upon a famous prisoner, that the third Evangelist gained his full knowledge of the birth story of Jesus.

If we let conjecture play a searchlight back on the middle years of the first century we may perhaps presume humbly to guess where and how and from whom Luke came to his knowledge of the first

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Christmas. As one of the earliest of the great research scholars of history, Luke would have followed a procedure then rare, but now long taken for granted. Luke we know made certain visits to Jerusalem, and he may well have made more such visits than we know. It seems most probable that in Jerusalem he would have sought out Mary, the mother of Jesus. Luke's own book of Acts explicitly states that Mary was one of the early church community in the holy city. If we try, we can surmise Mary's own accents as an undertone to Luke's Christmas chronicle.

At Jerusalem, Luke was within easy distance of the village of Bethlehem. From much internal evidence we know that he respected humble people, and listened to their reminiscences. It is not too far-fetched, then, to fancy his listening to some aging shepherd who recalled the angel hymn of his boyhood. In some such manner of direct first-hand research Luke may have supplemented an early Aramaic document describing the miracle of Jesus' coming into the world. All scholars seem to agree that Luke actually had in his hand some such ancient scroll, the existence of which they maintain is supported by the arresting differences between the nativity stories and the rest of Luke's Gospel. Chapter III opens to a fresh beginning; there is an abrupt break in continuity. There are also notable differences in style. There is a studied effort to use simple archaic Greek, as if the translator, who was also profoundly an artist in words, were trying to put himself and his reader back into the simple terms and manner of thought of a previous generation, hidden away in the hill country of Judea.

In Cæsarea, Luke would have had priceless leisure both to collect his material and to make some preliminary arrangement of it. In Cæsarea, too, he would have had invaluable association with Philip, and with Philip's four gifted daughters, 'prophetesses' — that is to say, accepted teachers and interpreters of the new faith. Undoubtedly Philip's daughters would have known Mary in Jerusalem before they had come to settle in Cæsarea. One cannot calculate what wealth of memories they might there have transmitted to Luke.

IV

But the man Luke, the man who gave us Christmas, what deeper guesses dare we make about him, about his own soul and about his patient perfection of that soul until he was equipped to become the perpetual proclaimer of glad tidings to men? Scholarship and Biblical research afford us only a rough scaffold on which to build our conjecture, a scaffold in itself frankly conjectural. In addition to the scant life history here given, it is supposed that after Paul's death, which may have occurred in 64 as an earliest date, in 68 as a latest one, Luke eventually returned to Palestine, presumably to revise and complete his projected manuscript. At this time the long-smouldering Jewish revolt against Rome flamed to madness, and was tragically punished. The age-old citadel of the Hebrew religion was razed; of the Temple not one stone remained upon another. Luke's Gospel is now dated about 80 A.D. Luke is supposed to have died in the province of Bithynia in the first nineties.

Indeed, all this is a fragmentary basis of fact on which to build supposition that dares to penetrate the personality of the man who gave us Christmas! But he has left the world a book which reveals himself as well as his Master. Research supplies us with certain probable facts, and we may employ human insight and sympathy in interpreting them. The bare facts of Luke's life point to certain conclusions about his character. Even the most cursory examination of Luke's Gospel and the most superficial study of his life suggest at once his singular fitness for giving the world its Christmas.

It was the 'beloved physician' who

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could describe motherhood in all the holiness of our Christmas narratives. It was one who had given all his being to the service of others, and who was never to hold a child of his own in his arms, who could set down the raptured words, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord.' It was one whose life was consecrated to the relief of suffering who could describe with such exaltation Jesus' miracles of healing. Long before he had ever heard of the mysterious man executed in a distant city, Luke, a joyous-hearted young Greek, must have chosen a career of kindliness. He had himself gone about doing good before he was equipped to write of all the wealth of kindly deeds and sympathetic words that he records in his life of Jesus. Of all four Evangelists, it is Luke who best reveals Jesus the man, friend always of the poor and the downtrodden, comforting even the despairing thief crucified beside him, as Luke alone tells us. It is a joyous human Jesus that Luke presents, probably because he himself had learned high joy in his close contact with an unseen Master. In spite of all its tragedy, Luke's Gospel gives the reader a sense of unconquerable gladness, gladness like that of the two disciples on the walk to Emmaus when their Master returned to share a meal with them, an incident that Luke alone has saved from oblivion. Truly Luke was mysteriously fitted to transmit to us forever the joyousness of Christmas.

But it could never have been a carefree Luke who wrote down those strange sweet Christmas stories. It must have been a Luke who had drunk to the dregs the cup of despair, who had beheld evil triumph in holy places, and who had seen the dream Jesus died for apparently blotted out in blood. It was after Paul's martyrdom — after, and not before — that Luke's Gospel was finished and given to the world. It was after, not before, the destruction of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. that Luke, the doctor-scholar, ended his consecrated research into the life of his Hero, and made it public. With all the world Luke had witnessed the downfall of the old stronghold of Judaism, and the hounding of Jerusalem rebels from one precarious hiding to another. He never completed the Acts of the Apostles to include Paul's martyrdom. Was it that the 'beloved physician' was too heartbroken to add the final death-dealing chapters about his dearest friend? If Luke was perhaps thirty-five, already proved a successful doctor and a trusted teacher of the new faith when he joined Paul about 50 A.D., then, when he was reverently bringing his book to a close in the seventies of the first century, he must have been aging toward his own seventies. In spirit he may have shared Simeon's delight in the vision of the newborn babe of hope. We know that the infancy narratives do not seem to have been generally known to the early church. It is Luke the doctor-evangelist who has made them a part of our Christian faith.

But what had these sacred stories of a holy little child meant to Luke himself in his darkening old age, in his darkening world? Persecution was rife. For all we know, Luke may have written in the very shadow of his own martyrdom; some ancient authorities say that he was martyred. From end to end of Palestine the armies of Rome had gone raging and avenging. No one could count the fallen dead that Luke's pen might have recorded but did not. Instead, Luke, an old unbroken man, sent forth from the stricken world of his day to our stricken world of today the deathless hope of an angel hymn, and the deathless promise of a newborn child.

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LABOR AND THE WAR

BY PAUL ELIEL

I

WHAT happens to labor when a country embarks on a modern war, and what is likely to happen to it in this country as a result of the war in Europe? Some conception of what the war has done to labor is gained from the experience of the petroleum industry in Great Britain. Within a week after hostilities commenced, great oil companies, whose employees had been numbered in the thousands the week before, had to all intents and purposes no employees at all. The government had taken over the entire complex range of operations of the industry and transferred them to what is known as the petroleum pool. A bare handful remained on the companies' payrolls to deal with indispensable accounting transactions and similar matters. Practically all service stations were closed. Brands of gasoline and oil on which companies had spent thousands of pounds in advertising were, so far as the British motorist was concerned, only a memory. Gasoline was being rationed, and motorists were allowed to buy only enough to permit of two hundred miles of driving a month.

Something of what this meant in terms of dislocations, of unemployment, of drastic economic change, was graphically illustrated by a photograph of Piccadilly Circus taken on the morning after the petroleum-rationing regulations went into effect. The traffic heart of London was empty of vehicles, except for a motorbus, a horse-drawn wagon, and a pushcart. Government control of all petroleum products not only had uprooted the traditional relations between primary employers, the oil companies, and their employees, but had suddenly affected the livelihood of thousands of bus drivers, taxicab drivers, and private chauffeurs, workers in garages, and employees of collateral industries. An economic whirlwind had wiped out overnight practically all automotive transportation except such as directly served the war objectives of the government.

This recasting of the petroleum industry to the new mould of the requirements of a war economy, with its profound effect upon normal employer and employee relations, has probably been duplicated in a dozen or more other fields which are as vital to the prosecution of a modern war. It is not unlikely that in each instance the effects have been as radical and far-reaching.

From the standpoint of both employers and their former employees transferred to government service, or momentarily jobless, a host of special problems were created — problems hardly less serious than those obvious surface ones flowing from the government's assumption of activities which had traditionally been almost exclusively within the province of the employer or had been the subject of joint consideration by him and his employees or their representatives. What is to be the course of wages and hours, and how are they to be determined? What happens to employees' seniority? Does it continue to accumu-

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late as though there had been no change in the employer-employee relationship, or does it terminate with the transfer of the employee to the governmental agency? If the seniority of the employees is to be considered as continuing, does not this impose some sort of obligation on the employer to guarantee a position and reëmployment at the termination of hostilities? Can such a guarantee be more than a highly contingent expectancy in view of all the uncertainties that surround the future? What is to be done about pension plans and annuities which the employer and his employees had been purchasing jointly against the day of the employees' retirement on account of old age or long service? Shall they remain frozen at the point that had been reached when the employment was broken, or shall it be considered that the employment has not been broken but that there has been only a temporary transfer? And in this event how are arrangements going to be made for the continuing payment of the annuity premiums? What of group insurance with or without war-risk clauses in the policy? Are employers going to make up the difference between the wages or salaries of their employees who enter the military service and the military pay they receive, and if so for how long? Are those with dependents to be treated under such a formula more liberally than those without?

These, and a host of other similar questions that cannot even be touched on here, are being faced daily by employers in Great Britain and probably to a lesser degree in France. However, it is not to be supposed that only British and French employers are searching for the answers to these and similar questions. Already many American firms with branches or subsidiaries in these two countries, in Canada or the other British dominions, have had to attempt to find answers to them. Already these firms have had the war brought home to them through the necessity for the promulgation of special regulations for their employees overseas. While the number of such concerns is not great, their experience probably represents the first important impact of the war on employer-employee relations in this country. It has necessitated a degree of specifically realistic thinking in the field of industrial relations that has not been required of any other group in this country since the outbreak of the war.

II

No similar problems have yet forced themselves on the thinking of labor, whether organized or unorganized. As this is being written, the American Federation of Labor is holding its annual convention in Cincinnati, and the Congress of Industrial Organizations is meeting in San Francisco. Such questions related to the war as have come up for consideration at the Federation meeting have, in contrast to the problems that have faced employers, been general rather than specific. Resolutions touching on profiteering, neutrality, the arms embargo, are before the convention. The keynote address of President Lewis at the CIO meeting — while it touched on the war, urged support of the Administration's neutrality legislation, and called for non-participation by the United States — was largely confined to consideration of the domestic economic scene, with particular emphasis upon such matters as the continuing failure of the Federal Government to adopt policies and establish agencies that would tend to absorb the unemployed. And yet signs are not lacking that within a comparatively short time pressing and specific problems will begin to bulk large and will force labor groups to make important and detailed, rather than generalized, decisions of policy.

Already it is fairly apparent that, should the war continue for any considerable length of time, shortages of labor supply will begin to manifest themselves.

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These will create a series of problems that will have to be faced both by workers and by employers. As to these, the final and important decisions of policy would appear to rest largely with the workers. Many of the evidences of business revival which are contributory to this impending labor shortage are already beginning to manifest themselves.

For example, it is known that on one day about mid-September the railroads of the country recalled in excess of 14,000 shopmen who were on furlough. Further evidence of a strong business revival is the record of freight-car loadings. By the end of September, loadings had reached a point only slightly below the peak of 1937 and exceeding loadings for any other week since the early days of the depression in 1930. During September, activity in the steel industry advanced more rapidly than at any time in its history. Trade papers report as of early October that the major steel companies were practically sold out for the remainder of the year and refusing to book any more orders at that time. Part of this demand can undoubtedly be credited to orders in anticipation of sharp price increases after January 1, but such price increases, should they develop, would be largely a reflection of enlarged demand.

Among the heavy buyers is the railroad industry, which has either placed orders or issued inquiries for more than 1,000,000 tons of steel to be used in almost every type of equipment and including heavy orders for rails. Even the building industry, in which activity has largely been confined to residential construction, has shown sharp advances in orders for structural steel. One sure sign of the effect of the war on the steel industry has been the unprecedented increase in the demand for tin plate. Most of this business represents export demand and is a direct reflection of the inability of South American and other buyers to book their orders with European mills. The machine-tool industry, which has been extremely active for months, has shown still further increases in orders, with the result that many companies were without tools to exhibit at the annual convention. Automobile output for the last week in September was the largest for this period since the final week of September 1929, with almost 63,000 cars rolling from production lines as compared to slightly more than 25,000 in the same week of last year and with estimated September production which will total about 290,000 cars.

Precisely how much of this improvement should be credited to general business revival and how much to the effect of the war it is impossible at this time to state. The major indices for several months past have shown signs of recovery from the 1937–1938 slump. It appears likely, however, that in a considerable number of lines of business indirect war orders — that is, export orders to non-belligerents which would normally have been placed with belligerents but are now placed in this country — have been superimposed on increasing domestic business and have contributed materially to the steadily improving business tone.

But, it may be asked, how can we have a shortage of labor in this country, no matter how sharply business may recover, when there are some ten millions of unemployed looking for jobs? Will not the enormous supply of potential workers hanging over the labor market prevent any serious shortages from developing? Will not the effect of a steadily increasing demand for workers merely serve to draw down the level of this reservoir of unemployed, with beneficial effects on relief rolls and the budgets of special governmental agencies set up to meet the problems of unemployment?

If, in times like these, all that business men required to meet their labor needs was a certain number of units of man power, the problem would be a simple one and shortages could not possibly develop. Under such circumstances an industry

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would draw on the labor market for as many workers as were necessary without specification as to their occupation, skill, experience, or age. But there is never such a non-selective demand for labor, and just as the impact of the revival that we are now experiencing is not uniformly spread among all industries and occupations but is producing high levels of production in such lines as shipbuilding, the manufacture of automobiles and machine tools, and the production of steel, so is the demand for workers a highly differential one with extreme pressures for certain types and occupations and little or no change in demand for other types.

Thus it now appears likely that the demand for welders already exceeds the known supply, with the result that firms are bidding against one another for workers skilled in this trade. It is impossible to conceive of any similar shortage developing, for example, among carpenters. Electricians who understand the highly complex problems of modern industrial installations are in great demand, but ordinary electricians who know only how to wire a residence or other building are something of a drug on the market.

It must also be borne in mind that a substantial number of the vast reservoir of unemployed have only recently reached the age where they are employable. It is possible that something over 25 per cent of those now on the rolls of the unemployed were too young to have had a job before 1929 and practically none of these have had an opportunity to learn a trade since.

The subject of training for those skilled trades in which shortages are already apparent or will shortly appear is one which revival and the war are going to press home on labor and employers. Before 1929 there was no adequate apprentice training in the United States and since that time many of the limited programs which had been undertaken have been abandoned. Contrary to popular impression, apprentice limitations and quotas which are a regular feature of the controls established by most unions cannot be held responsible for these conditions. For, with negligible exceptions, employers operating under union conditions have never availed themselves of the maximum number of apprentices which they were permitted by union regulation. Companies not having contractual arrangements with a union — and this, of course, was the typical situation before 1937 — were, as a whole, equally indifferent to training problems. This country had for so many decades looked to immigration to meet its needs for both skilled and unskilled workers that business executives as a group never became conscious of the inevitable depletion in the ranks of the skilled due to promotions, normal retirement on account of old age, and death, or to the fact that many of the best enter the ranks of employers.

The 1930 census figures point to the total inadequacy of apprentice training at the close of a decade of prosperity and high employment. Out of more than 12,000,000 males in manufacturing and mechanical industries there were only some 73,500 listed as apprentices by the census. This was in the ratio of about one apprentice to 165 workers, skilled and unskilled. However, the true ratio for industrial employment as a whole was even less satisfactory. One of the few industries that has really undertaken a comprehensive training program is that of the printing trades. More than 10,500 of the apprentices were listed as being connected with the printing industry. Some 14,000 were in one or another of the building trades. Of 13,600 listed as machinists' apprentices the Census Bureau notes that probably many were machine tenders and not apprentices at all.

It would seem likely, therefore, that in 1930 there were not over 35,000 apprentices in training in manufacturing and allied industries, or about one apprentice to each 300 workers. The ratio

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of apprentices to skilled workers was substantially smaller than this, — how much smaller it is impossible to determine from the census data, — but if we assume that not more than one out of four workers in the manufacturing and mechanical industries was skilled, the country-wide ratio of apprentices to skilled workers in 1930 would have been somewhere in the neighborhood of one to seventy-five. It is safe to assume that there are fewer apprentices today than was the case in 1930, just as there were only about half as many in that year as in 1920. Likewise there are undoubtedly fewer skilled workers, so that there is actually a greater net deficiency of skilled workers than there was ten years ago.

III

How is this deficiency going to be met? In view of the probability of pressing needs for workers in certain highly skilled lines, can industry rely on customary training programs running for several years to supply the deficiency? Will not the demand have been dissipated long before the new mechanics are trained? Are there other devices that can be used to meet the need? How will unions, now more strongly entrenched than ever before, react to such proposals? What effect will these shortages have on this country's rearmament program, which it seems certain will be launched with great vigor shortly? What will be the effect of these real or prospective shortages on wage rates for the occupations immediately involved and for other occupations connected either directly or remotely with these occupational groups?

No peacetime or normal training program is going to meet those shortages which are today the most pressing, since it usually requires about four years to develop skilled workers. In some occupations it is possible to shorten this time materially through highly intensive training and through specialization and subdivision of the craft into its more important elements, with effort placed on supplying only enough of craft content and manual skill to permit the worker to perform certain portions of the work under highly skilled supervision. The same end may be attained by upgrading workers already partially grounded in the content of the trade and providing specialized and advanced instruction for them. Finally, in some instances, it is possible to invent new machine tools which will perform the most highly skilled tasks with machine tenders of only limited skill employed to operate them. All of these methods separately and in combination were employed in Great Britain during the last war and were known under the general name of 'dilution.'

The strongly entrenched unions of Great Britain, particularly in the metal trades, were firmly opposed to the early efforts to increase the output of munitions through dilution. Gradually, through a combination of wise tolerance and the uncompromising exercise of wartime government powers, this opposition was overcome, and unskilled men beyond the age for military service and women were employed to perform tasks that had always been regarded as belonging to a highly skilled male worker. It is probable that at least a million men of military age were thus released from war industries. Because there have never been similar union restrictions in this country, and because here the craft traditions are far less firmly entrenched owing to the dynamic character of the heavy and mass-production industries, it seems likely that a similar program of dilution applied in such limited areas as might be necessary would not meet with the extreme opposition that marked the early stages of dilution in Great Britain. It is idle to suppose, however, that there would not be serious opposition in crafts where dilution would appear to constitute a threat to effective quasi-monopolistic control of the market.

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When our own armament program is launched, with its combination of enlarged aircraft construction, increases in ordnance manufacture, and important naval shipbuilding programs added to our already heavy program of aircraft production and merchant-vessel construction which is even now taxing existing facilities to the limit of their capacity, it seems certain that shortages of labor which have already shown themselves will be enormously magnified, and that an organized national program of labor dilution will become a vital necessity. It is also obvious that should there be a repeal of the arms embargo, with placements of aircraft, ordnance, and munition orders in this country, the problem will have to be faced at a much earlier date, with magnified strains on our existing skilled labor supply.

One thing seems certain in any event. Wherever these shortages of labor manifest themselves, it is inevitable that wage increases will follow. In some instances these increases will result from the normal operations of the labor market. In some instances what might be called labor 'highjacking' will be resorted to by hard-pressed employers who will offer bonus rates as an inducement to persuade workers to leave present jobs and accept employment with them. In their efforts to retain such workers, employers will meet and more than meet such offers. Wage increases growing out of shortages in limited areas of employment will not be confined to such areas but will gradually spread beyond them to workers in occupations in which there are no shortages.

There is a high degree of interrelationship between wage rates. Movements which tend to alter or modify existing or traditional differentials cannot be limited to the small groups in which shortages have driven up rates. Forces are engendered which tend to restore old differentials and relationships, with the result that there is a gradual creeping up of rates throughout the entire industrial structure. Such increased rates — originally limited, as they would be in this instance, to the heavy industries and those engaged in the processing of producers' goods — gradually spread to consumers'-goods industries and to the distributive and service trades. Somewhere along the way, prices of durable goods and consumers' goods begin to rise. This is only another way of saying that the cost of living is increasing. Further demands for wage increases will be made, in some instances in an effort to restore real wages to their previous relationship to prices, in some instances in an effort to use the increases in living costs as a springboard from which to attempt to secure improved standards for workers over and above those to which they have normally been accustomed.

Whatever the real or ostensible motivation may be, it is at this point that there will be a call for real statesmanship on the side of both workers and employers. Quite aside from the question of how best to lubricate the inevitable areas of friction so that the least heat will be created, there are basic and important questions and differences of policy that will have to be reconciled.

The divergent approaches to policy as between labor and employers will, in all probability, centre around the questions as to the form in which increased wages will be given quite as much as the quantitative amounts of such increases. The disposition of workers and their representatives will be to demand that such increases in wages as are obtained shall be considered as constituting new base rates — new minima for wage standards. Employers, on the other hand, will apparently attempt to treat the wage increases as bonuses to compensate for increasing living costs and as given only for the duration of the emergency. Because employers will be certain that downward adjustments to meet world conditions will have to be made once peace has been restored, they will want

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to be in a position more readily and swiftly to make such adjustments. Consequently they will be eager to avoid finding themselves in the position where the new rates have been recognized as permanent in character. Some employers will also probably attempt to inaugurate or revive plans for profit sharing as another means of attempting to avoid new and permanently higher wage levels. While labor organizations probably will not oppose profit-sharing plans, it seems likely that they will ignore them in presenting for consideration demands for increases in wages for their members.

Workers, on the other hand, will feel that their short-run advantage certainly, and their long-run advantage probably, will lie in doing everything within their power to retain the money wages that they will receive, to consider them as representing a new and enduring level and through this new level to increase permanently their real wages. It seems certain that they will oppose bitterly any suggestion that wage increases be given in the form of cost-of-living bonuses and will insist on outright and unequivocal recognition and payment of their claims for higher wages.

Labor objects to cost-of-living bonuses on several grounds. In the first place, changes in wages geared directly to increases in living costs deny to workers a right to share in the expanding national income that usually goes with increased prices, and, in addition, wages tied to a cost-of-living formula imply a static and unchanging standard of living. Labor also finds objection to such a formula, since it feels that any such plan partakes of the nature of a gratuity rather than a negotiated wage increase. Workers do not want to be the recipients of a gratuity. A gratuity can be revoked or modified, it is felt, as readily as it can be established in the first place. The possibility of such revocation adds an element of uncertainty to workers' living standards, and makes the planning of the worker's budget, particularly as regards expenditures for semidurable and durable goods, a matter of great uncertainty. Workers are not strangers to uncertainty. It is a regular feature of their day-to-day lives. But they will not willingly accede to a proposal which adds new uncertainties to those they must continually face.

More difficult questions arise when an effort is made to determine the effects of the two divergent policies in the light of the probable long-run course of economic events. That sooner or later there will be international post-war economic collapse seems certain. As to when it will come, and in what form, it seems idle at this time to speculate. One thing appears to be reasonably certain, however. None of the nations of the world, whether belligerents or otherwise, has entered this war with its monetary system in as good condition as was the case during the period of World War I. If, following that war, there was an almost fatal strain put on monetary systems, it seems reasonable to assume that even more serious strains will follow the present war, assuming that hostilities are not shortly terminated. This means that there will be, in all probability, a period of chaotic international monetary dislocation followed by devaluations of many currencies. During the war period, however, our international transactions will become an increasingly important factor in our domestic economy. Foreign currency devaluations following peace, without compensatory adjustments in either domestic currencies, domestic prices and costs, or both, will tend seriously to disrupt the continuation of such international transactions. The greater the inflexibilities introduced into our own cost structure, the greater the difficulty of making adjustments, the more serious the dislocations flowing from the inability to make such adjustments, and the more far-reaching and enduring the effects domestically of the post-war collapse. Viewed from such an approach,

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the position which employers are likely to take would appear sounder than the proposals for which labor will contend.

In a time of rapidly expanding economic activity such as this country is now apparently facing, labor can contribute a major share toward recovery by adopting a realistic marketing policy so far as the pricing of labor is concerned. Under such a realistic policy it should not be the objective of labor only to assure better standards for those who have jobs, but, of far more importance, to attempt so to market and price labor that the largest number of persons will be employed at the highest practicable wage. Rapid advances in wages, which run far ahead of increases in productivity, can stifle recovery just as surely as can too rapid advances in any other important price. When labor, through its entrenched position, is able to effect unwarranted wage advances, this is no less profiteering than unwarranted increases in the prices of other goods and services.

IV

Up to this point no attention has been given to the problems which will arise in the field of employer-employee relations should this country become involved directly in the war. Under such circumstances it is obvious that the impact of the war would take on an entirely different character than would be the case should we remain at peace. Wage problems would become far more pressing and economically sound decisions as to wage policies would be far more important. Just as in Great Britain there have been sharp dislocations of normal employer-employee relationships, it is to be expected that similar dislocations would occur in this country. Protective labor legislation — such, for example, as the Fair Labor Standards (Wage and Hour) Act and the National Labor Relations Act — would immediately be subjected to demands for drastic modification, if not for total repeal. Problems already discussed in connection with prospective shortages of skilled workers would tend to become far more acute. How the country's human resources could be most effectively mobilized would immediately become a vital problem.

It seems certain that enormous pressure would be built up behind demands for complete military and industrial mobilization of all available man power. There is an important school in the military services thoroughly wedded to the idea that only through such complete industrial and military mobilization can a war be successfully prosecuted. Arrayed against any such proposals would be not only all workers, whether organized or not, and all liberal forces in the country, but, it is believed, most employers as well. If war could be conducted in a vacuum, or if productive processes could be carried on by robots without the employment of human beings, the position of those who support the idea of industrial mobilization would be beyond criticism. But war is not carried on under these conditions. In war the basic and underlying necessity is the maintenance of morale both at home and at the front. This is quite as important as the creation and training of armed forces, or the supplying of those forces with the necessary matériel to carry on a military campaign. Final victory is inconceivable in the face of a serious and enduring decline in morale. In their opposition to industrial mobilization, business and labor leaders would be standing shoulder to shoulder. For there can be no question but that in both groups there would be complete and unequivocal agreement that nothing could be more destructive of morale, and nothing more certain to prevent the attainment of that maximum of production which war requires, than would the mobilization of industrial workers and the placing of business and industry under a military régime. The only assurance that the maximum output of goods and services necessary for the successful prosecution

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of a war can be obtained lies in the willingness of labor to work wholeheartedly and unreservedly to attain this end. Regimentation, with its limitations on the liberties which the individual has normally enjoyed, is completely destructive of morale.

Attempts to draw an analogy between military and industrial life, and to argue that because regimentation and the strictest of discipline are successful and indispensable in the one case they will be equally so in the other, fail entirely to grasp the fundamental differences between the military services and industrial employment. In the military services the life of the individual is necessarily controlled day after day around the clock. Any such control is impossible in civilian life, if for no other reason than that the housing problem alone presents an insuperable obstacle. Coördination of action between large numbers of individuals is absolutely necessary for military success. Regimentation through discipline is vital in order to secure such coördination. The very lives of all may depend upon the rigid control of the individuals composing the group. No such imperatives are present in industry. The soldier takes it for granted that he is going to be separated from the environment to which he has been accustomed. Quite the opposite is true of the worker. He continues by force of circumstance to live in the environment to which he is used. By its very nature the relationship in the military service of those who order and those who receive the order is based on command. In industry, on the other hand, the idea of command is subordinated; for the essence of the art of controlling men in industry is understanding.

If the purpose of industrial mobilization is to prevent strikes and interruptions in vital productive undertakings, it should be obvious that this objective will not be attained through conscription. Losses due to strikes and stoppages will be far less disastrous from the standpoint of production for war needs than would be the losses which would follow from a nation-wide force of sullen and discontented workers. The patriotism of the American workman cannot be questioned. Given a chance, he will more than carry his share of the burden of war. But to stifle and strangle that patriotism through regimentation and military controls which are foreign to the entire experience of the industrial world would do far more to jeopardize eventual victory than would the maintenance of those normal relations which are traditionally a part of our industrial life.

In view of what has already been said as to labor shortages and bottlenecks, it would appear to be inevitable, if we entered the war, that the hour limitations as contained in the Fair Labor Standards Act would have to be modified, if not abandoned. It is always possible to increase the size of the military establishment by the addition of more men. But to supply these men with the necessary equipment is no such simple matter. Industrial establishments cannot be expanded overnight. The productivity of machine tools is largely determined by factors inherent in their design. This productivity can be increased only through better methods, or utilization for more hours per day. The possibilities from improved methods having been exhausted, either the same men have to work longer hours or new men have to be recruited to operate the machines. If shortages of skilled workers to run such machines become serious, longer hours for those with the necessary skills present the only alternative. First steps in modification of the Wage and Hour Act would undoubtedly relate to increasing the permissible number of hours per week without the imposition of overtime. Later modifications might affect the permissible hours to be worked per day. Such modifications should be effected under legislation limited to the duration of the emergency, as was the case in Great Britain in 1915, when the

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unions consented to a relaxation and in many instances to complete abandonment, for the period of the war, of regulations which they had established only as the result of years of intensive economic struggle and sacrifice.

As to the minimum-wage provisions of the Fair Labor Standards Act, which are now thirty cents per hour, it is probable that a national emergency would make them of no significance, as normal increases in wage rates, even in the trades now paid the least, would undoubtedly carry them beyond the minimum wages now provided in the Act.

Modification of the National Labor Relations Act for the period of the emergency might also be imperative. While the right to bargain collectively should be neither prejudiced nor jeopardized because of a national emergency, but rather should be extended, the present fetish which is made of the right to strike might easily have to be abandoned. It is not unlikely that, at least for the period of the emergency, mediation procedures similar to those now established for railroad labor would have to be applied to all labor affected by the war. This would mean that, while labor's right to strike would not be denied, such strikes could not be called until opportunity had been presented to federal agencies for adjustment of the differences and with a waiting period provided during which tempers might cool and antagonisms and misunderstandings might be reconciled.

V

The Federal Government is now far better equipped, through existing agencies, to meet the innumerable problems that would be created by a war than in the past. It is inevitable, however, that many new and special agencies would have to be established. Adequate worker representation should be provided in whatever existing agencies could be adapted to the government's needs in time of war, as well as in those which would have to be organized, wherever such agencies would be faced with questions in the field of industrial relations. That such representation could not be effective so long as the present division in the labor movement in America remains seems obvious. Even in the face of a war emergency, it would not be easy to subordinate the rivalries and antagonisms which have marked the struggle for power between the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations. The American people would not tolerate a continuance of these rivalries in wartime. If a speedy reconciliation were not effected, the American labor movement as we now know it might easily be engulfed in a wave of federal regulation and control. The more tolerant and farseeing leaders in both camps recognize this possibility, and are strongly urging a position of reconciliation. But at this writing it would appear that the contingency of this country's being involved in the war is still too remote to bring the majority of the leadership in the two labor groups to heed this counsel.

The high degree of mobility of American labor has always been one of its most important characteristics. Workers have been free to move and have moved from job to job and from place to place, as their fancy might dictate or as opportunities for increased earnings or better conditions might lure them. In the face of a serious national emergency, the question is bound to be raised as to whether such extreme mobility of labor could be permitted. No more difficult problem than this would be presented under the exigencies of war. That it would be possible to prescribe any limitations on the mobility of workers without imposing what to all intents and purposes would be the equivalent of industrial conscription is unlikely. Great Britain struggled with this problem and tried various plans to meet it, almost from the beginning of the last war to its conclu-

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sion. The best of these plans proved only partially satisfactory; all of them were viewed by workers with the utmost suspicion. When, however, the regulations requiring so-called 'leaving certificates' — that is, certificates obtained by the worker from his employer and stating that he was leaving his place of employment with the employer's consent — were abandoned as a part of the government's munitions-production program, insubordination of workers became a regular feature of industrial life, and a chaotic wage structure plagued both employers and the government from the time the use of the certificate ceased until the end of the war. How to reconcile production necessities with worker reactions, attitudes, and habits will be no mean task for the best brains that government, industry, and labor can bring to bear.

If limitations are to be placed upon workers, and they are to have taken from them rights and privileges for which they have struggled and which they have long enjoyed, it is not to be expected that these alterations in their status will be even grudgingly accepted unless it is clear beyond question or doubt that the government in the mobilization of its entire resources for the purpose of achieving victory has imposed similar or comparable regulations and limitations upon employers. As one author, Humbert Wolfe, said in discussing labor supply and regulation in Great Britain during the last war: 'When that scheme [the Derby scheme] broke down, Labor (as the rest of the community) was face to face with compulsion. Neither the trade-unions nor the workingmen themselves were opposed, when all else had failed, to compulsion for strictly military purposes. But, though they might be willing to be conscribed to die for an idea, they were not willing to be conscribed to live (as it might have been put) for private profits.'

How limitations may be placed on profits without at the same time imposing impossible limitations on the government's war-procurement program is a problem of the utmost complexity on which it is not possible to touch here. But if from labor are to be taken conditions to which it has been accustomed, and for which it has struggled and fought for decades, if protective labor legislation already on the statute books is to be modified or suspended, and if limitations having the elements of conscription are to be placed on the ability of workers to move freely from place to place, labor — whether organized or unorganized — will accept such losses and limitations as a patriotic necessity only if it is convinced that its losses are not the employers' gains and that its sacrifices are not for the benefit of profits.

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JACOB EPSTEIN

BY DAVID L. COHN

I

IT is one of the paradoxes of the English — a race whom the rest of the world despairs of understanding — that, while they strenuously oppose nonconformity, their country has long been hospitable to the nonconformist. The eccentric, the crank, the rebel, the anarchist, the nihilist, and the half-mad have always flourished in England, and lived happily according to their lights whether they were foreigners or Englishmen. Karl Marx, a rebel German, found refuge in London and the British Museum a comfortable place in which to compose some of the chapters of *Das Kapital* while supporting himself in part as London correspondent for the *New York Tribune*. Wilfrid Blunt, an Englishman in the great tradition of gentleman, traveler, and poet, could go off to the Arabia which he loved, incite the Arabians to join the Egyptians in rebellion against Britain, and return to his English acres to breed Arabian stallions and write poetry in peace and with honor. Ramsay MacDonald, a Laborite Scotsman, could narrowly escape jail during the World War because of his pacifist objections to Britain's participation in it, and in a few years after the war find himself Prime Minister of England. George Bernard Shaw has spent a long life deriding and laughing at so-called English virtues only to find his fame and popularity ever growing, while his late great friend, T. E. Lawrence, contemptuously refusing the decorations of his king and pouring out his acid scorn upon what he took to be Britain's diplomacy of betrayal of the Arabs, lived and died one of his country's revered heroes.

England not only has sheltered and frequently honored the rebel artist, but, what is equally important, has as often as any other country supported him by buying the products of his skill. Thus, no artist of modern times has outraged British smugness, British greengrocer morality, and British country-vicar standards of beauty as much as the American-born Jew and sculptor, Jacob Epstein. He has spent nearly all his adult life in London, covering a period of more than thirty years, and there risen from poverty to affluence, from obscurity to fame. And, while his sculptures have been acquired by collectors and museums throughout the world, it is the English who have bought the majority of them, who have sat for most of his commissioned portraits, and whose best minds have defended him when he has been attacked.

Epstein and his works have been denounced in press, pulpit, and Parliament; he has been accused of being an enemy of religion, beauty, truth, and the purity of British womanhood; he has seen his sculptures defaced time after time. Even the fact that he has so frequently been the storm centre of controversy has caused him to be denounced, on the ground that he sits up nights thinking of ways to outrage English sensibilities and thereby garner columns of publicity.

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His reply to all this is calm and simple. If he is asked why he does not leave London for the allegedly more hospitable shores of America, where he was born, he says: 'Yes, the English scourge me, but they buy my works and let me live. Would New York do as much?' One wonders: would it? And to the charge that he is a publicity-seeking fomenter of quarrels he answers: 'I make sculpture, not controversy.' When some journalists called his huge 'Genesis' a 'joke in marble,' Epstein pointed out that carving imposes an absolute, irremediable finality about every movement. You cannot rub out and begin again. This fight with the medium imposes a severe strain, and a sudden flaw or weakness may upset a year's work. What serious artist, he asked, can afford to give over a year of intense concentration to amuse a few gossip writers or shock the public? But sculpture, as it emerges from the hands of Epstein, and controversy seem to be almost inseparable, and have been from his earliest commission in 1907 to his latest figures in 1939.

In 1907, when Epstein was a young man of twenty-seven, he got a commission through the offices of Muirhead Bone, the well-known etcher, for eighteen heroic figures to decorate the outside of the British Medical Association Building which was then being erected. This not only was a magnificent opportunity for the young sculptor to show his mettle, but was doubly welcome because he believes the Greeks were right in holding that architecture and sculpture should move wedded to one solemn music. The frieze of figures, forty feet from the ground on the third story of the building, was hardly noticeable to the man walking under them in the street, but unfortunately it faced the National Vigilance Society, whose offices were in the building immediately opposite. These professional snoopers could now enjoy the voluptuous pleasure of sticking their heads into evil merely by sticking them out of the window. Carved of Portland stone and unveiled in 1908, the figures were all nudes carrying out the assigned theme of 'The Birth of Energy.' Among them were 'Primal Man,' a nude blowing the breath of life into an atom; 'Manliness,' whose male attributes were not understated; and 'Maternity,' a fat, negroid woman, slightly swollen with child. Soon the storm began blowing which, with short intervals of calm, has been blowing ever since in Epstein's career.

The controversy was begun by the National Vigilance Society, whose window leanings were now rewarded by columns of newspaper publicity. Then the police — so often and so strangely the last court of artistic resort in the Anglo-Saxon world — were called in and shamefacedly mounted scaffoldings to make notes, while the crowd below gaped and joked. Hard on the heels of the police came the clergy in the person of Father Bernard Vaughan, who, outraged by 'Maternity,' wrote: 'The sacred subject of maternity has been treated a thousand times with idealistic beauty, but this mother suggests merely brutal commonplace.' Later the same man was to make one of the most astonishing criticisms in the long record of the often errant criticism that has been flung at Epstein. The sculptor, he said, lived in a section of London (Bloomsbury) largely given over to the manufacture of contraceptives!

Epstein plunged into the battle, and, since he has a gift of corrosive speech and stinging epigram which he freely uses when aroused, it was not likely that his participation in the quarrel would reduce it to the friendly level of a carnival pelting with roses. 'The capital of the British Empire,' he said, 'is so used to statues in frock coats and trousers that these figures have struck them with the brutal truth.' But he was not then, or ever afterward, to fight alone. A memorandum was soon addressed to the British Medical Association signed by distinguished

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teachers of the arts, artists, and directors of galleries ridiculing the opposition to Epstein's work; and when the august London *Times* defended the figures on the highest æsthetic grounds the controversy came to an end. For the succeeding twenty-seven years the statues remained high above the Strand, gathering soot and pigeons' droppings, unnoticed by the man in the street and almost forgotten by everybody, until in 1935 the new owner of the Medical Building — the South Rhodesian Government — revived the ancient quarrel, succeeded in defacing the figures which could not be removed, and removed the rest. They were still, it seems, immoral, and South Rhodesia had come ten thousand miles to save London from the burning.

II

The quarrels of Epstein with his critics who would censor his work or police it with London bobbies not only are a part of the man, but, viewed in retrospect, make us long already for those halcyon days now fast coming to an end everywhere in the world, when, if a man was assailed for saying what he thought, he could defend his right to say it; and when art lay, not within the province of government and bureaucrats, but within the wider province of the artist and lovers of art. Epstein may, therefore, in the years that lie immediately ahead, be remembered not only as a great and vital artist but as a passionate defender of the freeborn man's right to say what he thinks and portray the world in stone or bronze as it is reflected upon the retina of his spirit.

He has not, for example, felt himself bound as an artist by the religious or sentimental conventions that have held in grip centuries of artists who have portrayed Christ on canvas or stone. He is indeed strongly in rebellion against the conventional Christ of the ages on the ground that he is so frequently portrayed as an almost effeminate, pretty young man. In Epstein's opinion this does Christ an immense injustice. He must have been, argues the sculptor, a man of great strength as well as gentleness; possessed of passionate convictions as well as the power to forgive; capable of profound indignation as well as infinite mercy. Epstein, moreover, in common with many sensitive Jews, is conscious of close communion with that quintessentially Jewish Jew who as Christ Jesus conquered half the world in the name of love. And, he concludes, since no contemporary has left the world a sketch or a drawing of Christ's features, why is not every man free to see him in the light of his own vision?

In this spirit he has created three Christs within less than twenty years, and it is perhaps symbolic of his subject, in whose gentle name men have been tortured to death, that these reverent if unconventional representations aroused bitter, noisy controversies. The first Christ, completed in 1920, is a giant-sized figure in bronze eleven feet high. Christ is standing, his feet naked, his body wrapped in cerements, one hand pointing to the gaping wound of the nail in the other. The forehead is high and serene; the nose proud; the mouth tortured; the eyes sorrowful. But the figure aroused shrill tempests of protest until it was purchased by a collector and removed from public view.

In 1935 came the second statue of Christ — a bas-relief entitled 'Ecce Homo.' It is a colossal carving in stone, with a huge head bearing a crown of thorns, thick sad lips, sightless almond eyes, and two great hands tied with a rope. This time the controversy extended to Parliament when Sir Cooper Rawson in Commons asked the Home Secretary to take 'due steps to guard against any breach of the peace which might be provoked by this spectacle.' G. K. Chesterton called it 'one of the greatest insults to religion I have ever seen'; while the British Navy and the Salvation Army, to their astonishment

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perhaps, found themselves fighting side by side. Vice-Admiral Taylor in Commons, fearful of riots, asked that the police be authorized to remove or confiscate the figure. Colonel Hamilton of the Salvation Army contented himself with calling it grotesque and a sacrilege.

But the Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Walter Matthews, defended the figure. 'It gives the impression of great strength,' he said, 'very different from the weak sentimental representations of Christ with which we have been made familiar.'

The storm finally subsided only to blow again at greater velocity when two years later, in 1937, Epstein exhibited his third Christ — 'Consummatum Est.' *He said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.*

This figure was — to the conventional — the most shocking and repulsive of the three Christs. In this two-and-a-half-ton statue carved from pink Derbyshire alabaster, Christ is recumbent. The helplessness of approaching death is upon him; his eyes are closed; his mouth turns downward at the corners. But he is not quite dead. His head and arms are slightly uplifted, and the huge palms are upturned to show the nail wound as a final gesture to the world, and thus to bear out the title of the work.

Again the letter columns of the newspapers were filled with communications from 'Disgusted Reader' or 'Epstein Admirer'; for once the brilliant tongue of Lady Oxford could only murmur after she had inspected the Christ, 'I can say nothing — nothing'; while the Reverend Leslie D. Weatherhead, Minister of the City Temple, wrote a long newspaper article entitled, 'Give Credit to the Alabaster Christ.' It remained, however, for Mr. Alfred Bossom, a member of the Royal Institute of British Architects, to place his hand upon precisely the point that makes Epstein's work so often the subject of controversy: 'It makes you think. What I mean is, his work can't be ignored. You can't pass Epstein's sculpture without noticing it. It may annoy you, or charm you, or shock you, but it produces a definite reaction, and I like that — art with a bite in it.'

III

What manner of man is this sculptor whose works cause members of Parliament to call for the police, some of the clergy almost to ask for his blood, and at the same time array with him in his struggles scores of the ablest minds of England?

Born of poor parents on the East Side of New York in 1880, Epstein was enabled to study in Paris in his early twenties through the patronage of a wealthy friend, and shortly thereafter removed to London, where he has since lived and become a British subject. He has returned to America only one time since leaving it. In 1927 he was finally prevailed upon to give a show in New York, which was attended by large crowds of art students, critics, buyers, and the lay public. Here Epstein insisted that the prices of his works be listed in the catalogue, contrary to the mawkish practice of art galleries in which the ridiculous pretense is made that somehow money and art must not be mentioned together lest the art be tainted, prices being therefore omitted from the catalogues. Epstein, who detests artiness, said simply that while he is working on a figure he regards it as art; when he has finished it, it becomes merchandise because it is offered for sale. Consequently prospective buyers at Epstein's show could shop for bronze figures as simply as they could shop for shoes at Macy's.

While in New York, Epstein, who had so often been defended by other artists, found himself in the novel position of defending not merely another artist but the modern conception of art itself. The New York Custom House was attempting to assess duties upon Brancusi's 'Bird in Flight' on the ground that it was not an original work of art, and therefore duty-free, but a piece of pol-

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ished metal subject to the duties applicable to metal. The Custom House boys said it certainly was not a bird. If so, where were its beak, its legs, its feathers, and other properties common to birds? Do you call a thing a bird that is nothing but a polished metal cylinder? Epstein admitted that Brancusi's figure was not precisely a photographic representation of the sparrows that hopped about the Custom House steps, but it was the artist's conception of bird flight worked out soaringly and convincingly in bronze. Finally Brancusi's battle was won, but the next foreign sculptor who ships a figure through New York and calls it a bird will have to stick a few feathers on it or go to trial. The Custom House still thinks it knows a bird when it sees one.

During his New York stay Epstein lived quietly in a flat facing Central Park West with his wife and daughter Peggy-Jean, both of whom, in the old tradition, have frequently been his models. He lived quietly, seeing only his friends, relatives, and art students, and disdaining to accept or even to answer scores of invitations from the rich hostesses who infest New York, and who, in the words of D. H. Lawrence, 'blow thin draughts of words down your neck' at dinner. Epstein preferred hot cakes and coffee and the company of friends at Child's — then still in its antiseptic manner — to the rayon *chi-chi* of Park Avenue drawing-rooms. And perhaps it is just as well for the hostesses that the famous sculptor did not grace their boards, because he shares to some extent the legendary absent-mindedness of the artist and would have been blissfully unaware of either their names or their fame. One day a large and very excited woman burst into the living room of Epstein's flat, threw herself into his arms, kissed him violently, and babbled with delight. At her entrance Epstein's visitor of the moment arose and waited to be introduced, but he dazedly led the intruder into the next room and soon returned looking pale and shocked. 'I'm sorry I didn't introduce the lady,' he said by way of apology. 'I've just found out she is my Aunt Sophie whom I haven't seen in twenty years.'

Although Epstein's New York show was a success critically and financially, and he was offered many commissions for portraits, he did only one — a bust of John Dewey which is now at Columbia University. The pull of London was so strong upon him that he soon abruptly departed.

In London, Epstein's home and studio are combined in a small house in Hyde Park Gate. Here he houses his magnificent collection of African wood and bronze sculpture which he began to gather long before its significance was discovered by the world in general, and long before its influence upon modern art became so potent. Here, too, hang superb canvases by his friend Matthew Smith, a quiet, pedagogical-looking little man, whose genius Epstein realized years in advance of the critics and the galleries, and whose drum he beat until the artist came into his own as one of the greatest painters of Europe. Here, at his tea table, he quietly talks with friends and acquaintances from all over the world. Around his board one may find seated such disparate personalities as a New Zealand aviator, a beautiful Slavic model, an American lawyer, a Bombay merchant, a member of the English nobility, and a Dutch art student. On such occasions — and they occur nearly every day — Mrs. Epstein, a Scotswoman, pours tea, while the daughter, Peggy-Jean, if she is at home, passes around toast and cakes. Epstein, who is a superb talker and widely informed, does not monopolize the conversation, and is often, indeed, almost inconspicuous, if a man can be inconspicuous whose very appearance commands attention. Completely neglectful of his clothes, Epstein often appears in a timeless, nondescript coat; unhappy-looking trousers which have obviously been forced into a perilous misalliance

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with his coat; a plaid cotton shirt gaping slightly at the throat; and a loosely knotted tie which doesn't quite seem to know its place in the general scheme. But as one of his favorite poets — Walt Whitman — has it, 'a man's personality strikes through his flannels,' and the sculptor's personality dominates the room. He is a big and powerful man radiating enormous vigor and the impression of almost inexhaustible physical energy. His torso is huge, his neck strong; his gray eyes are sad, his sensitive, tortured lips never quite still. He suggests at once Michelangelo and William Blake.

If storms of controversy gather about the head of this quiet man quietly talking at his tea table, it is not only for the reason already suggested. It is also because he has the great artist's scorn of compromise; because he has something to say and says it with smashing power; and because he cares nothing for the opinions of those who commission portraits, academicians, or the multitude. Once when he was executing his monumental figures in stone — 'Day' and 'Night' — for the London Underground building, he was asked what the man in the street would say of them. 'The man in the street is a fool,' he replied, 'and I don't care a whit for his opinions. I should be a fool too if I were in the least influenced by him.'

This fierce integrity is applied by Epstein not only to that shadowy entity called the man in the street whom anybody but a politician may safely defy. He applies it with equal integrity to the great and the powerful, and — certain evidence of its deep roots — even when its application might mean hardship for his family and himself. Once, when Epstein was a poor sculptor, one of the great English dukes offered him a commission to do a full-length figure of the duke clad in the robes he had worn at the coronation of George V. The notion offended the sculptor's artistic instincts. The man was a cold, arrogant, narrowly aristocratic snob. His mean personality should not be cloaked in robes of state, nor a majesty given to him in bronze that he did not possess in the flesh. Epstein refused the commission unless it should be done on his own terms — no robes. The duke accepted, and a thousand years hence men will see him as the sculptor saw him, with his cold, proud, arrogant face framed by the merest suggestion of a wing collar.

But when Joseph Conrad, conscious of approaching death, asked Epstein to do a bust of him, he gladly packed the necessary materials and stayed with Conrad in his Kentish cottage until the clay model had been made. Soon afterward Conrad died, but not before he had written to a friend saying he was content to pass on to earthly immortality in the form that Epstein had given him.

On still another occasion one of London's rich and high-born young men, cadaverous and degenerate, offered Epstein a commission to do a full-length nude of him. The sculptor flatly refused. The young man then begged him to do a nude bust, letting him hold one of his pet serpents in his hands. Epstein shook his head. A string of pearls, then. No again. Finally the bust was done on Epstein's own terms, and when it was finished the owner gave a reception for all smart London in his cloth-of-gold and cloth-of-silver drawing-room to see it. There it stood in the centre of the room — a terrifying study in degeneration. But the young man liked it. He, too, is a man of artistic integrity.

IV

Epstein is one of the most prolific of artists, working both in bronze and in stone, creating monumental as well as small pieces, scorning to employ a helper even when he is chipping away at a giant block of marble, and, when a less vigorous man would rest, suddenly turning out hundreds of drawings which are snapped up by eager buyers as soon as

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they appear on dealers' walls. These drawings from the hand of one of the most famous figures in the world of art Epstein usually sells for about $125 — a fraction of the fee charged by many of our banal illustrators for drawings to accompany a boy-meets-girl story in a slick-paper magazine.

But even when Epstein does flower drawings he manages to outrage some section of the English public. A garden- and flower-loving people, some Englishmen are incensed simply because Epstein draws flowers at all; others because even the simple field daisy under his hand glows with a strange light, and delphiniums become mauve-blue cathedral spires. His flower drawings are indeed shot through with some of the almost demonic vitality that appears in his bronze portraits, so that his sunflowers burn like a tropical noon and his massed poppies seem warm to the touch. Last year he exhibited a group of pencil drawings derived from the text of Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du Mal.* Epstein said: 'This bible of the modern man has long called to me, and, brooding upon the powerful subtle images evoked by long reading, a world comes forth, filled with splendid maleficent entities.' Hitherto *Les Fleurs du Mal* had been profaned by many illustrators who used it as a point of departure for pornography. Epstein's drawings reflected the hopeless despair, sensuous music, and necrophilic horror of the poems. One critic, by way of damning the drawings, said they lacked 'Latin discipline,' and he was right. But once before a great English artist had exemplified by his life as well as his works his own dictum that 'the gateway of excess leads to the Palace of Wisdom.' Through this gateway William Blake walked to immortality, and Epstein's questing feet are not strangers to it.

The range of Epstein's sculptures, his moods, and his manner is as endless as his energy is inexhaustible. At one extreme is his tiny, tender, Donatello-like 'Head of an Infant'; at the other a forty-ton block of carved stone that stands as memorial to Oscar Wilde in the Père Lachaise cemetery of Paris. His list of portrait sitters includes many of the great and famous of the world; it is as various as the men and women who pass before a renowned physician. In his gallery one finds the Duchess of Marlborough; the little man called Moyshe Oyved who runs a famous antique shop near the British Museum; the late Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister of England; Haile Selassie, lately king of Ethiopia; Lady Gregory of the Dublin Abbey Theatre; Paul Robeson, the distinguished American Negro singer; Robert Cunninghame Graham, at once Scotch laird, South American *caballero*, traveler, writer, and all compact of flame and light; and Admiral Fisher of the British Navy, of the bulldog chin, Chinese eyes, and Old Testament wrath, who predicted in 1912 that the World War would begin in the summer of 1914 and who had the navy ready for the trial.

In Hyde Park, not far from Epstein's home, stands his famous Rima — a memorial to W. H. Hudson. 'It is a wild symbol of nature, an emanation from all of Hudson's fierce, intense, and lonely writings,' wrote James Bone. Yet this simple panel aroused a fury against Epstein which has never quite subsided since it was erected in 1925.

Commissioned by the London County Council, Epstein was told to make a figure of Rima, and, turning to *Green Mansions*, chose this passage on Rima's death: 'What a distance to fall, through burning leaves and smoke, like a white bird shot dead with a poisoned arrow, swift and straight into the sea of flames below.' When the panel had been finished, crowds flocked to Hyde Park to see Premier Stanley Baldwin unveil it, and if the Premier was shocked, so too was Epstein by the expression on Mr. Baldwin's face when the curtains fell. Here the spectators saw on the centre panel of a bird fountain the figure of Rima, falling through space, her thighs

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lopped off, her arms thrown out, her long hair floating, her breasts opulent, her flung-out hands oversize. Crowds gathered before the panel in the park muttering and threatening; petitions were circulated for its removal; and when a caricature of the panel appeared at the Aldwych, two of Epstein's spirited models, Dolores and Anita, hurled eggs and tomatoes at it. A few days after the unveiling Rima was daubed with paint; in 1929 she was tarred and feathered; in 1935, the technique of the vandals improving, permanganate of potash was applied to the figure; and in 1937, in keeping with the times, she was disfigured with a swastika sign and the word 'join' written in tar. But Rima still stands in Hyde Park, and Epstein, still working in his near-by studio, continues to produce sculpture out of his own intense vision and according to his own concepts of beauty.

Epstein himself does not consciously aim at beauty; to do so, in his opinion, is to destroy character and to become what Modigliani called a *faiseur de beauté*. For him there are no absolute standards of beauty, as there were not for Rembrandt, who saw beauty in the carcass of a cow hanging in a butcher's shop, or for Velasquez, who saw in his Dwarf sorrow, dignity, and beauty. It is perhaps Epstein's ability to see beauty where other men see only ugliness, and to render his vision into stone or bronze movingly, powerfully, and unforgettably, that causes so many men to hate him and his works. But at bottom this is a hatred at work everywhere, in the field of politics as well as in the arts. For it is true both in the arts and in politics that men tend to deplore and resent change; that revaluations in either field are highly distasteful to the æsthetically or the politically lazy; and the measure of their distaste and of change is the measure of the extent to which they are moved to rebel. Judged by this criterion, Epstein is a brilliantly successful artist, but it is not by this criterion that he would be judged. It is not his purpose to arouse, to shock, or, for that matter, to please.

A simple and an austere man, he will never make any concession to passing fancies, the crowds, or the critics. A lover of life and the pulsing energy of life, he will go on hating dryness, sterility, and death; exorcising sloppy sentimentality; scorning compromise. Now approaching sixty, with unimpaired mental and intellectual vigor, he will go on communicating his ideas and emotions to the world in stone and bronze, — ideas and emotions so simple that they underscore all human life, — while in all probability, every year in the future as in the past, retired Indian Army colonels will deplore his sculpture in the London *Times*, rich dowagers will shake their exquisitely coiffured heads, and posterity, if not his own generation, will continue to be enriched by the work of Epstein's hands.

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I RUN FOR CONGRESS

BY BEN MARTIN

I

THE twenty-sixth New York Congressional district is fifty miles from Union Square. It consists of Orange, Dutchess, and Putnam counties, and includes within its boundaries the cities of Poughkeepsie, Newburgh, Middletown, Beacon, and Port Jervis. The Congressional district stretches from the border of Connecticut to the border of Pennsylvania. It contains 130,000 voters, most of them farmers or factory workers. It points with pride to hundreds of revolutionary landmarks within its borders, to Vassar College, the United States Military Academy at West Point, and the birthplace and home of Franklin Delano Roosevelt at Hyde Park. It is represented in the Congress of the United States by Hamilton Fish, Jr., of Garrison, New York.

In the late summer of 1938, I was offered the Democratic nomination for the Congressional seat from this district. Fascinated by the idea of locking horns with the mythical Mr. Fish, I accepted at once, and began an intensive campaign to convert the healthy Republican majority of the district to the benefits of the New Deal. I was twenty-seven years old at the time.

My previous life had been entirely devoid of anything spectacular. Upon graduation from the University of California, I came to New York, where, in due time, I became associate editor of *Judge*, a husband, a father, and finally, in January 1938, I settled in Orange County to build a literary career. Literary careers are slow in building, and life in the country is unexciting, and so, not long after my arrival, I had entangled myself in local politics up to my neck. When the local Democratic Party sounded a call for a sacrificial lamb to oppose Mr. Fish for Congress, I threw myself bodily into the ring. I was not coy about making the great sacrifice. I left my desk with a shout of relief and began to thump the political tub.

I did not enter a grueling political campaign merely because I sought excitement or because I enjoyed notoriety. I had a chance, albeit a small one, to win the election, and I should have thoroughly enjoyed being a Congressman. In my dreams I saw myself sitting just to the left of Maury Maverick. Unfortunately, Mr. Maverick was also a casualty of the 1938 election. Further, I had a full-blown set of opinions, all of them left of centre. I was a firm supporter of President Roosevelt, and my political opinions took the form generally known as New Dealism. To go before the people as a New Dealer, however, was not enough, and my first task was to draw up a statement fitted to the particular needs of my own district. After much rewriting, elimination, and condensation, I finally turned out a five-point platform, as follows: —

1. To set up Federal drainage-control projects wherever they are needed in Orange, Dutchess, and Putnam counties.

2. To interest the Federal Government in

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reviving the now idle Newburgh shipyards for the purpose of naval construction.

3. To set up low-rent housing and slum-clearance projects in the cities and towns of this district.

4. To oppose railroad pay cuts; to work for modification of the Railroad Retirement Act to pension all workers after thirty years of service, regardless of their age; to provide decent and adequate old-age pensions; and to retain and extend all forms of social security.

5. To extend the Minimum Wage Law to include all workers, and to oppose any change in the present National Labor Relations Act.

For purposes of space I telescoped several planks into one in several instances. Each plank represents, I think, something definitely needed and desired in this district, and something that a representative in Congress, through his vote and his powers of persuasion, might secure. The platform was intended to appeal to farmers whose crops had been washed away or flooded because there was no system of drainage control; to unemployed shipyard workers who could remember the fat paychecks they had once received for building battleships; to those who dwelt in filthy urban tenements and rickety rural shacks; to railroad men, of whom the district had a great many; to those in the cold shadow of the mediæval county poor farms; to factory workers attempting to organize; to all those who wanted a better life than they had yet had. I had this statement drawn up, and I distributed it around the district all during my campaign. As time went on, I added to my platform planks of a more general nature: adequate relief standards, opposition to cutting WPA funds until private business had jobs to offer; increasing the scope of the National Youth Administration; and an enforcing act to guarantee every American the civil rights promised him in the Constitution. I made my play for the weary, the heavy-laden, and for those who know that the future is always better than the past.

II

After throwing my platform to the four winds, my next move was to go to an expensive photographer and have a photograph taken. The photographer was an excellent craftsman, a thorough Democrat, and an asset to any publicity build-up. He seated me, mussed my hair, rumpled my clothes, made his lighting very indirect, and bade me grin. I did. The finished product was delightful. It looked not at all like me, but extremely like Errol Flynn. I immediately dispatched a copy, together with a highly romanticized version of my past, to every newspaper in the district. I then had placards printed, on which the photograph was the outstanding feature, and had them nailed to every tree in the neighborhood. In all modesty, I think that many a thoroughly Republican matron had to wrestle long and earnestly with her libido before she could bring herself to vote against that photograph. Even now, driving along country roads, I see it tacked to a tree, somewhat frayed and weather-worn, but still grinning toothily, full of faith in the abundant life.

It is the custom for the political organizations in this part of the country to begin their activities in the late summer and early fall preceding the election by a series of clambakes. These serve the multiple purpose of bringing the members of the local party organization and all the party workers and heelers together above the festive board, it being hoped that amidst these happy surroundings the various intra-organizational differences and bickerings may be reconciled, and that the rank and file of the party's active personnel will be able to see, hear, and even borrow money from their candidates, or front men.

The first step the candidate takes upon deciding to attend a clambake is to insert a five-dollar complimentary advertisement in the program printed by the committee under whose auspices

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the clambake is to be held. It is generally acknowledged that this money is prorated among the members of the committee and provides a tidy source of extra income for them. Nevertheless, it is considered a breach of political etiquette not to advertise in the program.

The clambake itself is a thing of beauty. It is held in any available outdoor grove or picnic ground, and the cooking, feasting, and general hilarity take place under the bright and sunny sky. All the constituent parts of the bake, with the exception of dessert and coffee, are cooked or baked together in one enormous tub. The courses, as they come out of the tub, are clam broth, white fish, baked clams, baked chicken (one to a customer), and sweet potato, with half a watermelon and coffee. This is salted down with as much draught beer as the customers can manage to contain. The food and beer are usually supplied free by local merchants and brewers as good-will advertising. The cooking at these bacchanals is, thank God, done by professionals, but the waiting is strictly volunteer. The waiters are usually impecunious but loyal party members willing to exchange their dubious talents for an afternoon of free revelry plus their share of the plate that is passed among the diners.

At my first, or maiden, clambake I was rendered very nearly *hors de combat* by an exuberant waiter who spilled about a quart of scalding clam broth on my tender shoulders as I sat coatless, as is customary, at the feast. The pain, needless to say, was real, soul-searing, and almost indescribable in its intensity. As the pain alleviated, my immediate desire was to crucify the waiter to the nearest tree, but since everyone else seemed inclined to pass it off as a bit of innocent whimsy, and since I could not afford to lose the waiter's vote, I had to postpone my vengeance. Putting my coat on over my throbbing shoulders, I determined to suffer in silence, or better still to speak, when my turn came, like Roosevelt I at Milwaukee, with no regard to my wounds. I was spared this pleasantly masochistic ordeal by the fact that when my turn came to speak the audience had succumbed en masse to the influence of alcohol and were all very busily engaged in fighting, singing off key, or snoring under the table. Undeterred, I sent a previously prepared copy of my intended address to the local press, who printed it verbatim. It was a pretty good speech, and started a controversy in the letter columns of the paper that lasted for some weeks. Later on, I removed enough dead skin from my scorched back to make a good-sized wallet.

Politics accelerated the pace of my daily routine. My mail, of course, increased, and I was forced to hire a secretary, a luxury which I had hitherto been spared. Only a small portion of my incoming mail had any immediate connection with my campaign. There were letters from party workers giving facts about the situation in their districts, suggestions, speaking engagements, and so on. They were usually short and to the point, intelligently written, and of great value to me. But the great mass of my mail was from that section of the public given to writing letters to anyone in the public eye. Fully 50 per cent of these letters were requests for loans, ranging from a low of five dollars to a high of thirty-five hundred. This last tidy sum was requested by one of my colored constituents, who wanted to buy a farm with the money. After we had exchanged a few letters without getting anywhere, he called on me unannounced and repeated his request. He was perfectly reasonable about it. He had read, or heard, that I was very rich and that I was for the workingman. Therefore it seemed only logical that I should help this particular workingman to the tune of thirty-five hundred dollars. I could not convince him that, far from being rich, I was poor, and in debt to boot. He took my refusal very bitterly.

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I made a point of answering every scrap of mail that came to me, even the inevitable semiliterate letters of condemnation beginning, 'You dirty cur.' I noticed early in my letter-writing career that most Americans seem to love to bestow and receive titles of honor. No sooner had I entered the primary contest than I began to receive letters addressed 'Honorable Ben Martin.' After the primary elections, when I became the official standard bearer of the party, my prefix was upped to 'Right Honorable' and, on occasion, 'The Very Honorable.' On one memorable day I received a letter on which the salutation was simply 'Excellency.'

In the business of bestowing titles I gave as good, if not better, than I got. When writing to people who held no discernible office, I would address the letter simply: —

Hon. John Smith
Washoe, New York

If the man were, let us say, a Democratic County Committeeman, the envelope would read: —

Right Hon. John Smith
Member of the Democratic Town Committee
Washoe, New York

If Mr. Smith had risen to the chairmanship of his town Democratic Committee, the envelope read: —

The Very Hon. John Smith
Chairman, Town Democratic Committee
Washoe, New York

The superscription would be repeated again on the letter itself, and I followed the time-worn political trick of having my typist type out the salutation: 'Dear Mr. Smith.' Then, when I signed the letter, I would draw a pen line through the words 'Mr. Smith,' and above write in my own hand, 'John,' or, if possible, 'Jack.' Since James A. Farley had practically patented the use of green ink as a trademark, I had to use purple, which is almost as distinguished. I had thought for a while of using red ink, but the various connotations were too much for me.

III

My day began when I rose at eight in the morning. At breakfast I read the morning paper, with an eye to some ammunition to use in the immediate future. Then I would read my mail and dictate my answering letters. This was done more easily and quickly than it sounds, because most of my replies took a stereotyped form. The party had headquarters in every sizable town in the district, but I preferred to do my work at my own desk at home. For one thing, it was more inaccessible to supplicants. There was a great deal of desk work. Pamphlets, posters, and throwaways had to be planned and written. We sent out mimeographed letters to the members of various groups, such as the Railroad Brotherhoods, the CIO, the A. F. of L., and the veterans' organizations, and, of course, to all WPA workers. This last activity, I suppose, could be called coercion. The letter simply stated that the Democratic Party had inaugurated the work-relief system, and that to the best of our knowledge the Republican Party would try to cut down relief and work-relief appropriations if it came to power. Therefore, the letter concluded, we believed that those voters in favor of continuing the WPA should vote for Democratic candidates. I don't believe that we overstated the case.

The phone seemed to ring continually, which did not add much to our comfort. The most difficult chore of all was writing speeches. I spoke on the local radio station twice a week in fifteen-minute periods during the campaign, and I tried hard to make these talks honest and factual, if not eloquent. As to eloquence, I suffered from the widespread American failing of sloppy diction, which I remedied to an extent by finding a former actress who spent hours making me read

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passages in Shakespeare, rounding every syllable with a polish worthy of an Abbey Player. I can still roll out

> This royal throne of kings, this scept'red isle,
> This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

with a brooding, nervous intensity almost worthy of Maurice Evans.

Despite my comparative inaccessibility, I had a fairly steady stream of visitors, most of them without much on their minds except curiosity, some of them members of various uplift organizations who would come, without warning, to my house, bringing with them notebooks full of prepared questions. They would enter my home as if it were a public place, and then open their little notebooks and ask me endless questions about my views on vivisection, birth control, liquor, venereal disease, divorce, modern art, and so forth, and my personal habits. After a bit of this we learned how to turn them away politely but firmly.

My afternoons were given over to driving around to the party headquarters in the various towns, calling on and seeking the support of those whom I believed to be 'key' people, and, on an average of once an afternoon, speaking to women's gatherings. At these affairs I managed, whenever possible, to stay for the inevitable tea. This gave me an opportunity to work on the beldames personally and try to win them over to my point of view. The most active women's organization in the Congressional district was the League of Women Voters. They had a chapter in every town, and it was the custom for all candidates for public office to appear before them at a certain time. These occasions were known as 'candidates' afternoons,' and all of us — Republicans, Democrats, and Socialists — used to troupe through the district like hoofers rounding a vaudeville circuit.

We would arrive at the meeting place almost simultaneously and sit in an arc facing the assembled ladies. Madam Chairman would introduce us one at a time, and then we were allowed ten minutes to state our case. I always petitioned for an extra ten minutes, because, as the candidate of both the Democratic Party and the American Labor Party, I claimed to be two politicians, rather than one. My claim was never allowed, but I made a deal with the Socialist candidate to pour all his wrath on my opponent, and to damn the New Deal with faint praise. He kept his bargain, much to the discomfort of my Republican colleagues. There was no Communist candidate, as I understand that the Communists were supporting me without bothering to ask whether or not I wanted their support. My nemesis, Hamilton Fish, was often unable to attend these gatherings, since he was, with admirable foresight, out on the prairies, working for the Republican nomination for the Vice Presidency in 1940. Whenever he could not appear in person, he would send a substitute preceded by a four- or five-page telegram given over to praises of the American flag, the American home, and American womanhood.

My nights were spent in speaking to meetings of all kinds. Every club made a practice of inviting the more prominent political candidates to speak to them on the topic of Good Government. Generally I would make the Townsend Club my first stop of the evening, ask permission to speak immediately, and go on to my next engagement, but on one occasion I was able to stay for the entire evening. I believe it to be typical of all Townsend gatherings.

It was in the Town Hall, and as I entered I saw about a hundred elderly men and women seated attentively in camp chairs. I went up to the speaker's table, introduced myself to the officers, and sat down. The two most important officers were, of course, the president and the secretary. The president was a woman, a shriveled, hatchet-faced female of about forty. From her accent I

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should judge her to be a Florida cracker. The secretary was a man, full-bellied and florid, about forty-five or fifty years of age, with a great gift of gab. These two obviously ran the show. The other lesser officers were elderly, and from their appearance had been selected from the rank and file. They seemed to have no duties. The membership of the club was about equally divided between men and women, and all ran pretty much to type. The men were usually thin, old-stock Americans, and were mostly dressed in blue serge suits, white linen, and carried large, old-fashioned hunting-case watches, attached to heavy gold chains. The women were fatter, more robust and flushed-looking, and, naturally, of more variety in their dress. All, with the exception of the president and the secretary, were well over sixty, and they seemed to give off a note of painstaking cleanliness, of thrift, rather than poverty, and of almost scriptural respectability.

The president had just formally opened the meeting and we were about to sing the opening hymn. Everyone, myself included, had a hymn card published by the national Townsend organization, and we all sang. The hymn was unfamiliar to me. It was purely religious in content, and one of the older officers went down in front of the group and whooped it up after the manner of the old-fashioned evangelists. I was told that he was a retired minister.

After the hymn had quavered to a close, my little minister, being moved by the spirit, launched into a verbose and muddled talk on the Townsend Plan. He prophesied that the enactment of the Plan would abolish poverty, unemployment, and even divorce. His talk was interspersed with quotations, and occasionally members of the group would chime in with 'Amen' or 'That's right, that's right.' He used gestures generously, clapping his hands, raising his arms to heaven, and almost literally dancing as he spoke. When he finished, though the room was not overheated, he was perspiring freely, and his voice was strained and cracked.

Then the president rose and introduced me. I spoke under the euphuistic title of 'Good Government,' which at the moment meant liberal old-age pensions. I was not seeking the support of the Townsendites as such, but I was anxious to appear before every possible group in the district, friendly or no. I told them simply, and I think honestly, that as far as I was concerned good government meant democracy, and that democracy meant that the people were to rule themselves, and that having old people in want was an evil that democracy could not long endure. I gave them much more along these lines, and as I spoke my ministerial acquaintance sat at my elbow, chiming in every few seconds with a squeaky 'Amen,' 'Hallelujah,' or 'That's right, brother.' I concluded lamely, saying that I was very much for any economically sound system of old-age security, and that I was sorry, but I felt in honesty bound to tell them that I could not approve of the Plan. The applause was deafening.

After a bit, the president announced that we should be entertained by a talented young local tap-dancer. The pianist took her place, and then from a dressing room in the rear came a girl of sixteen or seventeen in an abbreviated costume and a top hat. She danced. With adjournment came coffee and doughnuts, and I had a chance to circulate and talk to some of the members. Those I spoke to had a fantastic faith in the Plan, and believed that it would soon be the law of the land.

The thing that impressed me most strongly about the meeting was the fact that there was no agenda in the usual sense of the word; no motions came from the floor; there was no discussion, no voting on anything. It was just as if the people were in a theatre, or in church.

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IV

As my attendance at Townsend meetings would indicate, I endeavored to get before every sort of meeting in the Congressional district. I lunched, dined, and tea'd with various literary societies, associations of volunteer firemen, church discussion groups. In addition to these, we had our regular Democratic rallies. The party organization in every town, village, and city ward would be eternally disgraced if it could not hold at least one rally during the political campaign.

At first these rallies seemed to me rather futile, since everyone that attends them is a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat. I soon learned, however, that this view of things was not altogether sound. A political rally serves several purposes: it tends to raise enthusiasm among the ranks of the party; it keeps the candidates before the party workers; it buoys up the confidence and bolsters the ego of the candidate by affording him a vociferously friendly audience; and, most important, it places the candidate in a position where his remarks will be reported by the press. I capitalized on this opportunity by always having my speeches typed out in full, with eight or nine carbon copies. Then, when I set out on my night's speechmaking, I would have my pocket stuffed with copies of my speech. If I were in a town with a daily newspaper, I always gave a copy to the reporter as soon as I entered the hall. This action cut the reporter's work down to a minimum and allowed him to leave immediately, thus saving him a great deal of boredom. I did the same thing with the weeklies, and I think my services were appreciated, because I was always quoted at great length, often *in toto*. In this way I had to write only one speech a day, and repeat it in each town I visited that night. I always tried to get my speech on the front page, by making in my opening paragraph some extremely controversial or sensational remark. Whenever I was stuck for material of this sort, I would steal an appropriate paragraph or two from one of Shaw's prefaces, and throw it to the press. Whenever I did this, editorials would appear in the papers the next day refuting Mr. Shaw's arguments at great length, but giving me complete credit for them.

The smallest political rally I attended was that of the Lebanese-American Democratic Club. It was held in the living room of a private house. An even dozen were present, counting myself. The smallness of the crowd and the courtesy with which I was received rather floored me, so I sat in a comfortable chair and talked with the men about everything under the sun except politics. The women went out to the kitchen, and when they returned they passed us tiny lacquered cups of hot bitter black coffee and small delicious cakes. As we drank the coffee, we smoked heavy Turkish cigarettes. I felt comfortable and a little like Lawrence of Arabia, and when, after a pleasant hour that I could ill afford, I made my excuses and left, with many thanks for their hospitality, my host assured me that they would vote for me.

While I, for reasons of greater mobility, drove about in a sleek black roadster, my wife was far from idle. She had the station wagon filled with campaign literature and literally covered with my windshield stickers. Accompanied by the gardener, she would drive the station wagon from one end of the district to the other, tossing candy to the children, seeing that the various headquarters had plenty of printed matter, ringing doorbells and talking to housewives and farm women, speaking to women's clubs, and substituting for me at any meeting where I was unable to appear. For three long months she had less rest than I had, and spent fourteen to sixteen hours a day driving a heavy uncomfortable station wagon. The descendant of a long line of Re-

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publicans, she fought the G. O. P. as only a woman can fight, with no idea in her mind except to see the enemy disemboweled at her feet. We both felt that the cause was good and the fight worth the fighting. We were no Tweedledee Democrats. We made such a row about the condition of local housing for low-income groups that now, for the first time, Housing Authorities are being set up in the district. The New Dealism we preached was so thorough that our opponent, hitherto a leading conservative, became quite pink in his pronouncements, in an effort to keep up with us.

Toward the end of October we added another unit to our flotilla. We came across a man who owned a sound truck, and we hired him for the remainder of the campaign. He put a quick temporary coating of red, white, and blue paint on the truck, and had four large MARTIN FOR CONGRESS signs painted and fastened on the sides, rear, and on the top. Originally it had been a large delivery truck, but now it was a thing of beauty, with no mark of its commercial past about it. On its roof it had, in addition to an upright sign, two large amplifiers painted a dazzling silver. Inside there was a phonograph, with a dozen records, including 'Happy Days Are Here Again,' 'Anchors Aweigh,' and the 'Washington Post March.'

The one weakness of this outfit was that the sound apparatus would not work if the truck was driven at a speed greater than fifteen miles an hour. Because of this, we never turned on our sound until we got into a town, when we would proceed in a slow, dignified fashion up and down the main street making music that could be heard for miles, until we had gathered a crowd. The driver of the truck had a son whose duty it was to play the records and, between records, broadcast campaign patter. I would follow the truck in an open roadster driven by the long-suffering gardener. We usually avoided large towns and concentrated on the cross-roads villages. When we had gathered a crowd on the main street we would park and play a record for a few seconds, and then I would speak for two or three minutes, standing on the seat of the roadster. While I spoke, my crew would pass out circulars to the crowd. Then we would give them a final ear-splitting concert, and drive on to the next stop.

There was never any heckling. The general attitude of the small-town crowds was one of sullen surprise. We would try to make the rounds of any factories in the vicinity and speak to the workers as they ate their lunch. These people were much more alert than the average crowd. They usually asked intelligent questions, such as 'Are you for the Wagner Act?' 'Will you vote for socialized medicine?' A pressman in a large printing plant asked me if I believed socialism to be inevitable in America, no matter which political parties held power. I told him yes, but that a progressive and intelligent government could alleviate a painful transitionary period. He told me that he had voted Socialist all his life, but he would split his ticket for me.

Sometimes my wife and I would come home at two in the morning, sleep for a couple of hours, and get up at four and start out in the car to visit the regional farm markets, where I would speak to the farmers as they came into town around four-thirty or five o'clock to sell their products. I did very poorly as far as the rural vote went, because Mr. Fish, with great political sagacity, had confined his campaign to calling me a carpetbagger (because I was born in California), a left-wing New Dealer, and a Red. These accusations carried great weight with some voters.

V

Election Day, which we thought would never come, came at last. I rose early and spoke for fifteen minutes on the radio in an effort to catch the voters

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as they were getting up and going to work. When I had finished I drove home and ate breakfast; then my wife and I went down to the firehouse and cast our votes. When we came home I had to write another speech, for I was to be on the radio again at noon, for fifteen minutes. As I worked on the speech, the newspapers telephoned asking for a statement. I had one ready for them to the effect that 'our victory is certain . . . tomorrow the House of Representatives will be free of its most vociferously reactionary member.' When I spoke over the radio at noon, my voice was a hollow croak. I came home, went to bed for an hour or two, and then got up and shaved. A hot dawdling bath was a luxury I hadn't had in months. It felt much better than my customary hurried showers. Then we went out and drove around to call on our workers at a few of the adjacent polling places.

When we returned home, we knew our fate. After supper we turned on the radio and listened to the returns. For a while we thought that Governor Lehman was beaten, but he squeezed through by about a 67,000 majority. The rest of the Democratic state ticket were elected by safer majorities. Hamilton Fish, Jr., thumped me to the tune of a 21,000 majority, but I had the solace of having run ahead of the rest of the Democratic ticket in the Congressional district. Around midnight, before we went to bed, Mr. Fish came on the local radio station and said that his victory was a triumph for the American way of life.

The next day my wife and I slept until three in the afternoon, and then took a train to New York. When we got there, we went to a good restaurant and had a couple of Martinis (the first in months) and an excellent dinner. I had asked a friend to get me some tickets to a show, any show, and he had bought tickets to *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. It was an excellent play. Afterwards we stopped off for a nightcap. As we drank, we looked about us at the after-theatre crowd in the restaurant. Everybody acted as though nothing had happened.

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GRANDMA ROBINSON

BY RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

It is hard to write about Grandma Robinson without making her seem arrogant — which she was not — or too severe. She was essentially a Puritan woman. Her preoccupations were with good behavior, with those good manners which maketh man, and sound theology. I am sure that she considered most of the material things of this world beneath her notice, but there was a certain coquetry in the starched daintiness of her widow's cap and the perfection of her black silk dress. She was Roman-nosed and held herself very erect; her opinions on all subjects were definite and absolute. The word 'compromise' was entirely lacking from her vocabulary.

When I knew her, she was an old lady and I was a little boy. Our association was constant and, in a way, intimate, yet I cannot recall that she ever showed me any sign of affection. I am quite sure, for example, that she never kissed me. Such a display of sentimentality would have been abhorrent to her, but she was interested in me and my doings and gave — as it seemed to me — far too much time to my training and education. When I was twelve, she insisted on teaching me — or making me learn — the *Odes* of Horace, and she did it, quite literally, with a ruler, rapping my knuckles when I forgot, or hemmed and hawed, or gaped vacantly into space. She *was* severe and she never petted me. And I adored her. There was something about her, something durable, eternal, a principle of living which never wavered or weakened. I suppose that, as a little boy, I hardly understood and certainly did not analyze Grandma Robinson, but I feared and respected and loved her for what I think must have been her great and constant rectitude. She was like God to me. But a just God, and fundamentally kind.

I should pause to say that my grandmother's pride was not so much a self-satisfaction as a very real feeling for the honor and standard of her forbears, who had been good men and women since their arrival on this continent; she felt that she must carry and pass on the torch. She was a Williams and proud of it. Her family had founded Williams College and Williamstown and Providence, and fought Indians and taught them and signed the Declaration of Independence, and had somehow contrived, each male of them, to graduate from either Harvard or Yale. They had been parsons and public servants; they had served their country and their communities for generations; and they were, for pioneers, singularly erudite. I have inherited many of their books and manuscripts and a certain amount of folklore.

There were many family stories. My grandmother, I remember, used to tell me of Eunice Williams who was captured by Indians at the Deerfield massacre and was, as a child, taken to Canada and adopted into the tribe. She became an Indian and a squaw and married an Indian. Many, many years after the massacre, she appeared at Deerfield accompanied by a white boy who seemed very shocked and amazed. She could speak

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no English, but somehow she managed to find two of her brothers, old men then, to whom she delivered the white child; then she disappeared back again into the wilderness and her strange, alien life. The boy was adopted and baptized Eleazar Williams — there was a novel written about him called, I think, *Lazarre*, and my grandmother and I firmly believed that he was the Dauphin, supposedly dead and buried during the French Revolution.

We thought highly of Eunice — even if Eleazar's claims to the throne of France were never substantiated. I think, too, that Grandma approved of my grandfather's antecedents. He, whom I never knew, was seventh or eighth in direct descent from John Robinson, the noble pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers who led them from England to Holland but was physically unable to go with them in the *Mayflower* to the new land. She used to say, 'He was a graduate of Cambridge and was universally esteemed. Even one of his most determined opponents wrote of him, "Robinson was a man of excellent parts, and the most learned, polished, and modest spirit that ever separated from the Church of England."'

Anyhow, Grandma was proud of her heritage and that of her husband. It was an incentive and an inspiration to her. Not in any social sense, as we understand the word. She assumed that she was as good and as important as anyone on earth, but her concern was with the tradition of good behavior, of morality, and the high principles which she had inherited. And along with all this was a tradition of education, almost but not quite equally important. Consequently she insisted on her descendants' appreciating sound religion and good learning. And, after her husband's death, she was a matriarch. She gave me a Bible when I could hardly read, and every morning I had to come to her room and recite verses from the Psalms or some appalling statement of Isaiah's which I had committed, temporarily, to memory. This dreary dipping into Jewish history weighed on my young life a good deal, but I staggered along under the burden with a certain resignation until Grandma began to concern herself with my education in the classics. It was absurd, she said, that a great oaf of twelve should be studying how *agricola*, the farmer, had a table, *mensam*. At the age of ten she had been taught the *Odes* of Horace by her grandfather and she learned them all — except, I suppose, a few improper ones — by heart.

A few months later when I was struggling with the hard chapter in Cæsar's *Commentaries* in which he wrote about building his hateful bridge, she lost her patience altogether. She said, 'I suppose you want to spend the rest of your life building bridges?'

I said, 'No, Grandma, no!' It was inconceivable to me, even then, that any human being or domestic animal would have trusted him- or itself to any bridge built by me. It would probably have been constructed of straw and some form of moss, and under the pressure of any creature weighing more than five ounces would have collapsed in fearful ruin. I simply could not see myself as a bridge builder or construction engineer. Nothing in my unduly prolonged afterlife has led me to change this opinion so precociously adopted. But Grandma was not satisfied; 'Fools,' she said, 'can be hired to build bridges, but *you* must think for yourself; you must study and know and do!'

So she began teaching me the *Odes* of Horace. She said that it was of no importance that I should understand their meaning or translate them. If I learned them by heart and felt the beauty and the delicacy of the sonorous verse, sooner or later I would understand it. Values were lost, she felt, in translation. Horace could be Horace only in Latin.

Next to the Boston and Salem aristocrats who, as she said, 'had made for-

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tunes in importing Negro slaves from Africa, rum from the West Indies, and in cheating the Chinese, and had betrayed New England,' she held in contempt the translators of Horace and those German educators who had produced a new pronunciation of Latin. 'Do you mean to tell me that Cicero was Kikero? Nonsense! Stupid German nonsense!' And although at school I was taught the German pronunciation, I preferred Grandma's. It sounded better and I knew that many, many good people had read and sounded their Latin in that way.

I remember how she began her lessons. 'My father started my instruction in Latin verse with the first of Vergil's *Eclogues*. He thought, mistakenly, that the *Odes* were too difficult. The poem goes: —

'*Tytyre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

'Please repeat.'

And I did fairly well, breaking down at *recubans* because I was intrigued by a pigeon outside the window which seemed to have no purpose in life — and I had a rap on my knuckles for my absent-mindedness. 'Yes, Grandma,' I said, '*recubans, recubans, recubans, recubans, recubans* — I know it perfectly well, Grandma, I just can't think of the word — *recubans, recubans* . . .'

'Stop!' she said, 'or I shall go mad. The poem goes: —

'*Tytyre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi.*'

'That is right,' I agreed, 'that is correct. I just forgot what came after *recubans*.'

Grandma said, 'Would you mind leaving me now for a while? I am a little tired.'

Then, unhappily, Grandma's illness began, although I did not know it and nothing about it was ever said to me until her last day on earth. She had angina, and I doubt if the modern reliefs for the severe angina pains, nitroglycerine and so on, were available then. At any rate our lessons in Horace were interrupted quite often — and to my great relief — by Grandma's saying, 'Please go. I wish to be alone!' And I would go cheerfully away, not knowing anything.

One day she said to me, 'There is one ode I want you to understand and I will explain part of it to you. The rest you can learn for yourself in time.' So we began: —

'*Integer vitae scelerisque purus . . .*'

'What does that mean, Grandma?' I asked.

She said, 'Even the wretched men who miseducate you at school must have told you what an integer is in arithmetic. It is a whole number, a unit, not a fraction. Not part of a thing or divided, but a whole thing. And I think Horace meant that a man who was integral in life, who was always himself, who therefore could not lie, could not deceive, could not be anything to anybody except the truth of himself, such a man need and could not fear anything in nature. Please repeat:

'*Integer vitae scelerisque purus,*
Non eget Mauris jaculis nec arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra . . .

And now go. But remember that I want you to be integral in your life and a person who cannot deceive or lie.'

I said, yearning for my own room and the package of Sweet Caporal cigarettes hidden under the mattress, 'Yes, Grandma! Thank you, Grandma.'

Our next session was concerned with the great stanza,

Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quae loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

The only bit of translation I learned on this occasion was when Grandma repeated: '*Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas* — a stormy road, a hard road, a hard road but we must all travel it.' I did not understand.

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When we came to the last stanza,

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata,

I was confused by the sudden reappearance of a person named Lalage: —

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

'But, Grandma,' I said, '*amabo* means *I will love*. What has this to do with the Caucasus?'

'It is not important,' she said; 'the poet is merely paying a tribute to a lady, probably his wife, who laughed and spoke gently. I refuse to use the insipid word "sweetly." The important part of the poem is in the first two stanzas, *Integer vitae* and *Sive per Syrtes*.'

But I thought the lines about Lalage were much the most interesting.

Then came a day when our house was filled with grown-up people. There was Dr. Stryker, and a nurse, and the parson of our church, and my parents and my aunt and my two cousins. My mother took me aside and, with tears running down her cheeks, said, 'I have to tell you that your grandmother is dying . . .'

I said, 'Oh no, Mama, Grandma can't die; she can't leave us, she can't go . . .'

And I sat on the hall stairs above Grandma's room and cried.

Suddenly all of the grown-up people disappeared. I suppose they went away for a moment to hear what the doctor had to say; and while they were gone I stole into Grandma's room where she was lying very quiet and still, propped almost upright against her pillows. I said, 'Grandma, don't go! I know it all by heart. Please, please, please, Grandma, don't go. Listen: *Integer vitae scelerisque purus* — please, Grandma, don't go!'

She said, through her lips, 'I am having a very hard time dying. I can only hope, my child, that when your time comes it will be less painful for you.'

'But,' I said, 'Grandma, listen: *Tytyre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi* — I know it now, all of it. You can't go, Grandma — oh please, please don't go. Please stay here with me, Grandma!'

She said, 'I wish you would leave me. I have to be alone for a little while.'

So I went back, halfway up the stairs, and sat there beating my thighs with both hands and repeating: —

'Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem . . .'

And suddenly Grandma died. I had never seen anybody die, but I was sure of it. She gave a little shudder and then she lay there, still propped up on her pillows, looking very small and serene. Then the grown-ups came back and there were activity and lamentation. The doctor and the nurses went through their rituals; my mother and my aunt wept beside the bed; and finally the parson knelt and said in a fine pulpit voice: 'O God, Thou who hast in Thine infinite wisdom taken to Thyself the soul of this Thy servant . . .' As if Grandma were anybody's servant! I didn't know until long years later how faithfully she had served that Master whose service *is* perfect freedom.

So I sat on the stairs, crying and crying as if my heart would break and saying: —

'Oh Grandma — *Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas* — oh Grandma!'

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NIGHT AND THE LOST ARMIES

BY BENEDICT THIELEN

As the sun set the sea became like a great sheet of purple silk, a canopy spread out for some magnificent event which was taking place beneath its surface. From time to time it rippled slightly, as though lifted by the breaths or by the gestures beneath it of many people in unison. Where the small waves fell with a short lapping sound on the shore the foam edged it with a border that was white and delicate as fine lace. Above, the sky was hung with trappings of scarlet and gold.

Groups of men walked slowly away from the shining water — five men together, ten, twenty, coming together into larger groups, one hundred, going toward the fires that were being built farther back on the shore, flowing together, five hundred, toward the fires that were being lighted against the night, the hum of their voices, a thousand, rising with the rising darkness, five thousand.

'But not forever. We can't stay here forever.'

'Where will we go? They can't send us back.'

'That would be sending us back to die.'

'What do they care?'

'They are human. Many of them think as we do.'

'It costs them millions of francs a day to keep us here.'

'If we had won . . .'

'If . . . if . . .'

'When . . . when . . .'

'Mother of God, stop that coughing!'

'He can't help it. He's sick.'

'If he'd stop . . . Why doesn't he die? If he'd stop . . .'

'If . . . if . . . when . . . when . . .'

Ten thousand voices.

And it was strange, because it was the hour and a place where you would expect to be alone. Over all the world on shores like this people have sat alone, listening to the silence, lost in the half-thoughts of the dusk. People have sat by such shores, by this shore, and felt the first touch of night and seen the slow rise and fall of the great silk canopy that hides the stirrings and the breathings of the sea's depths. At such times a single figure has walked slowly along at the water's edge, pausing sometimes to look down at a tuft of seaweed or held for a moment by the fleeting iridescence on the fragment of a shell. On a beach like this, on this beach, a single figure has often stayed until the night came, then turned and gone back across the sand toward a light burning in a house beyond the level fields. One man has often walked slowly, shadowed by the dark wings of his twilight thoughts, wrapped in the impenetrable mystery of his alien self.

All this men have told about. All this has been written in books. Men have sat reading a book by the falling light in which these things were written. Their eyes lowered against the band of red that hung across the face of the sky, they have read the words slowly to themselves, then put one finger between the covers of the book and closed it. They have raised their heads and looked up from the words

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which had been written about one man's suffering, about the questing of one lost and desolate mind. They have raised their heads to see their own reflections mirrored in the sky, still to hear the echo of the words murmured by the sea and by the wind in the dry grass by the side of the road. The world has given back to them with a kind of comfort the voice of their melancholy and the burden of their grief.

We have told of man against the world. We have sung the song of the sickle in the field, the spade in the mine, the axe against the tree, the plough in the furrow. We have written of pity for one woman's sorrow and of suffering with one man's pain. We have wept for the memory of love and death's quick forgetting. We have walked alone beside a barren shore at dusk. We have raised our eyes and seen blood smeared across the sky and known that it is less bright than the blood that will flow, unseen and to the end of time, from our own hearts. We have walked in solitude across the darkening fields. We have looked up again and still seen only ourselves and our own wounds in the gashed and bleeding sky.

But on this shore were fifty thousand men. Some walked slowly, without hurry, because there was no place for them to go. Some stood and looked up at the sky. Their figures were pasted flat against the red sky, like images cut from paper. Some waded in the still water, bent over, their arms thrust down, searching for food in the shallows. Many lay upon the sand. Above the edge of the horizon the red sun glared straight into their eyes. Their eyes were red and swollen from the wind-blown sand. Those that could move turned from the sun and crept into their tents. The tents were sticks covered with a blanket or a piece of sacking. Those that had no tents dug holes for themselves in the sand. They burrowed shelters for themselves beside the crabs, the spiders, and the worms. They hid themselves and their vermin in holes in the ground. Many were carried to holes that others had dug for them.

Now with darkness fires sprang up on the beach. The separate spots of light glowed warmly, like lights from the window of a house across the fields. Fifty thousand men could think together of a window toward which they had walked across the darkening fields, each window different and each window the same. Their thoughts could fill the darkness, and the silence of their closed lips could fill the darkness with the voice of their thoughts. Fifty thousand men sitting by a fire could walk across the fields toward a light, fifty thousand men could feel the weight of the scythe across their shoulders and the glow of the flesh on their necks from the long day of harvest sun. One hundred thousand men could speak together through closed lips.

'When I returned she stood there by the door, her white arms folded and the flour still on them, on each fine dark hair of her round arms. The warm smell of the bread came from the oven. There was a smell of earth and bread in Catalonia and Andalucia. (What is this place again, what do they call it? Argelès. Crack this bread with a hammer, pave the street with it. But we are lucky to get anything. Where would we go if we left here? Think how many francs a day it costs them to feed us — just for this one loaf of bread, this handful of dried beans. Where are we going?) The smell of the hay came across the fields, far from the sea, sweet and dry, filling her hair. My wife and my house smelt of hay and new bread. (Here now, with night, the wind changes as the sun sinks, and mingled with the hard salt of the sea there is the stink of soured sweat and open latrines and of heroes' dying.) From the barn came the hollow thump of my horse's hoofs on the wooden floor. (We have eaten our horses. Those that we could not eat — those that were sick or wounded, already rotting while still alive, like us — lie in ditches, their hoofs

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in the air, bloated like grotesque balloons, like toys for the children of giants. Their slow corruption wreathes a garland above our heads, a crown of honor for soldiers.) On the table there were olives and behind me on the wall hung a skin filled with wine. Then the darkness fell over the earth, and over me and over her, lying by my side. (There will be peace again, they told us, when the tyrant is overthrown; there will be peace and plenty.)'

The light was gone from the sky and the great revolving wheel of night rolled slowly forward, pressing its dark furrow across the earth. It scattered the dust of its passing in soft oblivion for some, it seized the bodies of others and racked them with the madness of its whirling, the wild unrest of its dreams. In the deepening silence the eyeless creatures of the night crawled out from under stones and out of damp wood to search for food. In the chill wind, men and their vermin crawled more deeply into the hollows in which they lived.

Two hundred thousand men can speak together with a single unheard voice.

'I never saw the sea before, and now that I've seen it, well, I don't like it. I like it better at home. (Iowa, Dakota, Illinois.) When I came home at night she'd have the beer out on a tray — because she knew I didn't like it right out of the icebox; it was too cold that way — and we'd sit around there and have a couple, and then she'd fry up some hamburgers or maybe a good thick steak with French-fried potatoes and we'd have some more beer. I'd give some to my dog, too, and we'd laugh, every time. I'll bet you never heard of a dog that liked beer. But this one did. He was some dog. He was an Airedale and his name was Jerry. (What in hell's the name of this place again? St. Nazaire. Yeah, don't it ever stop raining, though? The mud's like chocolate pudding.) And sometimes she'd make that too, and she could make it, let me tell you. She was a good cook. (But there's no chocolate pudding now. The nearest thing to it is the stuff they gave us before they took the X-rays. Bismuth, they call it, and it's flavored with chocolate.) And we'd get in the old bus some summer evenings and we'd drive out, straight out over the prairie, and there'd be this sunset, and there'd be a breeze out there, cooler than back in the house. (We'd go back there, they told us, just as soon as we did our job over here, just as soon as we saved civilization, we'd go back there, they said. And after that there wouldn't never be no more wars and everything would be better than ever.) But it's not so bad right now. Back there, I mean. You know how it is, open, and nothing but sky above you and maybe a sunset, and this breeze coming over the wheat so it looks like waves, rippling, only better than waves, warmer and not cold and wet like this ocean here. You feel good. You know how it is back there. You feel good, and free, sort of. Nothing's holding you down. Some nights in the car out there on the prairie it's almost like you're flying, you and her together. You feel good, and free, sort of. (Listen to them out there in the street outside the hospital, still singing their heads off, "Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?")'

One by one, the black velvet layers of silence were piled upon the earth. The canopy which hid the sea's depths scarcely stirred beneath the weight of the night. The sound of the ripples on the shore was no more than a faint breathing, a faint rhythmic rise and fall, like a clock which has almost stopped, whose pendulum will soon stop swinging. The wind had left the sky and the stars seemed frozen forever into place. The men lying on the beach were lost in the motionless blackness between the earth and the sky. For a brief time the living seemed wrapped in peace. But forgotten armies march in the night.

'They stood by the doors, the women and the children, dim in the rising fog (from Penzance to Inverness), and

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watched us as we marched away, down to the shore to the ships. The fog swept around them, but behind, through the open doorways, the fires glowed warmly in our homes. As we climbed up the gangplank I could see my own boat still tied to the jetty. (What is this place — what do they call it? Flanders. Where is he — where is the monster, Bonaparte?) I see her as I come up the hill from my boat, carrying my nets. I see the women sitting by the house doors, mending the nets. At their feet the cats tangle their claws and roll in the fish-smelling nets. I see the women with the baskets on their heads, selling the fish we have caught. I hear the cry of the gulls and the quick regular sound of their wings, like silk rubbed together, as they fly close by overhead. I made a boat for my little boy. It had a sail on it made from a piece of an old skirt of hers. When my boy grew older I could see him sailing my boat into the harbor past the jetty, while I sat with the other old men on the wharf, smoking my pipe, reading the weather in the sky. (But not till the tyrant is dead, not till there is peace again in the world. This is what they tell us.)'

But night does not last forever, and one by one the stars went out. In the east a slow brush stroke of dark gray was drawn over the black of the sky. A man moved in his sleep. A breath of wind passed over the land. It rustled the dead grasses by the road and for a moment shook a dried seed pod, scattering a few grains of pollen on the ground, then was lost, dissolved by the stillness. The peace of the night was slowly withdrawing from the earth. But it was not yet dawn. The earth had not yet been given back to the living. The voices of the night were still the voices of the dead.

'And it was good to be going back, after all these years. It was good to be returning to Rome. (We are going back to unseat the monster from his throne. When the tyrant, when Nero is dead, there will be peace again in the world and plenty.) I remembered the crowds in the streets and the chariots and the gladiators in the circus and the corn and olives and wine. I saw her treading the grapes with her bare feet and the purple juice running over, the land green with grape leaves and our fingers stained with purple. (Where we marched we stripped the trees and the vineyards for food and for wood to make fires for the cold nights. We chopped the gnarled stems of the vines and burnt them and behind us the land was bare as after a flight of locusts.) In the hot summer sun our hands tilled the ground and pruned the heavy-hanging fruit trees and cared for the grapes hanging in the broad shade of their leaves. Our hands made the land blossom, and the sweat of our bodies watered the fruitful earth. The corn was piled high in the granaries and the bees brought honey to our doors. (Here by the shore, searching for food, we turned over the rocks of the sea and dug in the cold water with our hands, looking for shellfish to eat. There are many men and the sea is big, but the sea is not like the land. The sea does not pour its bounty into your lap with reckless abundance. The sea gives grudgingly of its fruits. These you can eat, but not those. Break those hard shells and the purple juice drips from them, but it is not the purple juice of the grape. This is poison. They gather these and crush them, and from the purple blood they make the dye that stains the robes of emperors. A thousand crawling snails are crushed to edge a robe with purple. This is the Tyrian blood that stains their robes and the high canopies above their heads. But we cannot eat them or drink their blood. This purple on our hands is not for us. It is not food for hungry men.) But they say we are going back to the hillsides, to live forever in peace and plenty, there where the grapes hang heavy from the vines, where the purple juice spills over from the pressing vats. They say we are going home.'

Thinly at first, like distant chimes, the

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light crept up above the rim of the sea. The black sand became gray. From a house across the fields there was a cock-crow. The wings of birds moved against the sky with a swift and living rhythm. A fish broke the surface of the water in a golden arch. The lengthening lines of light slid toward the clouds until they touched them and the dawn shattered the gray silence.

Now over all the beach there was the movement of men. Under the golden flaming sky men went toward the sea and waded in to stand knee-deep, bending over, groping with their hands for food in the great purple canopy. The cold waters clamped their wrists with steel bands, iron bars pressed down across their bending backs, and hunger bored in their bellies like a rusted awl. The red sun stared into their red and swollen eyes. The hard rocks tore at their hands, and their own blood mingled with the purple flood. They stirred the cold and sterile waters, while behind them on the shore the sick and the wounded plucked with their fingers at the grains of sand. The murmur of their voices rose with the rising day, subdued at first, then louder, swelling more deeply, rising into the sky, filling it, the voices of the living and of the dying, the hunger of the living and of the dying, and, echoing back from the earth and the sea, the voices of the hundred-million-throated dead.

THE PLOUGHING

BY JAMES STILL

I RAN into the fields one April morning, thinking to climb to the benchland where Uncle Jolly was breaking new ground. The sky was as blue as a bottle. A rash of green covered the sheltered fence edges, though beech and leatherwood were browner and barer still for the sunlight washing their branches. I began to climb, hands on knees, the way being steep. I went up through a redbud thicket swollen with unopened bloom and leaf, coming at last to where Uncle Jolly was ploughing. The bench spread back to a swag, level as creek land, set up against air and sky and nothing. Uncle Jolly had already broken a half acre of furrows in the rooty earth with the horse-mule Uncle Luce had loaned him.

'Whoa-yo,' Uncle Jolly said when he saw me. He drew rein and leaned against the plough handles, blowing. He whistled a long redbird whistle. His forehead was moist, his shirt stuck to his back. He'd been hustling the mule, and was glad of the rest. 'Hain't you got a sup o' water?' he asked.

'I never thought,' I said. 'I come up to learn to plough.'

A drop of sweat hung on Uncle Jolly's chin. 'Hell's bangers!' he said. 'This fence rail of a beast would pull you clear over the plough handles.'

'Now, no,' I said. 'I'm a mind to learn.'

He grinned, scratching into the thick of his hair. 'A chap never larnt too young,' he said. 'Just you fotch a jug of spring water, then I'll try you a furrow.' He hung the reins about his

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neck and leveled the plough. He dug a brogan toe into the black dirt. 'Aye God, this land'll make,' he said. 'Hit's rich as sin.'

I brought the jug of water. Uncle Jolly crooked a finger in its ear, swinging it up on his shoulder. He drank loud swallows. Water ran down his neck; it drained thread streams under his collar.

He lowered the jug and stuck his tongue out. 'Seems a bull frog's swum here,' he said. 'Hit's sort o' wild.' He took another drink. I reckon he drank a quart. 'I allus liked a wild taste — the wilder the better,' he said.

'What's this mule's name?' I asked.

Uncle Jolly sat the jug by. 'Banged if I know,' he vowed. 'Luce told me, but I can't recollect. Ought to be named Simon Brawl, he's so feisty.'

A flock of goldfinches circled the new ground, their gay song sowing the air. *Per-chic-o-ree, per-chic-o-ree, per-chic-o-ree.* They settled at the field's edge and it was as if the dry stickweeds had suddenly burst yellow blooms. They pecked at seed heads; they rattled empty pods of milkweed stalks.

Uncle Jolly glanced over the ploughed land. The furrows were straight as a measure, running end to end without a bob. 'Hain't many folks know how to tend dirt proper,' he said. 'A mighty spindling few. Land a-wasting and a-washing. Up and down Troublesome Creek, it's the same. Timber cut off and hills eating down. Hit's alike all over — Boone's Fork, Little Carr, Quicksand, Beaver Creek, Big Leatherwood.'

'I want to learn proper,' I said.

'What's folks going to live on when these hills wear down to a nub?' Uncle Jolly complained. He lifted the plough, setting the point into the ground. I stood there, not knowing what to do. 'Best you walk betwixt the handles and get the lay,' he said. I got between, holding the crosspiece. Uncle Jolly grasped the handle ends and clucked. The mule didn't move. He whistled and shouted, but the mule paid no mind. Uncle Jolly grinned. 'This fool beast won't move less'n you call his name, and that I can't remember.'

He tried a string of them. 'Git along, Jack! Pete! Leadfoot! John!' He reached down and caught up a handful of dirt, throwing it on the mule's back. The mule started, skin shivers quivering his flanks.

'It's like that every time I stop,' Uncle Jolly said. 'A horse-mule stubs pine-blank like a man.'

The earth parted; it fell back from the shovel plough; it boiled over the share. I walked the fresh furrow, and balls of dirt welled between my toes. There was a smell of old mosses, of bruised sassafras roots, of ground new-turned. We broke out three furrows. Then Uncle Jolly stood aside and let me hold the handles. The mule looked back, but he kept going. The share rustled like drifted leaves. It spoke up through the handles. I felt the earth flowing, steady as time.

We turned the plough at the end of the third row. 'This land's so rooty,' Uncle Jolly said, 'I'm going to let you work over what I've already broken. You can try busting furrow middles. Strike centre, giving left nor right, and go straight as a die.'

I grasped the reins and handles. 'Get along,' I called, big as life. The mule didn't budge. He lifted his plugged ears and looked back at me, sly and stubborn.

'He's a regular Simon Brawl, all right, with steelyard peas for hoofs,' Uncle Jolly said.

The mule started after I threw dirt on him. He went down the first row peart enough, ears standing end-up, for Uncle Jolly began singing at the top of his voice.

'Oh, I had a little gray mule,
His name was Simon Brawl,
He could kick a chew terbacker out o' yore mouth
And never tetch yore jowl.'

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I ploughed three furrows, and pride swelled in me as sap blows a willow bud. It was like being master where till now I'd only stood in awe; it was finding strength I'd no knowing of. When I doubled back on the fourth row I saw Uncle Jolly sitting on the ground, leant against a chestnut stump amidst the stickweeds, his eyes closed to the sun. The mule saw Uncle Jolly too, and his ears drooped. He began to walk faster. The harness rattled on his bony body. The furrow crooked a bit and I got uneasy.

'Hold back thar,' I shouted, but he didn't mend his way.

At the fifth row's end I looked anxiously at Uncle Jolly, hoping he would take over. One glance and I saw he had gone to sleep. I was ashamed to call. The mule hastened the furrow, the plough jiggling, scooping dirt, running crooked as a blacksnake's track. I jerked the lines. I shouted all the mule names I'd ever heard. The share hooked a root and the reins pulled from my hands. The plough jumped a furrow, rising alive-like. And then I called Uncle Jolly, being at last more frightened than ashamed.

We no longer bore north and south. The mule cut northwest, southeast, back and forth, catty-cornered. My feet flew over the ground. We ploughed a big S. We made a long T, crossing it on the way back. I reckon we made all the book letters. We struck into the unbroken tract, gouging a great furrow, around and around, curling inward, tight like a watch spring. I couldn't shout or raise a sound. There was no wind left in me.

A voice sprang across the bench. 'Hold thar, Bully!' The mule stopped in his tracks, and I went spinning over the plough. I got up, unhurt. A bellow came out of the stickweed patch; it was a laugh near too big for a throat to utter.

I looked in time to see Uncle Jolly rise to his feet, then crumple to the ground. He threshed among the weeds, his arms beating air, laughing in agony. He jerked; he whooped and hollered. He got up twice, falling back slack-jointed and weak. A squall of joy flowed out of him.

And when Uncle Jolly got his laugh out he came across the field, weaving drunkenly. The mule watched him come, lowering his head, acting a grain nervous.

Uncle Jolly sniggered when he reached us, and I saw a fresh throe boiling inside of him, ready to burst. The mule raised his head suddenly. He licked his yellow tongue square across Uncle Jolly's mouth.

'I bet that-there's a wild enough taste,' I said, scornfully.

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REALLY YOU AMERICANS

BY WALTER BROOKS

I

WELL, you remember this song sparrow. Hubert, I think his name was. He and his wife Enid lived in a little town up in New York State called Æschylus Center. Like all song sparrows they were a little inclined to say the same thing over and over. But they were American to the last tail-feather.

Well, one August afternoon Hubert went off to the ball game and didn't get home until late. 'Good gracious, Hubert,' said Enid, 'where on earth have you been?' 'Well, it was a double-header,' said Hubert, 'and Lyonsville got the first and then in the second they were tied until the eleventh when that Hymie Link hit a three-bagger that —' 'I haven't time to listen now,' said Enid; 'I've got to get something for the children's supper. You'll have to look after them until I get back. Oh, by the way, there was that bird from New York called to see you. He said he'd be back.' 'Who was he?' Hubert asked, but Enid had gone.

So Hubert sat on the edge of the nest and looked at his children. He couldn't see much of them but the inside of their throats. Children were mostly mouths, he thought, and wished he was back on the telegraph wire watching the ball game. And then he heard a high chirping voice say, 'Ah, Hubert, old boy, you remember me, don't you — Soames?'

Well, Hubert remembered Soames all right. He was a pleasant-spoken English sparrow with whom Hubert had become acquainted in New York when he and Enid had spent several seasons there. Both of them had been rather flattered by the attentions of so sophisticated a bird and they had even copied some of his mannerisms and ways of speaking. 'Of course I remember you, my dear fellow,' said Hubert. 'Take a twig and tell me what you're doing so far from home.'

Well, it seemed that Soames was just traveling about. 'I have often wanted to see your beautiful country,' he said, 'and as things are a bit upset at home . . .' 'No trouble, I hope?' said Hubert, and Soames said, 'Oh no, nothing really serious. It's simply those starlings again. Noisy unpleasant chaps. And as we English sparrows have been practically the only birds on the island for so long we rather resent the intrusion.' 'Naturally,' said Hubert, 'naturally.' 'The fact is, old boy,' said Soames, 'things really don't look too rosy. They outnumber us two to one. It may well come to the point where we might have to ask for some outside help from you fellows.' 'Which I'm sure we'd be glad to give you,' said Hubert. 'Of course you would,' said Soames warmly. 'One would hardly like to sit by and see a superior race defeated, would one? Oh, of course,' he said hastily, 'I include you, Hubert. After all, we're all sparrows.' 'I suppose so,' said Hubert thoughtfully. 'In a way. I mean,' he said, 'there are robins and orioles and catbirds and oh, all these other birds around here. It's true enough — we don't like starlings. But we're all Ameri-

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cans together, you know.' 'One understands that, of course,' said Soames. 'But holding so many traditions in common — Ah,' he said, 'here comes your charming wife. Perhaps — well, there is no need to disturb her.'

Well, Soames stayed three days and Hubert and Enid took him around and showed him the sights and introduced him to their friends and everyone agreed that he was a very cultured and delightful person. Hubert didn't say anything to Enid about what Soames had said about the starlings though he didn't know why he didn't. But after Soames had gone he talked a good deal about him to his friends. Having lived among the English sparrows for a while he felt that he knew them pretty well. 'Ah,' he would say, 'they know how to do things!' Enid had to remind him that except for Soames he had had nothing to do with them. 'Possibly,' said Hubert. 'Possibly. But it was nice to see old Soames again. There's something about these fellows — they have a breadth, a — a cultured outlook that —' 'I wonder what brought him up here?' said Enid. 'He was just traveling about,' said Hubert. 'He came to see me.' 'I gathered that,' said Enid; 'but why?' 'Well,' said Hubert, 'maybe because he likes me.' Enid just said, 'Oh.'

Hubert did talk to his friends about the starling invasion and they were indignant. 'The darn starlings!' they said. 'What do they want — the earth?' 'If they do drive the English sparrows out,' said Hubert, 'they'll be coming up here. We'll be next.' The other birds agreed that it was outrageous that a race which could produce such a flower of culture as Soames should be conquered by the starlings, who, as everybody knew, were just a lot of gangsters. The sparrows particularly were much disturbed. 'We're practically the same species,' they said. 'We ought to stand by them.'

'Don't forget,' said one old flicker, 'that those English sparrows did the same thing to the other birds years ago. They drove them all into the suburbs. It isn't possible for other birds to live among English sparrows and be on equal terms with them.' 'You forget,' said Hubert, ruffling up his feathers, 'that *I* lived among them for some time.' 'That's just what I mean,' said the flicker, and gave a screeching laugh and flew off.

Hubert shrugged his wings. 'What can you expect,' he said, 'of a fellow who's never been outside the little village where he was born? It's this damned provincialism — this beastly suspicion of everyone that's a little different — that keeps us where we are.' 'Where are we, Hubert?' a catbird asked. 'Well, you know what I mean,' said Hubert. 'We ought to broaden out — be men of the world.'

But Hubert finally whipped up enough enthusiasm so that a meeting was held and resolutions passed condemning the rapacity of the starlings, and as it was now about the time that everybody was getting ready to go south for the winter a number of the birds decided to start a week early and drop off in New York to see how matters stood. Hubert hadn't been able to keep the affair to himself, of course, and Enid didn't like it much. 'Good heavens, Hubert,' she said, 'haven't you responsibilities enough of your own without taking on those of an entirely distinct species?' Hubert said nobly that the defense of the oppressed was every true bird's duty. Enid said, 'Pooh!' But she thought a week in New York would be fun.

II

Well, when they got to New York they went first to look at the nest in a window embrasure of the Metropolitan Museum where they had once lived. They found it occupied by a pair of English sparrows who were not at all cordial. 'Really?' they said coldly when Hubert explained. 'How interesting.' 'I don't know that it's specially inter-

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esting,' said Hubert, a little stung. 'But we had some good times here and we thought we'd like to see it again.' 'And now you have,' said the husband with a sort of frosty amusement. 'Well, good afternoon.'

'Unpleasant people,' said Hubert as they flew away. 'Let's look up Soames.'

Soames lived with a married sister named Maud in a tree in Rockefeller Center. There was no one home when they got there and they sat down on a limb to wait. They hadn't been there long when a stout rather puffy sparrow flew up. He eyed them severely. 'This nest — occupied, you know,' he said gruffly. 'Indeed?' said Hubert, who was still somewhat ruffled. 'Come, come,' said the stout sparrow, 'must ask you to move on.' 'Oh, go away,' said Hubert, 'go away. We've as good a right here as you.' 'Ha!' said the stout sparrow, puffing up apoplectically. 'Bolshies, eh? Why, damme, sir —' 'Why are you getting so excited?' put in Enid. 'We're waiting here for Mr. Soames, if you know who he is.' 'Soames?' said the stout sparrow, taken aback. 'Certainly know Soames. Why couldn't you say so? Americans, of course. Queer people, you Americans. Talk all exclamation points. Excitement. Hurry. Ought to be calm. Say what you mean.' 'Yeah,' said Hubert, 'we're terrible, all right.' 'Not terrible,' said the stout sparrow. 'Odd. Very odd. Good day.' And he flew off.

'There's your English sparrow for you,' said Enid. 'We sit here quietly and he pretty near blows his feathers off bellowing that Americans haven't any repose. He hews to his line, let the facts fall where they may. You know what he'd have said next?' She stopped and said hastily, 'Oh, I guess this is Maud.'

Maud was a large unnecessarily plain sparrow with a manner that was at once decided and vaguely dithered. She said Soames was away on one of his trips, but she hoped they'd stay a day or two. Soames had spoken so nicely of them. 'And it was so nice for him too,' she said, 'having someone like you in those queer places he's been visiting.' 'I don't suppose we're much different from most of the birds he'd meet through the country,' said Enid. 'Oh, my dear!' said Maud. 'You don't know. You should hear him tell about it. But you — why, you don't talk through your noses, do you?' 'Few birds do,' said Hubert drily. 'Since they have no noses to speak of they have no noses to speak through.' 'How funny!' said Maud. 'Really, you know, that's very funny. And I never thought of it just that way before, but it's true, isn't it? Only, you know what I mean. We see so many Americans at migration time and I do hope you won't mind, but they're really quite impossible. So vulgar and loud. Oh, not you two, of course. You're quite, quite different. You seem quite like English sparrows.'

'There you are,' Enid murmured in Hubert's ear. 'That's how our stout friend would have explained. We're the rule that proves the exception, or something like that.'

'What did you say?' said Maud. 'One of your killing sallies, I suppose. Soames has told me how dreadfully clever you are.' 'No,' said Hubert, 'Enid was merely remarking that we really are quite typically American.' 'Oh, but I couldn't admit that,' said Maud, and Enid said quickly, 'But of *course* you couldn't.'

Well, Maud looked at her sort of doubtfully and then she said, 'Do come see our view.' And she hopped down a couple of branches to where they could see into the window of a travel agency. There were a lot of English travel posters in the window and in the middle was a big picture of some cathedral. 'Such a piece of luck finding this place,' said Maud, 'with such a splendid view of Winchester. Because it's my husband's ancestral home. The fourth window in the clerestory. His family lived there for centuries. I've often heard his grandmother tell of their life there. The dear Dean took such an interest in them.'

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So Hubert and Enid exclaimed over the view and gave little appreciative chirps at the anecdotes of the Dean, and while they were still doing this Maud's husband came home. His name was Nevil and he had just been out to his first ball game, which was a World Series game at the Stadium — Yankees vs. Giants. 'It must have been a swell game,' said Hubert. 'Who won?' 'I really don't know,' said Nevil. 'They have such an odd method of scoring. I daresay you could explain it to us?' But before Hubert could reply he said hastily, 'Of course I know that if they strike the ball with the club it counts one and if they strike it over the palings it counts two.' 'No,' said Hubert, 'you've got it wrong. It's the runs that count.' 'Of course,' said Nevil testily, 'and then they take off something for the errors. One man committed such an odd error. He was running along that path in the middle of the field and he stumbled and slid quite a distance on his belly. I suspect they took off several counts for that, as everyone seemed so angry at him and he went back and sat down.' 'They were probably angry at the umpire,' said Hubert. 'It's really a very simple game,' said Nevil, 'almost childish. And no particular skill seems needed. They just take turns striking at a ball thrown to them. Now in cricket —'

'Did you enjoy the game?' Enid asked. Nevil turned and looked at her. 'What rather puzzled me,' he said, 'was the names of the teams. The Giants were none of them particularly tall men. And the Yankees — well, all the players were Yankees, one supposes. Why should one team be distinguished as Yankees par excellence?' 'Did you enjoy the game?' Enid asked again. 'It was very interesting,' said Nevil. 'I think something can always be learned of a people by studying their customs. Their amusements. I fancy one shouldn't merely dismiss them as unimportant because they seem crude and raw.'

Hubert looked at Enid and grinned. 'Well,' he said, 'you asked for it.' And then he said sharply to Nevil, 'How about the starlings? Soames seemed to feel that they were going to give you trouble.' 'Old Soames!' said Nevil affectionately. 'He's a bit jumpy these days. Oh, it's possible, of course, that they may try to move in on us. But I fancy we'll manage.' 'Of course your people would help us,' put in Maud. 'Would you help us under the same circumstances?' asked Hubert. 'You're so situated,' said Nevil, 'that the question is scarcely likely to come up, is it?' 'That's just it,' said Hubert. 'And you see, without knowing you very well, we've always felt very friendly towards you. I think the feeling's been rather one-sided.' 'My dear Hubert!' said Maud. 'How absurd! Of course we feel friendly towards you. As for you and Enid — I can't think of you as Americans. You seem quite like English sparrows.'

'That's partly what I mean,' said Hubert. 'Evidently you intend it for a compliment. Evidently you think we're rather decent and so you say that we don't seem like Americans. I wouldn't say that you felt very friendly towards Americans.'

'Aren't we getting pretty metaphysical?' said Nevil. 'The fact is — whatever you personally may think about it, Hubert — your people would help us. I know what the general feeling among them is. Of course you have your own sources of information, but — ' 'Well, I'm afraid that I personally wouldn't be much inclined to help you,' said Hubert rather crossly. 'Eh?' said Nevil, staring. 'You wouldn't? But after all, you're sparrows.' 'After all what?' said Enid sharply. 'Well, I mean to say,' said Nevil, 'you're Americans, aren't you?'

'I guess you haven't been listening, Nevil,' said Hubert. 'Yes, we're Americans, and I guess it's just our hard luck and nothing can be done about it.' 'Oh, I say!' said Nevil commiseratingly. 'I wouldn't take it like that. After all —

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Americans —' 'Sorry,' interrupted Hubert; 'I just remembered — we have an engagement across town in five minutes. Nice to have seen you. Come along, Enid.'

So Hubert and Enid flew off down Fifth Avenue. 'Soames will feel badly about that,' said Hubert. And then he said, 'After all, I suppose they're not representative.' 'If you mean we're going to call on more of them,' said Enid, 'you're mistaken.' 'Well, well,' said Hubert, and he didn't say any more and they flew down to Washington and spent a couple of days on the White House lawn and then went down to Miami and spent the winter.

III

Well, it wasn't until along the next summer when Hubert and Enid were back in Æschylus Center and another family was on the way that Soames showed up again. Things were pretty bad, he said. The starlings had occupied the Bronx and large sections of Brooklyn and were beginning to drive in on the city proper. 'And in short,' said Soames, 'we need the help you promised and need it badly.' 'I haven't the authority to promise anything like that,' said Hubert. 'But I'll call a meeting and you can put it up to them.'

So the meeting was held and Soames made a very eloquent speech, all about ties of blood and hands across the Hudson and so on, and the sparrows, of whom there were a great many, were deeply moved. Although a lot of them who had stopped off in New York on the way south had had much the same experience Hubert had. But one of the bobolinks said, 'That's all very fine, Soames, but if we help you what's in it for us?' 'In it for you?' said Soames. 'Well, you don't like the starlings, do you?' 'No, we don't,' said the bobolink, 'and if they come up here and try to push us around we'll know what to do. But they aren't up here.' 'Well, I must say,' said Soames, 'that I'm afraid I can't find any mercenary motive for you. I had supposed that for the sake of our ancient friendship — our common ideals —' 'You're away off where I can't follow you,' said the bobolink.

Well, the meeting went on for a while, but it didn't get anywhere and finally it broke up. 'I thought you'd speak for me, Hubert,' said Soames reproachfully. 'I'm afraid you might not like what I'd have said,' said Hubert. 'You know, Soames, that ancient-friendship stuff is a lot of hooey. We used to feel very friendly. We admired you for a lot of things and we felt that you did us. But the more we see of you the more we find that the friendship and admiration are all on one side. But let's go home and see what Enid thinks.'

'Well, Soames,' said Enid, 'it must be nice to get up here again away from all the noise and chatter of those dreadful English sparrows.' 'You forget, don't you, that I'm an English sparrow?' said Soames. 'Oh,' said Enid, 'but you don't seem in the least English. Goodness, no! You seem quite like one of us.' 'Yet I assure you,' said Soames with some irritation, 'that I am quite typically English.' 'I can't admit it,' said Enid. 'You see, if I admit it I should be putting the English sparrows on an equality with the Americans. And we know, of course — well, you see,' she said, 'we have seen a good deal of them. So rude and quarrelsome and opinionated. Though of course we never argue with them. One can't. Such ridiculous ideas! We merely smile.'

Well, Soames had been getting huffier and huffier. 'Really, Hubert,' he said, 'I scarcely know what to say. I've always felt that we were rather good friends. But of course if you feel this way —' 'Enid is merely giving you a little of your own medicine,' said Hubert. 'We've neither of us ever met an English sparrow yet who didn't explain us to ourselves and tell us in the first five minutes exactly what was wrong with us. You have such a godlike certainty, Soames. You're rather like God, you know. You've

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made man in your own image. And where you don't see an exact replica of yourself you can only see a lower form of life. Frankly, Soames, it's beginning to bore us.'

'I'm sure you would always be received with courtesy wherever you went among our people,' said Soames stiffly. 'I told you he wouldn't understand,' said Enid, and Hubert said, 'Yes — courtesy! The kind one accords to the village idiot when one wants to get him to do an errand.' 'But this is farcical!' said Soames. 'Really, you Americans —' He paused, looking rather disgusted, but more with himself than with Hubert. 'I might have known better,' he said thoughtfully.

'Yes,' said Hubert, 'you might. You're a good fellow, Soames. We like you. But that isn't enough. There's a difference in our attitudes, and yours precludes friendship. I'll give you an example. We assume without understanding it that cricket is a good game. You assume without understanding it that baseball is a silly game.' 'But what have games got to do with it?' said Soames. 'Oh, you Americans —' 'Yes,' said Hubert, 'let's leave it at that.' And when all's said and done I guess that was the only thing to do.

ON THE DEATH OF A KING

BY HARRY BROWN

HERE lowered, sleeping, to his perpetual peace,
Is set a king. O discomfiting history,
Recognize in this mouth the shape of justice,
And in these closed eyes truth.

Death that can crawl through darkness will devour
The posture of this hand, that now rests in
All innocence upon the funeral shield,
Nor moves in last protest.

Time will unmask this ruin for what it is;
Revivify the traditional skeleton,
Such as supported Cæsar and Saint John
In running through the world.

This grass, this cenotaph, this shaded field,
Unnatural to our ardor in their quiet,
Stand guard upon his heart, and well will keep
Their lazy peace for him.

Let him remain in this position always,
Arranged to show his virtues, until age
Destroys the oaks, until the grasses wither,
And this tall stone is dust.

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MUSEUMS IN A CHANGING WORLD[1]

BY FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR

I

If the term 'museum' strikes terror to the heart of the average layman, it is as nothing compared with the sense of panic which its sound produces in the poor innocents who spend their lives rationalizing its very existence. Going back into the far reaches of time, the word 'museum' has succeeded in meaning nothing vital to anyone in particular, yet at the same time it has strangely meant all things to all men. It has emerged through a metamorphic process lasting many centuries from the simple designation of a temple of the Muse to be the encompassing catch-basin for all those disparate elements of hereditary culture which are not yet woven into the general educational fabric of modern society. And, since education has been defined as 'the art of casting artificial pearls before real swine,' it is only natural that museum workers should have concerned themselves with the elaborate furnishing of the trough at the expense of the digestive capacity of the feeders.

Museums came into being at a very early date. There are records of Egyptian kings who formed collections of votive offerings to placate the gods. Rameses II was the proprietor of a large library of papyri at Thebes, above the entrance of which was carved the hieroglyphic inscription 'A Place of Healing for the Soul.' Centuries later, at the lower end of the Nile Ptolemy Soter founded the Great Museum of Alexandria, the fountainhead of later humanistic study. This was not a museum of sterile objects in the modern sense, nor yet a temple, but rather a Platonic grove or academy in which were gathered about the famous library the leading intellects of the day.

The rôle of the collector in the ancient world is steeped in legendary speculation and colored with political oratory. The idea of a public collection, or in fact any collection at all, was unknown to the early Greeks, whose creative impulses were so well balanced, and whose spiritual contentment and harmony so complete, that they were never conscious of the intellectual processes involved in the creation of a work of art itself. Beauty, to the Greek of classic times, was an accepted fact, and, paradoxically, he despised the factors that produced it. Socrates, originally a sculptor, gave up the calling as low and ignoble, and in Plato's *Republic* the artist was looked upon as the lowest order of citizen. He was considered a common laborer or decorator. Since the Greeks, therefore, had no opinion of art and even fewer theories, they obviously could not become collectors. For the collector is first and last a theorist of taste upon whose acceptance or rejection of fashionable judgments the art market fluctuates, up or down, with startling inconstancy. The work of art remained, then, until the time of Alexander, either an oblation to the gods or part of the public wealth to be guarded in the treasury of the

[1] The substance of this paper was given as an address before the American Association of Museums in San Francisco, June 26, 1939.

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temple and reckoned in terms of its monetary or material value. So little, in fact, were the productions of the artist estimated for their own worth that when the citadel of Athens was destroyed in 480 B.C., by the Persians, the Greeks used the fallen statues to fill in the soil for rebuilding the temples.

As the overexpanded empire of Alexander the Great crumbled of its own weight and succumbed to oriental influences, there developed a nostalgia for the purity of Athenian civilization. The Hellenistic monarchs of the Near East began to collect systematically and reverently the ruins and fragments of the classic age, and one may well say that the true fathers of European collecting were Attalus and Eumenes II, kings of Pergamum, who were outrivaled only by the reigning houses of Antioch and Alexandria.

Collecting, both public and private, came into its own with the prosperity of the Roman Empire. It was incumbent upon every citizen of rank to be a collector. An entire quarter of Rome was devoted to art dealers and galleries, much like Bond Street today or the rue de la Boétie. Latin literature is filled with the exploits of art dealers, of their forgeries and swindles, of their ennoblement, — a practice not altogether foreign to us now, — and of the fantastic auctions of Caligula, who forced his retinue to bid against each other for the fruits of his military plunder. Cicero fulminated against the rapaciousness of Cæsar and Sulla in stripping the colonies of their artistic wealth, and in his famous prosecution of Verres, the Proconsul of Sicily, there are passages that would do credit to the Senatorial Committee which recently pilloried Mr. Andrew Mellon.

II

The Middle Ages open another vista in the retrospect of this 'squirrel instinct' of mankind. Collecting continued, but for another purpose. As the lamp of classic learning flickered out in the dark night of barbarism, the Church became at once the symbol and repository for our intellectual heritage. Yet the number of objects preserved in the collections of the mediæval palace or cathedral treasury are negligible. They were the occasional gifts of visiting sovereigns, or conscience tributes paid to patron saints in expiation of accomplished or anticipated sin. It was in the monastery alone that the work of art was estimated for its own sake. Whether in regard to the illumination of a sacred text or the intricacy of a gold-enameled reliquary, there were an appreciation and a connoisseurship displayed by such prelates as the Abbé Suger of Saint-Denis or Bishop Bernward of Hildesheim that might humble the most impeccable curator of the present day.

But to understand the formation of the great Renaissance collections, and their implications for those of us who have to show them and dust them off, it is necessary to digress into the distinction between the humanism of Italy and that of the graver nations of the North. For in this distinction lie the differences of viewpoint that in later centuries were to segregate the museums of art from similar institutions of history and science.

Whereas in western and northern Europe the Dark Ages had pretty well overwhelmed the earlier Græco-Roman civilization with a pall of ignorance, in Italy the constant survival of antiquity in ruins, language, and daily traditions reflected itself in an almost unbroken stream of memories. The persistence of pagan customs, particularly as applied to the classical conception of glory, was manifested in the cities, where monuments to ancient poets were erected, such as that to Vergil in Mantua, the Pliny monument in Como, or that to Ovid in Sulmona. Even in the lovely fountain, the Fonte Gaia, facing the Palazzo Publico in Siena, there was incorporated a statue traditionally attributed to Lysippus. Throughout the

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cinquecento, collections of antiquities were gathered together either to furnish formal academies of art, as in the case of the Medici Gardens, or as the properties of artists' studios. The ateliers of Bertoldo, the master of Michelangelo, and of the Squarcione in Padua, were rich in fragments of the past. Donatello made constant studies from the antique, while Lodovico Gonzaga, Bishop of Mantua, formed a collection of plaster casts probably no better than those which are gathering grime in the basements of our museums. And as early, even, as the reign of Pope Leo X, temporary exhibitions of works of art were frequently held in Rome.

This activity, far more enlightened in many ways than the frenzied exhibitionism of our own day, must find its explanation in the character of Italian humanism. For, as Professor Hulme has so well said, this movement 'devoted itself to the study of classical records and imitated classical modes of thought for the purposes of recapturing and developing the scientific method of observation and experiment, of obtaining a more complete and accurate knowledge of the world of nature and of men, of perfecting literary style and of increasing the appreciation of beauty. All of these things were to help the individual to think, to act and to will for himself, in opposition, if need be, to any external tradition, authority, or precedent. They were to help him to love the world as his home; to regard it no longer as a place of exile to be despised in anticipation of a life to come, but daily to win it anew by means of the recently aroused personal faculties. They were not intended to produce a general social or religious regeneration. Culture, it was believed, would relieve the individual from the pressure of external authority, would result in intellectual emancipation, and would thus give free rein to the pursuit of individual inclinations and desires.'

The Italian, then, very much like ourselves, was living for the pleasures of this world, having only a slight concern for religion or ethics. He admired art for its own sake, and, more than that, he accepted it as part of the life of the Forum which he lived. Just as Italian aristocracy has never been able to divorce itself from its origins and surroundings, the art of that country has ever sought to reconcile the human with the humanistic. Were it not for the advances in this regard, the æsthetic progress of Europe during the past four centuries would scarcely have been possible. For from this point of view the art gallery of today was born — even to the extent of bringing into common use the very Italian word *galleria* to designate its purpose.

The scientific museum, on the other hand, is the product of a curiosity and literalness that are purely Teutonic, and it grew out of the hereditary accumulations of the petty German rulers. These collections, like the humanism of the north, were more concerned with the dawn of science and social regeneration than with beauty. The intellectual movements here were essentially religious, and developed a rational spirit of inquiry which helped, in many ways, to bring about the Reformation. The collections themselves comprised gifts of all sorts, sea shells, fossils, stuffed alligators, minerals, works of gold, silver, and glass, as well as a hodgepodge of painting and statuary. The Archduke Albrecht of Bavaria possessed, for example, 3407 objects which included, in addition to 780 paintings, 'an egg which an abbott had found within another egg; manna which fell from Heaven in a famine; a stuffed elephant, a hydra and a basilisk.' The Elector of Saxony, Augustus I, was possibly more fortunate, for his collection included 'a series of portraits of Roman Emperors from Cæsar to Domitian, said to be copies of originals done by Titian from the life.' To this very remarkable array were added in 1611 a unicorn and a phœnix which were presented to him by the Bishop of

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Bamberg. Even as late as our own times Mark Twain records that it was possible to see in the sacristy of Cologne Cathedral the skull of a child in an elaborate reliquary, labeled 'Head of Saint John the Baptist at the age of twelve years.'

These objects were gathered together into what was known as the *Wunderkammer*. Julius von Schlosser has shown that the differences in temperament between the north and south are inherent in the conflicting meanings of these two words, *Wunderkammer* (wonder chamber) and *galleria* (the formal gallery). Moreover, the German passion for classification and spinning *a priori* theories from artificially established premises had already begun to assert itself at a very early date. It set a standard for unintelligibility which has remained in vogue until the present day, and which has done more to keep the public out of our museums than any regulations issued by trustees or governmental bureaucracies have ever succeeded in doing.

To be sure, later scholarship has examined the validity of the claims made in the early inventories of these cabinets. The ponderous *Jahrbücher* of the various German academies for art and science contain polemics for and against these extravagances of princely accretion. Among their number, aspiring doctors have found an inexhaustible mine from which to draw in order to practise the art of learning more and more about less and less. There is a strange irony in the fact that the art galleries in this country, which are being filled with works of art originally admired, commissioned, and collected by the brilliant open-minded humanists of the Italian Renaissance, are being made more and more a battleground for the conflicting attributions of iconography and authorship of scholars trained for generations in the Germanic tradition of knowing everything about a work of art without understanding its essential significance.

Space does not permit us to dwell longer on the history of museums or of private collections. Suffice it to say that by the end of the sixteenth century the die was cast and the future pathway of museum development clearly marked. Political factors, furthermore, were to determine the successive steps by which this path was to be followed. For, as the economic crises of the seventeenth century made it necessary for the High Renaissance collectors — princes, dukes, merchants, and cardinals — to dispose of their treasures, nationalism and the conception of the absolute monarchy brought about another use to which these collections could be put. The Hapsburgs in Austria, the Netherlands, and Spain found themselves in open competition with the English Stuarts and the Bourbons. It was obligatory for the Roi Soleil not only to shine in his own brilliance, but to reflect again his authority in the accumulations of the wonders of the past. This was the philosophy of collecting until the French Revolution, when the idea of the public institution — virtually the only one we know today — came into being.

III

The American museum is the child of nineteenth-century liberal thought, and this fact should never be forgotten. For even the very idea of the public museum was in its infancy when the colonies rebelled. The British Museum was barely twenty years old, nor was the Louvre to be opened to others than academicians and a favored few until the first Napoleon. The National Gallery in London, looked upon by most Americans as the promised land of all art galleries, was formed only in 1824, although there had been agitation in the House of Commons nearly half a century earlier. The Prado was of approximately the same period. Curiously enough, the Vatican had opened its collections to the populace ahead of any of the more liberal states of Europe.

Throughout the nineteenth century the movement in favor of the great pub-

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lic institution grew. It was good politics as well as good economy to convert empty palaces into places of education and recreation, and not only to permit the public to become proud of their history, but to acquaint them with their national wealth. The tourist trade, which probably had learned its most unpleasant habits in gouging the pilgrims along the mediæval trade routes, thrived with this new field for exploitation. But, taken by and large, the sudden interest which the nineteenth century had awakened in the new scientific approach to history was a factor more responsible than any other. It was a movement which grew too rapidly to be thought out. Literally tons of works of art nationalized by gift, purchase, excavation, sequestration, and other forms of governmental expediency, flooded into the cities and palaces of Europe in a never-ending stream. Not until nearly 1900 did the Germans, again producing the national rabbit out of the international hat, point the way to the classification and digestion of this *embarras de richesse*.

The earliest collections on this continent were of the most modest order: family portraits, furniture, and silver which had emigrated from abroad with the more substantial families. As the colonists prospered in the eighteenth century, the gentleman's 'curio cabinet' became more fashionable and reflected the leisured indifference to any serious interest in art so characteristic of the upper middle class in England. About 1800, however, after the dispersal of the Orléans collection in London, America became a new world for the merchant to conquer. Shipload after shipload of works of art arrived in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston and were sold to the more prosperous gentry. Many of these pictures were from the collections of French aristocrats who were beginning to return to France to salvage what was left from the Revolution. Curiously, too, in the financial panic of Andrew Jackson's administration many of these works of art, now in the leading galleries of Europe, were taken back across the sea.

The forties and fifties were rather barren years. It is prophetic, perhaps, that the foundations of American museums in general, and of the American Museum of Natural History in particular, were laid by Charles Willson Peale, who in the early part of the century had opened his museum in Independence Hall, and by the late P. T. Barnum of circus fame. His popular dictum, 'There's a sucker born every minute,' has been the motto of our profession ever since. Although there had been institutions for cultural progress founded in every city, and exhibition societies for contemporary art at which voices like those of Thomas J. Bryan, who gave his collection to the New York Historical Society in 1867, and James Jackson Jarves of the Yale 'primitives' were crying in the wilderness, it was not until after the Civil War that America became conscious of her manifest destiny and demanded a share of the artistic treasures of history.

Much has been written for and against the American craving for sweetness and light. But had not the people of our country three generations ago implicitly believed that 'man, being essentially a rational creature capable of continuous improvement, needed only education and political equality to make him virtuous and happy,' there would probably be no Museum Association, no museums, and none of us connected with the museums would have any jobs. And some of our foreign colleagues would be spared the pain of telling us, in the words of Laurence Sterne, that 'they order this matter better in France.'

Here, I believe, is the crux of our inability to meet our public on their own terms. The American museum is, after all, not an abandoned European palace, a solution for storing and classifying the accumulated national wealth of the past, but an American phenomenon, developed by the people, for the

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people, and of the people. This is not Fascism — it is simple American history; and our most important contributions during the past seventy-five years have been made when we have recalled this fact to our consciousness. It is significant that in the original program of the organizing committee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, dated January 4, 1870, it was stated that the purpose of the association was to afford 'to our whole people free and ample means for innocent and refined enjoyment, and also supplying the best facilities for practical instruction and for the cultivation of pure taste in all matters connected with the arts.'

Quaint as these words may sound to our jaded ears, the fundamental philosophy of American art museums has never been better expressed. How far have we lived up to it? Looking back over the growth of the public institution, as briefly outlined in these pages, does it not appear to us that we, of all the peoples of history, have had a better, more natural, and less prejudiced opportunity to make the museum mean something to the general public? I think we have, and that we have thrown this opportunity away. We have placed art, for which there is a ravenous appetite in this country, both literally and figuratively, on pedestals beyond the reach of the man in the street. He believes in the museum, yes, but with the same 'I'm from Missouri' acquiescence with which he believes in the Constitution or the Republican Party. He votes appropriations for its support. He might even visit the museum on occasion, but he certainly takes from it little or nothing of what it might potentially offer him. This is nobody's fault but our own. Instead of trying to interpret our contents, we have deliberately high-hatted him and called it scholarship. We have established a jargon of purity and arbitrary definition, employing words of common parlance such as 'form,' 'color,' 'design,' in an esoteric sense that makes him feel awkward when he realizes that he has no idea what we are talking about. We tell him that understanding must come from experience, and that the nude really is descending the staircase whether he sees it or not. We have wrapped him up in a cocoon of verbiage and cut-rate æstheticism that is insulting to any reasonable intelligence, and then we curse him for a barbarian when he says that 'he knows what he likes.'

We have reached a critical period in American museums, as anyone confronted with a budget can tell too plainly. It is impossible for us to continue as we have done in the past. The public is no longer impressed with the museums and is frankly bored with their inability to serve it. The people have had their bellyful of prestige and pink Tennessee marble. Furthermore, they resent the spending of vast sums of tax-levied or tax-exempted funds for the interest and pleasure of an initiated few. We must stop imitating the Louvre and the Kaiser Friedrich and solve this purely American problem in a purely American way. The constant pressure of social service has so complicated our future that we can no longer sit down in super-graduate seminars to gather notes in preparation for our next research trip to Europe. Nor can we serve the public any better by joining the chorus boys of surrealism in singing 'My Heart Belongs to Dada.' We must put an end to charlatanry and come to grips with the real problems of our profession. *What are museums? What shall they be? How do they differ from the university? What functions shall they perform? What relationship should they bear to the public library? Shall museums continue to accept without question all the various secularized activities which a generation ago were lodged in the parish house? What shall be their rôle in the steadily increasing movement of leisure time?*

To study these various questions the Council of the American Association of

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Museums last year created a Committee on Education whose membership has been selected geographically from the fields of art, history, and science. The scope and purposes of our investigations are fundamental, and we are considering museum education primarily as an intellectual problem in its widest social sense. Then, and only then, can we begin to discuss its practical applications. The committee is now at work collecting data for this purpose.

We have, fortunately, a great mass of statistical information collected by various persons on this project. We know fairly well *what is being done* in almost every institution in the United States, and we know nearly as much about *how it is done*. But the one question which the museum world has successfully and deliberately evaded in the past twenty-five years is *why is it done?*

The reasons for this evasiveness are deeply rooted, I believe, in the financial history of American institutions. While Mr. Henry W. Kent, the pioneer of museum education in the fine arts, had an original philosophy when the department of the Metropolitan Museum was founded shortly after 1900, that philosophy was quickly lost in the problem of how to increase attendance, build up supporting memberships, and get more money from trustees and city councils. And it has become the hallowed practice among all institutions to permit the educational department to be the legitimate tail to wag the rest of the dog. Thus, having paid a certain half-hearted tribute to the public welfare, they could turn to the more exciting pleasures of collecting and exposition.

Another factor which has hindered the proper analytical evaluation of museum education has been the complacency of trustees, coupled with the precious vanity of curators who look down from their Olympian world of make-believe upon the teaching staff with a contempt that is as ill-disguised as it is ill-deserved. Curators are *sui generis*. Sometimes men and women of genius, they are more often disappointed artists and laboratory scientists, without any vocational conviction, who are attracted to a closet-drama existence. Being usually men of the world, they are more frequented by the trustees, fill in conveniently at dinner parties, and, by the very nature of their tasks, are more likely to 'make the front page.' (In most newspapers the daily lectures are listed, if at all, with the death notices.) Furthermore, it is from this curatorial class that the directors are recruited. Try as they will to understand the administrative problems of museum education, they are seldom able to cast off their early prejudices, and either neglect the department entirely or turn it into a three-ring circus for public support.

IV

No sensible person can quarrel with the aims and purposes of scholarship and scientific research. This is a necessary branch of all museum activity. It does and should continue to set the standards of perfection towards which all of us should constantly strive. But, just as in the university a balance must be maintained between the graduate seminar and undergraduate teaching, so in the public institution for adult education it is no less necessary to equalize the pressure of these two related pedagogic functions. It is a curious fact that in the art museum, where it is possible to create this harmony far more easily and succinctly than in the classroom, the tendency has been to widen the existing breach still further. But it is absurd for this situation to exist, because, *properly considered, every activity of an art gallery is essentially educative.* Every acquisition, if its quality is high, is not merely a valuable document of factual history, but also a mirror in which is reflected some important humanistic observation or truth. And, since in all things the quality of greatness lies in simplicity, the importance of a collection

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is measured not by the multiplicity of its contents, but rather by the telling properties of its finest pieces. The rest soon falls into the category of reference material.

Now for years we have made no segregation of the best from the second-best that is comprehensible to the layman. We have shown him the two side by side and lectured to him, telling him arbitrarily what is good and what is bad. We have developed a cult of 'quality for quality's sake,' which we preach in the same romantic phrases with which our grandfathers advocated 'art for art's sake.' We ask our public to accept the sample of an art of, let us say, the Gothic period — a single statue — with the same ready understanding of a Frenchman who was born beneath the shadow of a great cathedral. And we make little or no effort to furnish him a synthetic world view. If he feels art is important, he rarely knows the reason why.

The science museums, on the other hand, have already begun to show the way to remedy this state of affairs and have, in fact, indicated the rôle of the museum of the future. They have been aided in this respect by the depression. For, while we in the art galleries have been squeezing every penny to buy the treasures of European collections in a rapidly falling market, the scientific and industrial institutions have put their money into reinstallation and interpretative exposition. They have not been above employing all of the mechanical aids to learning which are at hand and have pursued the possibilities of new techniques with tireless energy. In brief, they have at last come to a willingness to contemplate their resources in the light of their potential usefulness to society.

We have traveled very far in the past few pages. My purpose in taking you back through the centuries was to show that public institutions of the type we represent were not an artificial creation but the product of a long organic growth. Each generation has been obliged to interpret this vague word 'museum' according to the social requirements of its day. There are no rules which apply and no restrictions which limit our field of activity beyond common sense and intellectual integrity. It is no longer necessary for us to do lip service to the institutions of a worn-out and defeated Europe. We must consider our responsibilities in terms of twentieth-century America. Perhaps we may develop a totally new type of public institution bearing little or no relation to the nationalized palaces of the Renaissance. So much the better. But before we do we must find an articulate expression of the content of public museum education.

This is not the job of the docent alone. It is a challenge to every member of the staff. No matter how great the sacrifice to our personal interests and ambitions, we must turn aside from the battle of the books and leave the more refined delights of art history to our colleagues in the university. And, in the field of buying, we must consider once more the public for whom we hold these funds in trust. For, flattering as it may be to the ego of the impecunious curator to compete with other people's money against private collectors of unlimited means and still greater caprice, we are too often serving only the art dealers in supporting a market whose collapse has long been overdue.

As a profession we stand indicted before the court of public opinion. How can we best acquit ourselves? By honestly contemplating and interpreting our resources in the light of their potential usefulness to society, and by reconciling the layman and the scholar — therein lies our only hope for survival in the modern world. For, had our colleagues in Germany and Italy been willing to meet the man in the street halfway, they might not now be reduced to pimping for ideologies that destroy the very civilization whose finest flowerings we are dedicated to preserve.

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THE CHILDREN OF SHALLOWFORD

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

I

In the fall of the year we spent much time by the river, for that was the time of the salmon and sea trout 'running' up to spawn. Leaves swirled away with the brown waters of the river, roaring under the triple falls of the bridge. Walking with the children by the irregular ribands of moorland reed, feathers, sticks, tins, and bottles from the higher villages and hamlets, which lay over the banks in the meadows, I told the bigger boys what to do if one of the small children were to fall in. The only chance, I said, was to run downstream, in the hope of the drowning child's being taken into an eddy where the water either stayed slack or returned upon the main stream. It would be useless to try to get the child by leaping into the raging spate. 'Coo, yes,' said Windles, eying the white leaping waters below the falls. 'Don't be scared if a child falls in. Use your head. There may be a chance for one of you to grab it out, at an eddy. Let's come downstream to Stag's Head weir and see if any salmon are jumping. It's time the greenbacks, or early clean-run fish, come into the river. Look, that's what is meant by an eddy. See how the water's pushed backwards by the main flow? You could get a grip on a kid washed into the deeper water here. It would be your only hope.'

As we climbed over the wooden fence by the road bridge, John said that no salmon would be running. Asked why, he explained that he had seen two 'ould cranes' standing beside the river higher up the valley, at the edge of the smooth water. If the fish had been below the falls, he said, the 'ould cranes' would have been at Stag's Head falls.

I was delighted with this perception and reasoning, and said, 'There, that's a fine bit of natural reasoning. How came you to think of that, John?' John colored slightly and said, 'Well, you see, Dad, that's what you told Windles and me last year, and I minded it.'

The river level was dropping fast, the water 'fining down.' The rain had not lasted long enough to break the springs after the unusual winter drought.

It took about half an hour to reach the falls. We went along the path through the wood, up and down a rocky place, more adventurous than by the meadow on the opposite bank. At the weir, we stood and gazed at the thundering water. After staring at the white cascades, it seemed as though the river above the fall were moving backwards with the landscape. No fish appeared, and we thought we would go and look at the spillway of the millstream which fed the water wheel of the sawmills. It was Sunday, and no men would be working there.

The water was now fallen enough for me to walk across the sill of the weir.

Taking off shoes and socks and rolling up trousers, I felt my way, foot sliding before foot, across the slippery slabs of stones mortared there. Halfway across, judging it to be safe, I returned for John.

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The water was only about six inches deep, but it pushed hard against my legs, and made my bones ache. Dumping John on the other side, I returned for Margaret. She whimpered a bit, and clung tensely to me. Meanwhile, Windles had disappeared. Returning with painful feet, I joined the two on the other bank. We went along a path through brambles, and over a narrow plank parallel to the iron doors or fenders under which the millstream boiled and swilled. Then we were safe on grass.

We crossed the millstream again by a narrow bridge made of two planks laid together, and so to an island where heaps of sawdust were dumped among pines and rhododendrons. As the mill wheel was not working, the water escaped over a spillway. We sat above it and watched thin white water surging down the sloping stone face of the spillway.

We had not been there a minute when a sea trout appeared out of the white turmoil below and swam violently up the spillway. The water was shallow, and looked like white fleeces lying on the slope. The upper part of the fish's body was in the air. Halfway up it was exhausted, and lay on its side a moment before being washed down again. As we watched, another smaller fish swam up and rested in a tiny eddy just below the lip of the spillway, where a rusty fragment of scythe blade was wedged. Slowly it edged itself up to the water-fleece before giving a leap and threshing up in what looked like a series of leaps.

The little spotted mother-of-pearl fish got to within three feet of the top and then clung with its paired fins to the stem of a dock which was growing in the crevice between two stones. The water, almost as thin as a snail's shell, barely washed over it. It rested there nearly a quarter of an hour, its tail curved round the base of the dock. Just above it was a miniature turbulent pool about as big as my two hands, made by the dislodgement of one of the stones. With a sudden spring and rapid flicker the fish was in this pool and lying there with its brown tail out of water.

'Isn't it a darling little fish?' said Margaret. 'Coo, sporty,' said John.

It was past teatime, but the sun was shining, and we wanted to see what the fish would do. 'Look, Margy and John, this fish has come about twenty miles in from the sea, after traveling scores of miles around the coast to find the mouth of the river where it had been born.' 'I hope they ould cranes won't get it,' said John. Hardly had he spoken when there was a harsh cry of *Krar-k!* in the sky, and, looking up, we saw a heron flying over. 'It swore at us, John.' 'Bissley ould bird,' said John. 'I don't like 'n,' said Margaret.

The next day, returning from school, John went alone to the spillway, and there he saw two large square tails, side by side in the turmoil below the spillway. As he was leaving he saw a heron circling above the treetops, so he went back and tapped the tails with a stick. 'Cor, they salmonses didn't half spark,' said John.

II

Next Sunday the conditions for seeing salmon were better. It rained all the Saturday night, a proper sou'wester, the wind blowing smoke into the sitting room. A puff or two of smoke didn't matter; it was aromatic wood smoke, not filthy coal smuts. It was a good feeling, when the rain was lashing down the windowpanes, and the wind thundering in the chimney, to sit before our fire and play games. Windles, now ten years old, played draughts with me, and, with two off my side of the board, he usually beat me. Then he played with John, with three off his side, and it was anyone's game. Afterwards Robert, who was not yet three, played with John, but before John could win Robert usually got tired of draughts, and started playing wheels with them all over the board, and rolling them on the floor. While he

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was doing this, Baby Richard would be trying to climb up my trousers to see if there was anything eatable on the table.

When we set out in the morning the sun was shining through the clouds. 'Why does Mummy never come for walks with us?' asked Margy. We stopped. 'Let's ask her,' I said. Now I came to think of it, Lœtitia hadn't come for a walk with us for years. She was always working, from before seven in the morning until after ten at night. We asked her now, but she said she had the Sunday dinner to cook, and the little ones to look after. 'Don't worry about me; enjoy yourselves,' she said. So the three children and I set out together. The boys had on their Wellington boots, and mackintoshes, and carried sticks. We should need the sticks, for we usually went along the slippery, rocky path at the bottom of the wood, which went up and down, sometimes very steep and narrow, then down again beside the river.

To get to the wood, we had to cross a small meadow. Our feet squelched in the grass. By the gate where we went in, two moorhens were squatting in the hedge. They flew away at once, back to the river. 'I expect they're a bit cold,' remarked Windles, 'and sitting up there to keep as dry as possible.' John thought a moment before replying, 'But they be water birds, like ducks, ban't 'm, and they shouldn't mind a bit of wet, I should think.' 'Perhaps they are up there to keep out of the way of otters,' and I told them how once I had found a rabbit crouching in the grass, badly hurt by an otter, which had mauled it and then apparently let it go again. Otters usually live on fish, which they hunt under water and eat on the banks; but when the river is in spate they find it hard to catch fish, and hunt the runners, ditches, and rabbit warrens.

The path through the wood was almost hidden by leaves which had been blown down in the gale. Branches of fir trees lay there too, torn off by the wind, and also fir cones. We picked our way along the path, taking care to tread firmly on the patches of rock which showed along the path. At length we came to where the path rose steeply, and a slip on the gray shaly rock would mean a fall directly into the swollen river below. Rubber Wellington boots are liable to slip on rock, and so I climbed below and stood at the edge of the river, in case one of the children should slip and fall. The river was brown-colored and running as fast as a trotting horse; but it was fining down; most of the washed-out soil from the field drains and ditches had been left in the eddies, or gone out from the distant estuary. The falls were about a quarter of a mile below, and we could already hear the great noise of the tumbling waters.

As we came nearer the weir, the dull growling echoing back from the trees became a roar. A mist of spray hung about the trees beside the falls. The water bended over the weir-sill smoothly before gashing itself white and plunging on the rocks below. Half a tree, uprooted and washed down so far by the greater spate of the night before, was lodged on the rocks. We stood on the bank below the weir, in the misty roar, and suddenly we started back, for from just below our feet a big gray bird flew up, and flapped desperately away over the weir. 'Darned ould crane!' cried Windles and John together, and burst out laughing, for they too had been startled. For an instant it looked as though the heron's wings might strike the branches of the uprooted tree, but it just cleared them. It was nearly five feet across the wings, with a long thin neck and sharp yellow beak, and legs atrail like stilts. It had been standing on a ledge of rock below, waiting to spear any trout that should come within striking distance. There were many trout, both silver sea trout and brown river trout, trying to jump over the weir, and the heron was amusing itself

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lancing them. The larger female fish it picked open, for the rows of berry-like eggs within.

We had not been waiting more than a minute when we saw a fish about a yard long leap out of the white water and fall halfway up the face of the weir. As it struck the water again it swam vigorously, and we could see it hanging there, as though trembling violently. It clung there for about ten seconds, holding by its paired fins, and then it gave up, and was washed backwards, turning upside down in the boiling white water, and away in the surge of white waves. The water was too strong for so big a fish.

Almost immediately afterwards another salmon leapt about two yards from where we were standing. It fell on a hidden branch of the tree, and clung there. We could see the water pounding its body. Then with a half spring and desperate wriggle it was two feet higher up, swimming with all its strength, gradually moving upwards. But the fall of water was too heavy, and it too was swept backwards. We saw the spots on its red flank and yellow head as it turned over. It was a cock fish, a 'soldier,' for at spawning time some of the cocks turn almost as red as a brick, and their heads go as yellow as a canary. It was the wedding dress of the new-run fish. He had come into the river direct from the sea.

The hen salmon varied in color from dark bronze to olive-brown. Some of the fish had yellow fungus patches on fin and scale; these were the fish which had come into the river months before the spawning season, and had languished in the shallow waters of summer without feeding.

We saw several salmon trying to jump the weir, but none got up. There was a fish pass at the side of the weir, but the wooden door was closed. We tried to lever up the fender with rotten sticks, but it was stuck too tight. So I stood in the water to my waist and heaved it up with my fingers underneath the half-rotten bottom. Then we went back to below the weir, and watched the mud being swept away. Afterwards, when it had cleared, we saw a reddish back fin and tail tip sticking out of the water, in the calm between stream and eddy now formed. I touched it with my stick, and it did not move. Perhaps it was a fish that had hurt itself on the rocks, and was feeling numb along its body. So I climbed down and, putting my arm in the water, pushed it away into safety — for the heron would return when we were gone, and would stab it with its beak. The salmon slowly swam away.

Too soon it was time to think of returning for dinner. What a nuisance meals were! We said we would wait until we saw a fish get over the weir. We were lucky, for soon afterwards a sea trout, about twelve inches long, succeeded where the heavier fish had failed. The small silver fish, with dark spots and clove-shaped marks on its flanks, leapt with superb confidence out of the boiling white water, fell on a mossy rock, and, after resting a few seconds, started to swim straight up into the solid fall of water. We watched it moving inch by inch upwards, seeming to vibrate within the water, and to be drawn upwards slowly on an invisible string; and at the very lip of the water it gave a sort of spring, and was over the bend of the sill and in the pool above. There it gave a leap and fell back with a splash, as though of joy for its success. It seemed a good ending to our visit, and we went home to dinner, only fifty minutes late.

III

A few weeks later, in the middle of January, I went away to London. While I was there, something happened that I learned of only when I read *About My Life*. When I questioned Lœtitia and John about it, I pieced the facts together, into the following account. I have also got permission from the author of *About*

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TURN TO *The Atlantic* FOR RELIEF

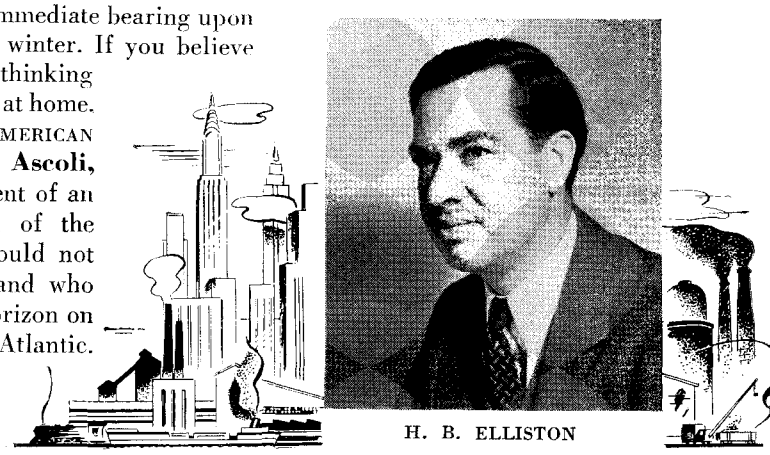
PESSIMISTS will tell you that civilization is at the breaking point. Don't believe it. For one thing, it is too widespread. Bombs, submarines, and high explosives can tear rents in the great fabric, but here and abroad are men and women who have it in their power to knit together the ravages, however great. Some of the most eloquent of them will be heard in the *Atlantic* in the months directly ahead, but, whether they be writing in a bombproof shelter or in the sunny sanctuary of America, we believe the intent of their words will be this: Hold fast to the things of the spirit.

And so let us present to you those men and women who will make the *Atlantic* a meeting place—a sanctuary—a conning tower in the New Year.

AMERICA FIRST

In the January *Atlantic* you will be asked to focus your attention not on Europe but on the United States. Our rights and responsibilities as a neutral are clearly in the mind of **H. B. Elliston,** financial editor of the *Christian Science Monitor,* who is now visiting the neutral capitals in Europe and will send back to us information of immediate bearing upon our neutrality this winter. If you believe that some of our thinking should be censored at home, read I AM AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, by **Max Ascoli,** the ringing statement of an Italian, a veteran of the Great War who could not swallow Fascism and who has found a new horizon on our side of the Atlantic.

Read REMEMBER THE STATES, by **Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, 2nd,** a forcible reminder of what States' rights should mean to the individual American citizen today. Read AMERICA LOOKS AT THE WAR, by **Raoul de Roussy de Sales,** a truly remarkable analysis of the mixed feelings and the uncertain temper with which we gaze on Europe.



H. B. ELLISTON

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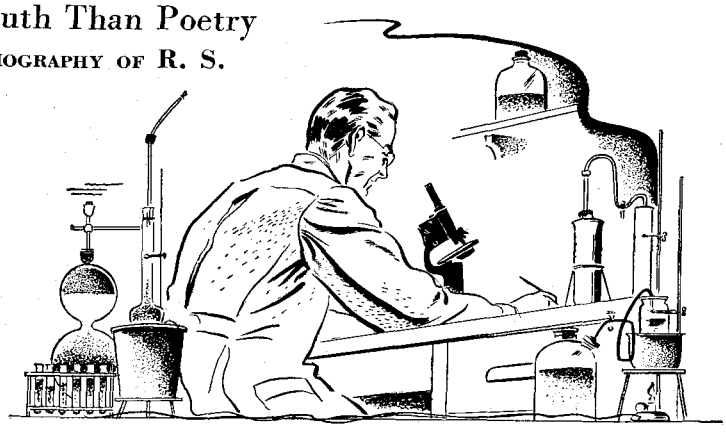
More Truth Than Poetry

The Biography of R. S.

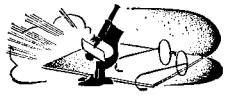


The New Atlantic Serial

Biographies of lasting importance have been few and far between in American letters. Between the Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin and The Education of Henry Adams are a small handful of books notable for their truth and beauty. Now add to them More Truth Than Poetry: The Biography of R.S., recorded by his friend, his alter ego, **Dr. Hans Zinsser.**

More Truth Than Poetry is the story of an American who never for an instant forgot the German heritage that came to him from his ancestry in '49. Here are the twin careers which he chose to follow —the scientific career of medicine, fighting to avert plagues, and the career of the scholar and poet which he followed all his life.

Medicine has taken *R.S.* to the far corners of the earth. Wherever there were war and infection, there he has gone. In Serbia in 1914-1915, in the American Army in France, in Russia after the great famine, in Mexico, and in China, he has



fought as a scientist, and in season and out he has passed on his instruction to students at Columbia, Leland Stanford, and Harvard, at the Sorbonne and at the universities in China and Japan. A student of men, a linguist who has read insatiably in the ancient and modern languages, a poet who has long contributed to the *Atlantic,* a lover of horses who has ridden the Western range, a philosopher who has never for a moment sacrificed his independence of mind, he stands out in our age as an admirable blend of science and the humanities.

Our Air Force

If we must rearm, if we must spend astronomical sums on aviation, let us make absolutely sure that we secure the airplanes we need. 'During the past year,' writes **Francis Vivian Drake,** 'I have been amazed to note that we were planning thousands of planes of a type barely suited to European conditions, and entirely unsuited, indeed useless, for the defense of this country under the only conditions in which we could suffer an attack.' Be sure to read his paper, The Air Force We Need. Once our own need is clearly established, it is important to read the article by **Allan Lockheed,** They Go Higher, in which he describes the amazing technical advances in aircraft since 1919.

Southern Belles

David L. Cohn's letters (on Neutrality, Isolation, and Washington the Blest) have made *Atlantic* history. Two more of them are promised for this winter in which he will pay his respects to those famous Southern belles, Natchez and New Orleans.

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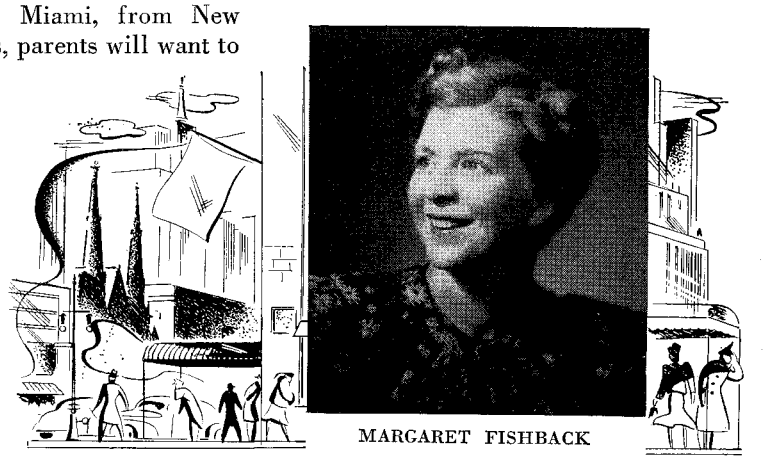
From Bangor to Miami, from New York to Los Angeles, parents will want to know WHAT PRICE DEBUTANTES? **Margaret Fishback** has written the answer for an early issue of the *Atlantic*.



MARGARET FISHBACK

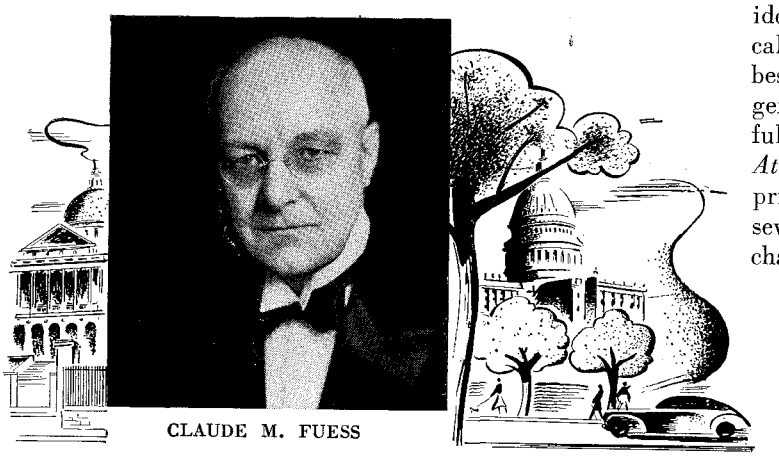
THE CHURCH

This is a year in which the *Atlantic* is eager to welcome those clear thinkers who speak from within the Church. From the **Reverend Phillips E. Osgood** of Emmanuel Church, Boston, comes this challenge which each churchgoer must answer in his own heart: HOW MUCH DO YOU HELP THE CHURCH? From **Canon Bell** of Providence comes the thoughtful exposition of WHY PEOPLE DO NOT PRAY. And from **Harry Emerson Fosdick** we look forward to receiving the true definition of OUR NEUTRAL CONSCIENCE.

Good for the heart and mind are the tonic articles by **Dr. Karl A. Menninger,** the American psychiatrist. His prescription for the New Year is entitled THE CULTIVATION OF LOVE. Some readers will find it an antidote for the two Menninger articles so hotly debated last winter—MEN, WOMEN, AND HATE and PARENTS AGAINST CHILDREN.

VERMONT

Nothing is more heartening in days of distress than to read the life stories of those who, with courage, humor, and self-possession, have weathered the storm. For seven years **Claude M. Fuess,** Headmaster of Phillips Andover, has been working steadily on his definitive biography of CALVIN COOLIDGE: THE MAN FROM VERMONT. The book has the Vermont tang, the dry humor, the crisp turn of speech, the courage and self-possession, which one associates with New England. In it Coolidge stands forth as a very human person, shy, sensitive, and taciturn, a shrewd politician who tempered idealism with practicality and was the best vote-getter of his generation. From this full-length study the *Atlantic* has been privileged to draw several illuminating chapters.



CLAUDE M. FUESS

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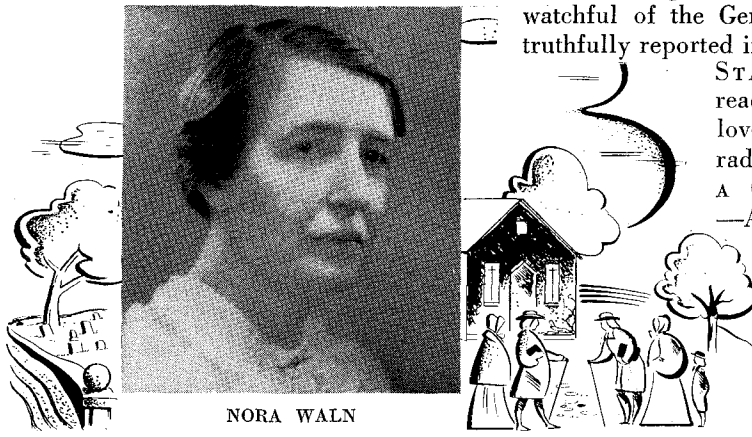

NORA WALN

Now living in England, though ever watchful of the Germany which she so truthfully reported in REACHING FOR THE STARS, **Nora Waln** reaches back to her beloved Pennsylvania for radiant memories, FROM A QUAKER CHILDHOOD —Americana of the best.

The Atlantic Portraits have established themselves as an inseparable feature in each issue of the magazine. The editors do not wish to sacrifice the element of surprise, but they are happy to say that these new portraits have been commissioned: **John Lomax's** portrait of ***Will Hogg,*** the great Texan; and **Dr. Rosenbach's** portrait of ***Belle Greene.***

UNDER THIRTY

Peter Viereck, who graduated from Harvard *summa cum laude* two years ago, has stated for the *Atlantic* his CREDO OF A YOUNG AMERICAN—as brilliant an affirmation of the true conservative as has come our way in a blue moon. Here is one young graduate who knows where he stands—and is proud of it.

BELLES-LETTRES

Not for years has the *Atlantic* been so intent in its search for essays of tranquillity, for poems and short stories which will solace and delight the mind. To prove our point we promise that in the months ahead there will be in our columns critical essays by **Bernard DeVoto, Edmund Wilson, Agnes Repplier,** and **Conrad Aiken;** short stories by **Richard Ely Danielson** (remember his CORPORAL HARDY?), **MacKinlay Kantor, Struthers Burt, Lord Dunsany,** and **William Saroyan;** poems by **Fannie Stearns Gifford, Edward A. Richards, Robert Hillyer, Thomas Hornsby Ferril, Marya Zaturenska,** and—no *Atlantic* year would be complete without them—poems by **Robert Frost, Stephen Vincent Benét,** and **Robert Nathan.**

So we say at last, as we said at the beginning, Hold fast to the things of the spirit!

YOU WILL FIND A CONVENIENT GIFT ORDER FORM OPPOSITE PAGE 860

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My Life to print his book, or such selections of it as are deemed fit to be published (and one chapter at least is starkly realistic, with ancient Anglo-Saxon words that are not usually printed). In those pages the reader will notice the laconic calm of John's classic style, in comparison with my subjective or romantic idiom. Here is the fuller story of John's walk beside the river with Robbie and Rosie.

At this time Robbie and Rosie were two and a quarter years old, and John was seven. John was a kind child, and always ready to help or amuse the younger children. Robbie and Rosie loved being together, and playing together, but they also loved the same toys. Often, therefore, when they were left alone in the nursery, there came from that room screams and swearwords, and, looking through the upper glass panels of the door, the beholder would observe two diminutive individuals pulling one another's fair hair, while hitting, tugging, kicking, and even biting. But when John played with them, Rosie and Robbie loved one another. Rosie had only to go away for a week to stay with her grannie for Robbie to be most unhappy; and when she returned, cries of delight would accompany the armfuls of his toys held out for Rosie to accept. There was a difference between them that I observed more than once. If Robbie had a bag of sweets, he would offer them all round; if Rosie had a bag, she would hold on to it if grown-ups were about. Alone with the children, however, she would become more open — less of the screwed-up-tight sort of feeling — and would naturally share with the others. Her grandmother adored her, and upset the balance of the child's personality; but among children Rosie was unprecocious, natural.

Holding in each of his small hands a still smaller hand, John set out. It was a Sunday afternoon, and for a treat he thought he would take them to Stag's Head weir. 'I'll take 'ee to see Daddy's samons; you'll see them jumping about, you will.' 'Yaas, us wull, won't us? See Daddy's samons,' said Robbie to Rosie and Rosie to Robbie.

It was too difficult to go by the woodland path, so John led the two smaller children along the road to the bridge, and then over a keeper's stile into a meadow. They walked through the grass. The river was still high after the rains. The water ran fast, much faster than they could walk. White waves broke over hidden rocks. 'There be lots of samons in there, only you can't see 'm,' said John. 'Yaas, there be lots, ban't 'm, Robbie?' 'Yaas, Rausie, there be lots and *lots*.' The river swirled deeper under the trees on the opposite bank. It was salmon-running water, sparkling with oxygen. The first flush of dirty road and ditch water had ceased to stain the sea of Bideford Bay for several days.

The trio had to unclasp hands in order to get through a black iron-railing fence, but, once through, they joined up again and went on beside the deepening water of the mill pool. When almost across the second meadow John stopped, just as he remembered his father had once stopped, and said: 'Can you hear the weir roaring? 'Tes the thunder of the falls!' They listened. Robbie said, 'Yaas, Robbie can hear, Johnnie.' And Rosie said, 'I can hear too, can't I, Robbie?' She stared at the sky. 'No, that's rookses cawing up there, Rosie; that ban't the thunder of the falls,' said John in his gentle voice. 'Yaas, it be, ban't it?' cried Rosie. 'Come along, Johnnie will show 'ee the weir,' and the three trailed on through the grass.

On the right bank of the river, at the apex made by bank and weir, the water wimpled deeply away under the iron fenders or doors, on its way to feed the mossy water wheel. The iron fenders could be worked up or down, to pass a larger or smaller flow to the wheel. When let down, the doors stopped all flow of water. The millstream — or leat, as it is called in Devon — was about a hundred

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yards long, about eight feet wide, and six feet deep. The weight of water falling continually on the troughs of the wheel bore it round, and turned a shaft on which pulleys revolved to turn belts to work the saws which cut tree trunks into posts and rails and planks, to repair the gates and cottages and fences and farmsteads of his Lordship's estate.

''Tes Cold Pudding who owns all this yurr wood you see,' said John, in a hushed voice. 'He's a dear little man, if you don't vex him by saying he rides a sheep instead of a hunter. Us'll go quietly now, Rosie and Robbie, and us may see Cold Pudding.'

The great circular saws, which whirl round and cut swiftly into the trunks with rasping, screeching noises, are silent on Sunday. No timber wagons, with horses mudded to the knees, stand there; no men heave at the straight and massive trunks with crowbars, or make piles of new-sawn wood. The sawmills are silent, save for the thresh and ply of water cascading down the spillway of the overflow.

Stepping cautiously to the waterside, John peered into the deep, dark millstream. Was that a salmon down there? Robbie and Rosie peered too. No, it was only a bit of an 'ould tree,' declared John. Robbie and Rosie both declared it was only a bit of an 'ould tree.'

A thick plank crossed the millstream, lying almost level with the water. It was on this plank that wheelbarrow-loads of sawdust were taken, and dumped on the waste ground beside the river. Beyond were the loveliest heaps of sawdust. Oh, they must get across, and play with them! 'Be careful,' said John, as all three crossed slowly on the plank. It was scarcely more than a foot wide. The water rippled as they trod on it.

A happy child has no sense of time, and hardly an idea of place. It lives as the air moves. Among the sawdust, John and Robbie and Rosie played, crying to one another to see what each one was doing, discovering, pretending. They ran up and down and fell over, they grabbed handfuls and flung them into the air, they chanted 'King of the Castle' and Robbie said he would t-t-t-tell Jannie suthin': he would have a sawmill when he was a man, so's he could always play all day with the sawdust.

One heap was white, from ash trees, sawn for making parts of carts; another was pink, from the thousand-year-old yews. After a while, Robbie said, 'I-I-I-I'll tell 'ee suthin'! Let's pretend us be feeding Daddy's samons!' and ran with two fistfuls to the water's edge. He stood on the plank and cast handfuls into the water, where it floated. It made patterns as of lace, the idle current slowly gathering it to the plank at their feet, then slowly sucking it under. Robbie went back for some more. He was enchanted by the way it lay on the water, and stood there alone while John and Rosie played in the pink heap. 'Come yurr, Rausie, midear, 'tes sporty,' he cried, and thought it so nice that it must be walked on.

He walked on it.

Hearing the splash, John turned round. 'Oh,' he said quietly. He went white in the face. Rosie looked at Johnnie, and, seeing his face, began to whimper. 'Robbie's valled in,' said John, as the matted curls, covered with sawdust, showed by the plank. Rosie clutched herself and screamed. Her cries echoed back from the sheds of the silent sawmills.

John remembered the whistle with which Daddy called him. So he gave the whistle, hoping that Windles might hear it. But John couldn't whistle very loud. 'Oh,' said John again, for Robbie was screaming as he struggled in the water.

John ran to the plank and caught hold of Robbie's hair. Recently Mother had wanted to cut it, for it fell lower than his shoulders; but Daddy always said, 'No, I love to see it; it is beautiful hair, and I want to see it even longer, right down to his waist, in fact.' This always vexed Mother, for she had to comb it out and

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brush it when Robbie came home after making mud pies by the river. John clutched the long hair, and tried to pull Robbie out. He was not strong enough. The current was trying to drag Robbie under the plank. Rosie saw Robbie's rubber Wellingtons drawn off his feet, and screamed all the more as she peered into the water. Rosie is shortsighted, and bends down to peer at things.

'Keep away, Rosie,' said John, faintly pink in the face. 'Go on the grass; get away from the water, I tull 'ee!' But Rosie screamed more and more and clutched herself tighter, all drawn up into a knot of fear. John let go Robbie's hair, and, taking her by the hand, he yelled, 'Stand still there, I tell 'ee, wull 'ee?' He knelt on the plank, straining and tugging to get Robbie out of the water. Oh dear! Robbie was too heavy. He was spluttering and choking. 'Help!' cried John, but only the rooks answered, cawing overhead.

Then he remembered what he had been told he must do if a child fell in the river during a heavy spate; he must run downstream to an eddy, in the hope of catching and pulling out the child where the current was checked or even backward-turning. He must never try to pull a child out *against* the power of water. So John let go Robbie's hair, watched him carried under the plank, and, trembling, grabbed the hair again on the other side. Holding on with all his strength, he pulled Robbie to the side, and after a long time managed to get him out. He staggered with him over the plank, and held his head down while he sicked up a lot of water.

When Robbie was better, but still crying, and Rosie howling, John carried Rosie over, stiff and heavy with fear. He took each by a hand and led them home. He carried Robbie over the muddy places, for Robbie had only his socks on, and they were half off. At home Mother put Robbie into a hot bath, and soon all was well again. And then John told Robbie a story about a salmon that was wearing his Wellingtons, at the bottom of the river.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing is that the chronicler of these little tales never learned of what happened until he read it, half a year later, in John's book. He was away in London when it happened, and no mention of it was made in any letter from Shallowford. It is never the truth that worries a man; it is lack of truth.

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RENEWAL

BY GEORGE ABBE

Out of a sky green-blue and sweetly cold
The north wind comes, bowling the rounded clouds
Smoothly and easily over the hills unrolled
In first snow's white. The fir trees stand in crowds
Whispering with excitement, tingling through
With the first good chill of winter, the air made new.

I pause with my hands turned blue on the bucksaw's handle,
Turning my face to the wind and breathing again
The years gone by when the air was my spirit and brain,
When sharp-eyed and lithe it moved on a noiseless sandal
Out of the forests I worshiped and watched in pain,
Watched in the pain of love and anticipation,
Youngest years when I welcomed the hunter, air,
With his green-blue eyes, and shadowy frosted hair
Crisp with the feathery ghosts of autumn leaves,
And his gray lean knife that drew my eager blood.
I grew from the wounds he gave, and his breath was food,
From his glance I forged the spirit that wills and believes.

O hunter-companion, the years that have fallen between
Have found me an exile, south and west, but one
Who sought you forever, through forest of memory green
With longing immortal, and gray with a winter sun.
I sought you yet never lost you: year by year
I have heard you in silence and lifted my face to feel
The edge of your strength when I languished. And now you are here
On the hills I return to — swift as a prick of steel
That catches me unaware, that runs me through.
O hunter-companion, I leave my house tomorrow,
And over the hills of the North I shall follow you.
The years will vanish from me and the needless sorrow,
And I shall be lithe and wily, and quick to see

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The way you swing to a hill and lean to a hollow,
And stride for stride I shall keep your thigh to me.

We shall run together again; and then, as before,
You will outstrip me; the sweeps of russet grass
And the blowing oaks and the cliffs where birches soar —
All, all with the snow upon them will cry as you pass,
And hold the traces that I am searching for.
And down at the stone wall's ending, the spruce's rim,
Where the world curves under and crouches in certain sleep
I shall see you bending, your headdress gleaming dim,
And your face grown quiet. The sky will be dusky and steep,
But still I shall see the pool you are drinking from:
Its amber clearness, the way it runs through your hand.
And kneeling beside you to drink, with the heart struck dumb,
I shall know and remember the taste, and the look of the land,
The friend I am with, and the changeless way I have come.

WINTER DAWN IN A COUNTRY KITCHEN

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

DARK, dark, precious and volatile hour;
Old and deeply accustomed hour;
Aware of Time.

Clock tick,
Water drip,
Frost creak,
Snow whisper,
A freight far off hooting the unborn day;
Time, out there in the dark.

Could I catch Time by the ragged coat, and set him down here by me?
Here at the kitchen table, under the bare 100-watt lamp, —
(The table covered with grass-green oilcloth, shining like Spring) —
Could I pour him a pint of coffee, scalding, with inches of cream,
And four large sugar-lumps, in a thick white mug?

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He would drink it with thirsty frozen gulps.
His peaked head would fall forward over his bones.
With happy snores he would sleep, and sleep, being warm,
Forgetting that he is Time.

I would hold my breath beside him until he woke,
And grunted and shuffled away.
I would keep this hour my own:
Before the dawn:
With those I love all safe in their dreamy beds,
With four good dogs adoze behind stove, behind bench, behind door,
With fat little mice uncaught in the pantry drawer,
(Having chewed the cheese from the trap two nights ago),
With the Christmas Tree in the dark hall drooping its sweet dry balsam
heavy with tinsel angels and ice-barbs and birds,
With bat-black panes of the windows above the sink.

This would be mine:
This sweet warm human safety, supreme. And mine.

But Time has never smelt coffee brewing. He sleeps no wink.
His beard is cold on the panes with the whispering snow.
My treasure is insecure.

The clock ticks fast.
The panes blur white to the day, —
I must drink my coffee alone.
Time went by in the dark.
Time has no tryst with me. . . .

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THE REFORM OF THE SCHOOLS

BY JAMES L. MURSELL

In a previous article, entitled 'The Defeat of the Schools,' which appeared in the March *Atlantic*, I developed at some length the simple but dismaying proposition that actual and effective standards in American public education are deplorably and inexcusably low. This assertion is buttressed by a vast assemblage of facts and findings, accumulated over many years by educational research, some of which I cited. The work is not readily accessible to anyone but the specialist. It is dull, uninviting, microscopic, and calls for critical scrutiny. One must take in a great deal of it at a bird's-eye view before its full import becomes clear. But, once comprehended, it is highly dramatic. The situation revealed is enormously worse than any layman is apt to imagine. We go through a set of complicated and costly motions called 'teaching' algebra, geometry, physics, chemistry, history, English, Latin, and so forth. And what happens? Almost nothing at all! This may seem incredible. But it is true. The subjects are 'taught.' But they are not being learned.

Such a survey forces upon one inevitable questions: What is wrong? What can be done about it? It is the purpose of this paper to suggest an answer. In particular I wish to call attention to a very comprehensive solution of the problem of school reform which is coming to be known as the general-education movement. Lest anyone anticipate another panacea, let me hasten to say that workers in this field are decidedly restive at the suggestion that they really constitute a 'movement' at all. The word is used only because no one can think of a better. They know full well that America has been oversold on pedagogical gadgets which never perform up to expectations, and they themselves have no patent medicine to recommend. Moreover this 'movement' which objects to being called a movement is not an affair of a few specially favored schools where money is no object and pretty theories grow like weeds. A great many serious and practical people, up against the daily problems of education in public-school systems, undergraduate departments of universities, and colleges all over the country, have been taking stock of the situation, and have not found it good. Within recent years they have been discovering themselves in substantial agreement about where the trouble really lies and what ought to be done about it. Many of them, often unknown to one another, have been developing new and promising plans of operation which, when compared, have striking identities. There has been a coming together of minds, a consensus; and it is only in this sense that the evolving pattern, though novel and definite enough, can be called a 'movement.' (Notice the avoidance of capitals!)

I

The general-education movement, like all sound and hopeful beginnings, is a plagiarism and expansion of the past. The large and growing group of workers

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on whom the idea has dawned have a common starting point which is far from new. They have begun by rediscovering for themselves that education really matters. Old stuff, you may say, and fit only for commencement addresses? Well, perhaps! But what if one really takes the idea seriously, and brings it into contact with the lamentable spectacle of education as it now is? Then, surely, one may expect something drastic and perhaps not unexciting to happen.

To people who have caught and are catching the general-education idea it seems manifest that in a democratic civilization the supreme urgency is for every individual effectively to inherit, possess, enjoy, and use his birthright of culture. This, to be sure, is an old thought. It is an expansion of the traditional American insistence that a free electorate must be an educated electorate. But the implications of that well-worn doctrine carry far beyond the limits of civic or electoral responsibility in the narrow sense. The resources of human culture, accumulated through the ages by the spirit of man, alone make possible a human way of living, whether in the home, in industry and commerce, in the spheres of religion and recreation, or in politics. Only the man who possesses them is capable of freedom, of living constructively in a nexus of free institutions.

But such values can come only from an education which consists in learning, in mastery, in growing insight, in standards which really operate, and not just in going to school. So when multitudes of young people accumulate credits, pass courses, carry off elegant sheepskins, and come out knowing little or nothing, it is simply intolerable. Culture is not elegance or ornament. It is the very stuff of free and democratic living — infinitely too important to be handled in any such cavalier and essentially dishonest fashion. When the patient toil of educational research unmistakably demonstrates that the average pupil in school fails to learn even though he succeeds in passing, that culture is not penetrating the minds of millions of young Americans in spite of all that is being done, it is no small matter. On the contrary, a disastrous lesion has been revealed in the body politic, a choking off of the vital spiritual force which is ultimately the only drive for a free society.

When the worker in general education turns to the psychologist he learns immediately and with emphasis that all this need not be. There is nothing in the constitution of the human mind which prevents any average boy or girl from really coming to terms with any one of the great segments of human culture. It has been shown that a genuine and serviceable grasp of a foreign language can be gained in a good deal less time than many high-school pupils take to learn nothing worth while about it. English style can be improved; a love of literature can be inculcated; a mastery of mathematical thinking can be developed; an understanding of science can be built up; historical or æsthetic insights can be acquired. Nothing, indeed, seems more certain than that the average human being is capable of immensely diversified learning, and that he can learn very rapidly and surely, with the enthusiasm which comes only from speed and conscious success, *given the right conditions and the right kind of direction.* The right conditions and the right kind of direction! This is what has been lacking, and not some special, unique, and unattainable quality of mind. The defeat of the schools in their major task of enabling the individual to inherit his cultural birthright has been self-inflicted.

II

So one may say that the general-education movement begins as a discontent and a faith, both rooted solidly in ascertained fact — a recognition that a great and urgent task is not being accomplished, and a reasoned belief

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that it can be. But also it is more than this. While the workers associated with it are usually suspicious of panaceas, they are largely agreed in diagnosing our educational troubles, and also as to the kind of measures which ought to be taken. Let us begin with the diagnosis.

As these men and women have come to see the matter, the great source of weakness in conventional school education is that it has been dominated by the specialist. Here is at least a hint of why the term *general* education has come into use, and of some of its implications. Now the specialist is concerned with the *creation* of cultural materials — with discoveries in the laboratory, new historical and social interpretations, the composition of works of art and literature, and the like. Indeed the very *raison d'être* of specialization is that it is essential for such tasks. In order to make any significant mark as a musician, or a mathematician, or a chemist, or a historian, it is necessary to stay within bounds; and there is a tendency for the bounds to become narrower as the specialty becomes more effective. Wander through the various floors of the Michael Pupin building at Columbia University, and you will find on the doors the names of more different kinds of physics than most reasonably well-educated people ever heard of. The successful promotion of the science of physics has brought into being and is reciprocally supported by all this immense and impressive division of labor.

Obviously the specialist is a most admirable and necessary person in the laboratory or the library or the studio. Society owes him an enormous debt. But put him in the schoolroom and he is likely to begin playing the part of the bull in the china shop. He is in the position of a good production engineer suddenly shunted into salesmanship. It is not his métier. If he is to function at all well he must, for the nonce, stop being a specialist altogether. For the production or creation of culture calls for one kind of disposition and attitude, and the distribution of culture quite another.

Of course the specialist rarely invades the public-school classroom in his own proper person. But he gets there just the same, and exercises a dominating influence that is nearly always unfortunate. He does this through the textbook he has written, through the course of study on which he has advised, and above all through the teacher who has 'majored' in his field, and who can imagine nothing sweeter in life than to become a specialist himself. Here is approximately how he goes to work.

Professor Jones is a distinguished member of the mathematics department of Brook University. He is approached by a publishing house with the proposal that he prepare a textbook in algebra for ninth-grade pupils. The idea is somewhat distasteful, because it will take him from research, and he regards research as much more important than helping any number of ninth-graders. But he has a summer home which seems to swallow money endlessly, and so with a sigh he consents. What should go into the textbook? Well, obviously, the elements of algebra. He has a well-marked trail to follow, worn smooth by the feet of many a specialist before him. There must be the fundamental operations, the use of brackets, factorization, the management of fractions, logarithms, equations up to and including simple quadratics, arithmetic and geometric progressions, some graphs. Perhaps he makes a few additions and introduces timid variants of his own. A novelty here and there helps sales, and certainly cannot do much harm even when touted as the latest educational wrinkle. The job — a hack job, for all that it may be faithfully done — is soon put through, and he returns with relief to his more important labors, and awaits his royalty checks. This is not an unfair picture of how a great many textbooks are 'made,' and how the intellectual content to be taught to (but not learned by) American

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boys and girls is determined and laid out.

To the worker in general education every last thing about it seems wrong. Think of what Professor Jones is supposed to be doing. He ought to be doing what Wells did when he wrote *The Outline of History*, what Durant did when he wrote *The Story of Philosophy*, what Van Loon did when he wrote *The Arts*, what Hogben did when he wrote *Mathematics for the Million*. Only, being a professional scholar, he ought to do a better job than at least three of these gentlemen. He is performing an act of cultural salesmanship. Surely this ought to be no cause for the slight tinge of shame, or at least of deprecation, with which he approaches his task. He has a glorious bill of goods — the noble science of mathematics. He has a glorious public — young minds which need enlightenment and which are sure to respond eagerly to the real thing if only they can get it. How shall he make mathematics real, vital, helpful to them, as it can and ought to be? This is his central problem. As an attack upon such a problem his procedure is nothing less than pitiable. Out of the great and fascinating cultural wealth of mathematical thought and discovery and adventure, what items does he select? Those which appeal to the specialist as important for the reason that they are convenient starting points for the further study of his specialty. But most boys and girls are not going to continue to the advanced study of mathematics, so that nearly all the items he lays out are of no conceivable use or interest to them. That is their hard luck, and not the responsibility of Professor Jones. His responsibility is to the 'elements' of algebra, not the pupils.

Here, as a vast number of workers associated with the general-education movement or idea have come to see the matter, is the real cause of weakness, the real reason why learning in school is so excessively poor and scanty. The trouble lies in the sheer sterility of the cultural materials which specialists hemmed in by their specialties have selected for boys and girls to learn. No methods or tricks or devices can put these materials across effectively, because the breath of life is not in them. When one tries to improve learning by picayune devices which are supposed to be 'psychological' — printing the book in the right kind of type, fixing up the right kind of exercises and reviews, introducing pictures, projects, mastery units, and so on endlessly — one is concentrating on essentially secondary matters which have neither meaning nor effect unless a primary condition is fulfilled. One must obey the first and great commandment, or all the rest of the law is empty sound and sheer futility. *The stuff itself must be manifestly worth while.* It must come home to the learner as something worth learning, or it will never be effectively and permanently acquired.

So the worker in general education has come to see himself as standing between the specialists who create culture and the pupils who consume it. He has even, with some covert apologies, coined a barbarous and yet not unexpressive name for himself. In contrast to the specialist he tends to call himself a 'generalist.' That is to say, he seeks to serve the interests of the public — the pupils — vis-à-vis the cultural resources which must be brought to them and which they surely and sorely need. What items will be most suitable to the young mind? What items will most surely and quickly help that mind to see what a great subject is all about? The analogy of the salesman, again, is very close. The factory experts and accountants will certainly know far more than he about various phases and details of the manufacturing process. But he knows something hidden from them, and contributes a point of view and technique without which their labors would be for naught. He knows what the public is willing and able to take, what it wants, what it needs. In

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exactly the same way the educational 'generalist' sees himself as collaborating with the specialist and the expert, and working up what he produces into educationally viable and vital materials.

III

Such is the diagnosis. What shall be the prescription?

Once more let me emphasize that the general-education movement does not advocate any standard panacea. If you were to visit the Pasadena High School, the General College at the University of Minnesota, and Bennington College, you would certainly find what on the surface seem very different educational arrangements in operation. This is just as it should be, for a formula which is supposed to fit all situations is almost certain, in reality, to suit none of them. What is amazing, however, is the extent to which educational 'generalists' are agreed in principle as to what ought to be done. The essence of their claim is that conventional school procedures urgently need to be simplified and rationalized. The ordinary high-school or college curriculum is made up of a large number of narrow courses. To the general educator it appears that we should follow just the opposite tack, and make a curriculum out of a much smaller number of broad ones. Essentially the idea is just as simple as that. Yet it strikes down to the very roots of the educational problem.

The system of narrow courses which has fastened itself upon the American schools in the past fifty years is highly unfortunate in two ways. It poses a whole row of insoluble educational riddles; and it is a perfect opportunity for the specialist to do his worst.

Here is a pupil confronted with a curriculum made up of courses in commercial arithmetic, elementary statistics, elementary algebra, advanced algebra, plane geometry, solid geometry, analytics, trigonometry, ancient history, mediæval history, history of the Renaissance, modern history, economic history, and so on *ad infinitum*. What chance has he to make a wise choice, even with the best of advice? It is as bad as one of those huge bills of fare which drive one frantic trying to choose a reasonable meal. Must one study geometry to be an educated man? Must one know about the Renaissance? What about the Industrial Revolution, which seems to have a certain importance also? It would be nice to take something on the appreciation of pictures, but a course on music would also be good. Yet unfortunately French gets in the way of both. Try to get some kind of reasonable order into such a mélange.

But suppose that we have before us a curricular scheme which offers a broad course in science as such, — not physics, chemistry, biology, physiology, and so forth, but *science* as such, — taking as much time as two or three of the conventional minor narrow sequences; and another of the same kind in literature; and another in the social studies; and yet another in the arts. There is some reason in this. It is all the difference between a bewildering *à la carte* and a well-planned *table d'hôte*. It has immediately the look of a classification of cultural materials in terms of the interests and needs of the ultimate consumer, whereas the other has not. No elaborate argument is necessary to show that a person who is to live a free and effective life in a world such as ours needs to have access to science, literature, the social studies, and the arts, and to be aware of their relationship to his own daily choices and concerns. This surely is what being educated means. A person who has to teach elementary geometry or beginning Latin to a group of young people often finds it necessary to use the most fantastic arguments in an effort to answer the inevitable question: What's the good of studying this stuff? The ordinary reply is that it 'trains the mind.' Yet after all, why might not stenography or

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dishwashing do that particular trick just as well? But if he is teaching the nature and structure of language as an instrument of expression and thought, or the meaning of mathematical thinking in the affairs of men past and present, or effective standards of æsthetic appraisal, or opening up the riches of world literature, he is not likely to be up against such a difficulty. There is a fundamental sanity about the broad, encyclopædic course which strongly tends to convince the learner that here is something worth having.

Then again, the narrow course is the happy hunting ground of the specialist. If we propose to teach geometry or French to young people, there is not much alternative in what must be done, unless one is prepared to sabotage the whole system and introduce all sorts of material which has no relationship to the announced title of the course. We do exactly what Professor Jones did in writing his algebra text; that is to say, we select the 'elements' of the subject — its easier techniques, whose meaning and value reside in the fact that they are the basis for further study. Some leeway can be found in the order of topics to be treated, and even in the topics to be introduced. But they will all tend to be preparatory in character, instead of immediately interesting and important. This means that for the great majority of pupils, who will never go much further, the whole thing is a total loss. What shall it profit me to be told of a glorious view at the ten-thousand-foot level when it is quite certain that the first thousand feet will be my limit?

In contrast with this, the essence of the broad course is immediacy. I teach, let us say, elementary plane geometry. In that case I am almost obligated to spend a good deal of time on the congruence of triangles. The topic, perhaps, has considerable value for those who are going to have some sort of mathematical future. But this is certainly a minority. Could I, then, make a course which would consist entirely of topics of current and immediate concern and importance, and which would still deserve to be called elementary plane geometry? It would be something of a *tour de force*. But suppose I am teaching a course in mathematics as such, then indeed the situation is different. Here is a vastly greater wealth of material from which I may choose, and there are no arbitrary boundary lines beyond which I must not go. It may be very hard to arrange a course which in its very structure and content will show the average pupil that geometry as a specialized, delimited subject matters much to him. It ought not to be hard to arrange a course to show him the significance and fascination of mathematics.

IV

Instead of algebra, geometry, trigonometry — Mathematics; instead of Latin, French, German — Linguistics; instead of physics, chemistry, biology, physiology — Science; instead of music, painting, sculpture, the dance — Art; instead of economics, sociology, anthropology — Social Studies; instead of English literature, classical literature, French literature — The Humanities. This is a type picture of the rationalized and simplified scheme. The narrow subdivisions are proper for the specialist and for the intending specialist. The broad areas are proper for the generally educated person, whose interests and needs are the concern of the 'generalist.' It should be understood that the particular layout of broad areas here mentioned is not the only one possible. As a matter of fact, it varies widely in different places. The conception reaches its ultimate limits in the tutorial plan at the college level, and in the so-called 'integrated curriculum' in the elementary school. But it need not be, and usually is not, pushed so far. The basic claim is that it provides a much readier access

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to living and significant cultural materials, and makes it much easier for the learner to perceive the relationship of those materials to the concerns of his own living, than the plan of innumerable small pigeonholes.

Anyone who supposes that the change is one of name alone and not of fact should sit in for a while with a group of workers who are laying out courses along these lines. He would quickly find out that he was wrong. For instance, at the present time the General Education Board is financing nation-wide activities in the development of Science as a broad and unified area of study. Those responsible for the venture are drawing upon the scholarly resources of world-famous specialists in the various scientific fields. But the general scheme in which all are collaborating is made in the interest of the pupil who will never be a scientific expert of any kind, and who yet needs scientific insights if he is to live intelligently. New and vital materials for teaching are being developed and made available. For instance, soil erosion is a problem whose living importance it is not hard to show to almost anybody. Where would it come in the setup of specialized courses? The answer is: Nowhere at all. But under the new plan it can be utilized as a curricular topic, and a whole range of insights from almost all the sciences can be concentrated upon it. The work I mention is perhaps the most ambitious single job now being carried on by persons associated with the general-education movement. But the same thing is happening on a considerable scale in many places in connection with the arts, the humanities, the social studies, and so forth. A widespread and practical curricular renewal is under way.

Teachers who come in contact with reorganizations of this kind usually feel a quite special thrill of enthusiasm. So many beautiful iridescent bubbles have been blown in the educational world, and they have usually burst so soon, that we all tend to be rather suspicious of new proposals. But here, at least, is something at once forward-looking and practical. It represents advance, but one has the sensation that one's feet are on the ground.

What, after all, are teachers trying to do? What is it all about, anyhow? They are, surely, distributors of culture — salesmen, if you will. They want to select those cultural elements which matter most here and now, which have the greatest immediate and intrinsic significance and appeal. They know that unless the learner himself recognizes the legitimacy of what he is being asked to learn no skill and no pressure will ever lead to satisfactory and permanently worth-while results. The impediment has been an organization of material into endless narrow subdivisions; and this has meant that the material itself has been deprived of life and value.

The very things most obviously worthy to be learned by everybody are just the things that cannot be put in pigeonholes. But they can be put in large compartments. Very well, let us abandon the pigeonholes. This is sure to bring with it changes in the whole structure of education in America the nature of which cannot yet be clearly envisaged. Our entire system depends upon the concept of credits accumulated in limited courses. If you abandon the limited courses, what about the precious credits? Nobody knows yet, but we shall find out. The effective dissemination of a living culture is a matter far too urgent to be blocked by any conventions or any fetishes or vested interests, however well established. Simplification, rationalization, the provision of cultural materials whose manifest significance is the chief dynamic in their acquisition — this is the prevailing direction of American school reform today.

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DICKENS, CARLYLE, AND TENNYSON

BY JAMES S. PIKE

[James Shepherd Pike (1811–1882), of Calais, Maine, was for many years an important figure on the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune* and a leader of the Whig and later of the Republican Party in his home state. Business success early in life assured him a modest income, and hence he was able to direct his energies along lines more congenial to himself. A Yankee, keen, versatile, and active, he took an early interest in current reform movements and became a vigorous supporter of the antislavery cause. In 1844 he began spending his winters in Washington, and from this point of vantage wrote political articles for the Portland (Maine) *Advertizer*, the Boston *Courier*, and the Boston *Atlas*. In 1850 the *Courier* refused his articles because of his attacks upon Webster, but shortly afterwards he was sought out by Horace Greeley of the New York *Tribune*. From this time on, his Washington dispatches to the *Tribune*, signed 'J. S. P.,' became one of the paper's outstanding features. The Compromise of 1850 and the rôle of Webster and Clay in these measures, the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the Dred Scott Decision, and the idea of any extension of the area open to slavery, he attacked, sometimes so scathingly that he had to be restrained by Greeley and even by Charles A. Dana, the *Tribune's* managing editor. In recognition of his services to the Republican Party he was appointed United States Minister to the Netherlands in 1861 and held the office until 1866.

On the whole, however, Pike's ministerial duties were very light, and, finding life at The Hague rather dreary, he spent considerable time traveling about in Western Europe and the British Isles. The excerpts that appear below were taken from the notebooks he kept from 1861 until shortly before his death, which have hitherto remained unpublished. They have been edited for the *Atlantic* by Harold Davis.]

Tuesday, April 21, 1863. — Left The Hague at 10.40 A.M. to go to London by the steamer *Batavien* from Rotterdam.

Had a very sorrowful passage. For the first time in many years I had a severe attack of seasickness. I came away from The Hague for a change and I got it. But I have lost confidence in myself as a sailor. Still, like a woman safely through with her first baby, I think I shall try it again. We were over the sea and into this vast entrance to the Thames, where we found it smooth, by 4 A.M.

Coming up the river, found my old English pilot whom I had met in 1861. I asked him how things were going.

'Oh,' said he, 'Mr. Adams[1] is King here now. He tells us who we shall trade with and who we shall not.' Running blockades was first-rate business, and if he were young he would take a hand in it. 'All Englishmen like smuggling and always did.' This first remark was made in reference to the unfortunate letter of Mr. Adams given to a shipper of goods to America and just printed.

I find it hard to reconcile my philosophy and my patriotism in the American war. I see the blessings of peace and the horrors of war. I am a natural foe to fighting, and yet I find myself always

[1] Charles Francis Adams, American Minister to England during the Civil War period.

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opposed to ending this war with the slaveholders so long as we can find a man and a dollar to carry it on.

Thursday, April 23. — At 7 P.M. I went up to Hanover Square Hall to hear Mr. Dickens read from *Nicholas Nickleby* the account of Mr. Squeers' school and 'Boots at the Holly Tree Inn.' Mr. Dickens is a man five feet eight or nine inches, of good form, neither large nor small, but with hands of large size and arms rather long and a good deal of athletic freedom of motion. The character of his face is at once sad, austere, his mouth large, flexible, and of uncertain expression. His brow is also very flexible and the wrinkles with which he can so easily cover his forehead are leaving distinct traces there. The general appearance of the man as he stands before you is that of an ordinary intellectual man, well trained and with excellent reporting faculties.

As a reader he is so good and so natural as to exclude the idea of a great superiority. And yet it is hard to say wherein what he says or does can be improved. His voice is as flexible as his features, and in the reading of 'Boots at the Holly Tree Inn' he showed a method and an imitation in one character I have never seen in any stage performance. It was a great success.

Tuesday, 28th April. — To-night I saw the greatest thing in London. It was Dickens reading Pickwick's Trial to Thomas Carlyle. I thought Carlyle would split, and Dickens was not much better. Carlyle sat on the front bench and he haw-hawed right out over and over again till he fairly exhausted himself. Dickens would read and then he would stop in order to give Carlyle a chance to stop. Of course the whole crowded audience were in the same mood and the uproar was tremendous. I laughed till my jaws ached, and I caught myself involuntarily stamping. Now and then some fellow would astonish himself and the audience by a loud bawl.

The reading consisted of the Trial and the *Christmas Carol.* The two made up a complete stage entertainment and presented Dickens to me in a more inspiring aspect than ever. His acting is splendid. It cannot be exceeded. Carlyle had a young companion with him, and, speaking to him in answer to some remark, said: 'He is a wonderful creature with a book.' Carlyle's mode of speech reminded me of old Houston [General Sam Houston of Texas].

Just as he was going out of doors he pulled out a cigar case and passed it to his companion. He was dressed in a long snuff-colored frock coat, with a long old-fashioned velvet collar, that looked as if it might have belonged to his grandfather. He had on a thick cloth vest well buttoned up, a high standing collar, and an old-fashioned black stock loosely buckled round his neck. His hat was felt, with a sugar-loaf crown, and he kept it on one knee while his legs were crossed, the top hanging perpendicularly down, showing the shrunken shank. He had a full shock of iron-gray hair and whiskers and moustache with scissors, giving his face an expression approaching the haggard. His shoulders were rounded up and narrow and his joints seemed loosely set. His whole aspect was that of a seedy scholar.

When Mr. Dickens came on the stage the two saluted with a nod and between the readings Mr. Carlyle was taken out to meet him. After returning to my apartment I wrote Carlyle a note thus to No. 5 Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea, S. W., enclosing my ministerial card.

DEAR SIR:

I am an American. I had the pleasure to see you at Mr. Dickens' reading this evening and observing that you are human I beg to ask if you will allow me to come and see you, and if so when?

With great respect,

J. S. PIKE

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This evening (April 29) I received the following reply to my note.

SIR:

My husband, in virtue of his humanness, bids me say that he will be glad to see you to tea at eight o'clock on Friday next (1st May).

Yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE

In the evening (May 1), according to invitation, I went to see Carlyle. I had great difficulty in finding his place and went to three other No. 5 Cheyne Rows before getting his. The house was small and the entry narrow, and I was shown by a kitchen maid up a pair of half back stairs into the parlor. It was perhaps fifteen feet square, with an eight- or nine-foot ceiling and a number of pictures on the walls. A teakettle was simmering on the fire and pretty soon Madame poured tea. When I entered I found her sitting on a patch-covered sofa near the fire and Carlyle opposite talking to Mr. *Conway*,[1] *an American*. *Mr. Carlyle* asked me where I was from and I told him I was a Yankee of the straightest sect, which he said was a good designation. Forthwith he ran off a stream of talk in broad Scotch upon the word 'Yankee' and then upon the struggle between England and France one hundred years ago to see which should possess the continent. He referred to Governor Pownall and his writings on the subject and branched off on Pitt, whom he eulogized to the skies.

He gave the details of the struggle Pitt had to make in America and in Germany without any break or stoppage for some fifteen or twenty minutes. Then he got off on Pitt's place of residence in his latter years, and his last sick and gouty years when he was served all the time with chickens which the servants were afraid would never be just right, and they accordingly kept one on the spit all the time while the old man sat bolstered by cushions and pillows; and thereat he laughed heartily. Then he expatiated, in reply to a remark of mine, upon the substantial appearance of old London by showing how the house he lived in was built in 1700, and he had bricks in his yard of the time of Henry VIII and as good as ever, even as terra cotta was 4000 years old and as good as new. But modern builders were the children of damnation and worthy only of hell-fire, as they built edifices on leased ground, the leases expiring in sixty years, and the bricks were made so as to fall into an undistinguishable heap of ruins at the end of that period. He blasted this kind of way of doing — and it was the way of all modern doings — as being the fruit of the chaff and abortive nebulæ and composition of modern human life.

Stimulated by some suggestions, he pitched into human conditions generally, which, having arrived at the stage of universal suffrage and stump oratory, were a mere struggling, weltering mass of confusion and corruptive force, showing the doom of the race to be a slough of ruin. Pressing him a little on the point of how things were to be mended, his wife made almost the only remark she got a chance to make during the evening — that the proposition of the Irishman to rebuild the jail seemed to apply to the case. This was to make the new jail out of the stones of the old one and keep the prisoners in the old jail till the new one was completed. At which Carlyle laughed.

He thought the earnest minds, of which there were a very few in the world, — he had known two or three in his whole acquaintance of four or five hundred people in Scotland who preferred to serve God Almighty at the expense of everything else in this world, even life itself, — might form a nucleus and evolve something, but on this point he was necessarily vague. There were different sorts of liberty. The liberty of God Almighty, which was a genuine liberty, and the liberty of the Devil, which was

[1] Moncure D. Conway, occasional correspondent of the New York *Tribune* and author of *Thomas Carlyle*, London, 1880.

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what the world called liberty and by which it was going to perdition. What it wanted was kings — real genuine kings to shut up the babblers and stump orators and put an end to universal suffrage, and not wretched devils like Louis Napoleon and De Morny and the rest of that crowd, whom he could not speak of so as to do justice to the subject.

Just how we were to get them, which I was inclined to press as the practical point in the case, he could not exactly tell. But he supposed it must be by having the present development of man played out. We must, it seemed likely, go through with the fallacies of what was called progress and freedom and come to a universal smash of all such shattered ideas, and from the wreck would come the voice and the earnest prayer of sincere and honest men, invoking the true king to come and take charge of the débris of humanity and reconstruct society on some solid basis.

Conway suggested that perhaps new communities would do better than old, and what was his idea of California?

California was worst of all. Any true man in California would shoulder his rifle and leave for the desert to live on roots and potatoes rather than stay, and would say to those behind, 'God damn your nugget-loving souls, don't molest or approach me. If you do, I will blow your bothering beastly brains out!' At this point he seemed to lack words to express the passions which possessed him. His wife took the occasion to say, 'Don't allow yourself to get into a passion, my dear; there is no occasion for it.' And then after another similar blast he cooled off and ended by one of his forced laughs.

I stayed from eight till half-past ten and thought I had been there long enough. I rose to go. He did the same and asked when I was coming to town again. Said he was very busy, but he was generally at home in the evening and he would be glad to have me come and see him when I should come. He followed me downstairs and saw me out of the front door and made himself civil and polite all the way through.

Carlyle strikes me as a man who, having adopted a theory of mankind in the concrete, cares very little about the individual. The single man is too microscopic an object to be taken into his account, and when this object protests against the Carlylean view his voice is considered about as much as a chicken just coming out through the shell is by the man who is incubating eggs by steam to obtain chickens for market. It is simply absurd, therefore, for a man to talk to Carlyle with a view to argumentation or to influencing his opinion. The world is Mr. Carlyle's chessboard and the men are his pawns. They are of no account except in Mr. Carlyle's game. I have heard him spoken of as domineering and impetuous, and as talking over and talking down by sheer vehemence whoever sets out to oppose him. He evidently has a nervous irritability that ill brooks opposition; he easily gets into a mental rage on an abstract topic. To attack his views is very much as if you were to attack his person. To question his argument is to pull his nose, to deny his logic is to slap his face, to dispute his facts is to knock him down. Thus Mr. Carlyle's resentment is excited (argumentatively) just according to the nature of the attack.

It is simply nonsense for men to complain of this. It is to find fault with him for what he is not rather than for what he is. If he were cool, judicious, forbearing, and gentle, then he would not be Mr. Carlyle. In eminent men there seem to be two distinct forces. One may be called nervous force, the other pure understanding. The two together make up what is called mental power. In Mr. Carlyle the nervous force is highly predominant. It generates an amount of steam that drives his mind at a velocity at which nature never intended the machine to travel. Two hours in his

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company is enough to show you that his predominant quality is nervous power and not intellectual power. It is not his understanding that impresses you, it is his fierce conceptions and acquisitions. I may say that his nervous force acts the part of jackal to his understanding and brings it more meat than it can digest or knows what to do with. His judgment is incompetent to deal with all the floating suggestions of his brimming mind. Humanity is a problem too great for him. As he can't manage it, he wants to destroy it. His fullness overflows and inundates rather than gently irrigating the natural fruits of his intellect.

Mr. Carlyle, while impressing you by the preëminently Scotch character of his mind, exhibits a most unusual and unique compound. He is a sort of combination of John Knox and David Hume. He is a tremendous believer and a tremendous skeptic. He talks as though he believed there is a God in the universe but that the Devil is more than a match for Him. He knows that man is teetotally depraved and a worthless wretch, and that there is neither a Heaven nor a Hell in the universe that would consent to be encumbered with him. His destiny is therefore to pass into the nonexistent and unknown. He is but rubbish and will perish. Nevertheless there are saintly men who do God's will and will be saved, but probably there are not over three such in the British Isles and not one in California.

In person Carlyle is a small, nervous, scholarly-looking man. He keeps pulling down his waistcoat or patting his leg or teetering his foot to keep his leg in motion. His hair drops down constantly to his eyebrows, and he constantly brushes it back. He has an ordinary face covered with a gray beard cut short. His head is good enough but common enough. His dress is coarse and his vest shows no shirt.

Carlyle just now seems to be worshiping heroes. He believes it is only by natural kings that the mob of mankind should be governed. He has already written of Chatham and Cromwell and now he is at work on Frederick the Great. In his opinion modern corruption is changing and destroying everything. He advised me to get a new Collins' *British Peerage*. He said he thought it would convince any candid man that the old nobility were captains by nature and ennobled solely because of their eminent qualities. He thought this system was never changed till the time of Charles II, when the whole plan was altered, and it had been going from bad to worse ever since.

And now it seems to me I have not seen Carlyle — only a small, talkative, wiry Scotchman.

Sunday, May 31, 1863. — Hired a boatman to take us down the Solent to Yarmouth and the 'Needles.' At Yarmouth we learned that Tennyson lived four miles distant, and I suddenly formed the determination to call on him. We ordered a carriage and drove thither.

I relied wholly on my card, and after reaching the premises ordered the driver to take it in. In a few minutes we were informed Mr. Tennyson was at home and would see us. We were ushered into the parlor, where we were met by a lady of forty who wore an invalid appearance. We talked with her awhile and tried to soften the abrupt features of our visit.

Mr. Tennyson soon came in, in a coarse short coat and trousers loose and overlong, with a look comical from its disconsolateness. He looked neither up nor down nor roundabout, but with a trudging gait marched in silently and walked across the large parlor with the air of a large schoolboy about to be flogged. I had to speak first and his reply was solemn and constrained. He did not sit, and as I spoke of the beauty of the situation he immediately began to point out the views and invited us upstairs for a still more extensive outlook. We followed him and he took us out into his garden and his farmyard, show-

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ing us the flowers, some Victoria wheat he had grown, and his cows and farm horses.

Then he took us on for a view of the downs, and pointed out a fig tree, a cedar of Lebanon, and an ilex, or Italian oak, which he said his gardener informed him was one of the finest in England. He had previously pointed out an Alderney heifer for which he had paid sixteen pounds, and asked how the price compared with those in America. He complained that he was intruded upon in his retreat and that people were putting up their 'boxes' all about him, and he was obliged to buy land in self-defense at one hundred and fifty pounds an acre to keep them off.

When we had gone the round of the place and got back to the front door, where our carriage was, I said I would go in and bid Mrs. Tennyson good-bye, and he led the way. We found madam lying on the sofa, from which she rose and asked us if we would have some refreshment. Seeing nothing of the sort lying around, we politely declined. Nobody asked us to sit down again, for they plainly saw that we rode out and could not be tired.

Mr. Tennyson came to the door with us and begged us not to say that we were admitted without a letter of introduction, because he had adopted a rule of not seeing anybody unless the caller brought a letter from one of his friends. On the point of how I got in, therefore, he wished I would 'leave it in obscurity.' His manner at our leaving said, 'Now do go, and don't, for God's sake, send anybody else.' Without apparent intent he certainly made me feel ashamed that I had intruded upon him. He and his wife declared they were overrun by tourists, and apparently the principal effort of their lives is to escape from this nuisance.

On leaving, Tennyson asked after Longfellow, and this was the only question or remark he volunteered excepting the observation that he was astonished to see how violent the North was against the South.

Tennyson is a heavy-limbed man with a clodhopper's gait, toeing in as he walks. I should say he would weigh two hundred pounds. He wears long hair and beard and moustache, and his aspect is that of settled melancholy. His face and head are fine, yet his whole countenance has an inexpressibly sad and anxious expression. The man is evidently as morbid as his writings. It was impossible not to detect in him that chronic exclusiveness which marks the English character. In addition to this was that offensive egotism of men of reputation, which is so greatly fostered by the natural snobbishness he likewise manifested in a noticeable degree. Few men of distinction are so large as not to show that their reputation is a weight which it troubles them to support.

September 19, 1864. — Went last night and paid Mr. Carlyle a visit and stayed from eight till quarter past eleven. Nobody else was there and his wife is away ill in Scotland. He was not so fiery as before, as there was nobody to irritate him. His wife was taken ill last spring, and he has been away with her nearly all summer, down to St. Leonard's on the Sea. He spoke very feelingly and affectionately of her and called her a heroic woman. When they first came to London they were very poor, and nobody could make a little go so far as she. She always kept things in a presentable condition, and they were never enslaved or embarrassed by debt. They both agreed to live on what they had, and nobly did she carry out the determination. When money came afterwards they had already adjusted their scale of living on frugal principles and neither had any desire to change it and so they just went on in the old way. After they could afford it he used to insist that her legs were getting older and she would sometimes take a carriage, but he was unable to conquer her old habits. He

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said he had just been out riding and had taken a sleep, and now he was doing the next thing in order, which was the eating of his dinner, which with him was no great ceremony.

I was taken into his dining room, the first room on the first floor, where he was seated eating a beefsteak and some mashed potatoes and drinking red wine, after which he had a little pudding, and this made his dinner. His working rooms, he told me, were in the upper part of his house and lighted from the roof. Yet even here, out of the way, he was annoyed by the organ-grinder, whom he thought even a king of Dahomey would suppress at his complaint, but it interfered too much with modern ideas of liberty to have such a thing done in England. He was nearly through with his *Frederick*, being engaged on the last half of the last volume, and he was now done with writing. People wrote too much and talked too much, and both writing and talking ought to be suppressed.

We talked about American affairs, and he said it seemed to him our slavery question was one as to whether it was better to employ servants for life or for short periods, which was a miserable system and one going to perdition and wouldn't exist fifty years hence, for it allowed no satisfactory relations between employer and employed. The 30,000 distressed needlewomen of London over whom so much fuss had been made were simply so many miserable wretches who had become such by their own pride and folly, shifting about and running from one thing to another, and made themselves good for nothing. He once attended a public meeting at the invitation of Lord Shaftesbury and the Reformers and said what he thought on this subject, and they never invited him again. He told them he was authorized by a competent woman to declare that there were not three good needlewomen in the whole crowd, and if they could be found she would agree to give them lucrative employment for six months. He laughed greatly in telling this story.

He had another long screed upon the miserable condition of our modern civilization and how everything was going to the devil, fathomless, bottomless perdition, for the want of real kings and genuine solid human populations. All was glaze and gas and lies and gab. The last book he had read of American production was about a man who went to the North Pole after Sir John Franklin, and another such wild objectless extravagant tomfoolery he had never heard of. He couldn't understand such men, all pretension and sham and extravagance, and they could only come out of a blustering, swaggering nation who threatened and swore they would whip all creation.

The American war he regarded as the next significant historical event to the French Revolution, and such fellows as Russell could not be expected to know anything about it. And as for that, he couldn't find anybody who did. We seemed to be the advance guard of all the world rushing to the devil; England was following only a little way behind.

He admitted there were very good people in the world, but they were all kept back by the parliamentary gasbags and blatherskites and every kind of sap and wind-producing organism who mounted to the surface and controlled everything. 'Why, I am told,' said he, 'it is all the same in your country, where the best men never appear in public life, but hide away in holes and corners.' Of course, he said, he excepted Emerson, who did not seem to belong to America any more than to any other country.

'No,' I remarked, 'there was no more reason why Emerson should have been born in America than why Shakespeare should have been born in England.'

I gave my opinion that Shakespeare was an exotic and no natural offspring of British thought or British cultivation

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or British development, that he was not like Voltaire, who was a fair outgrowth of French intellect. Thereupon he took issue and contested the point. He held that Shakespeare was a fair representative of the English mind. The Englishman was not at bottom the rough beast he was thought. He was a quiet, steadfast man who submitted to fortune with great patience and fortitude, and he was gentle as well. He was given to silence and did not parade himself before the world. He had great resistance, was thoughtful, meditative, and determined. He regarded the English character as superior to that of the Scotch, who had, to be sure, exhibited more acuteness and subtlety of intellect and were more inclined to metaphysical disquisition.

I gave him my opinion that the Scotch, the Dutch, and the Yankees did not exhibit that deteriorating tendency which he imputed to everybody. He replied he thought a close examination of the Scotch at the present day would not bear out the opinion, and this idea he based on his personal experiences. Formerly he knew many solid, conscientious people, now he could find none. In this generalization he said that one great evil of the age was that quiet, modest, good people were everywhere shoved into the background, while the world was made the theatre of babbling asses in the parliament and in the press who needed a great king to squelch such horrible nuisances.

Of Shakespeare, he said he considered him as true a representative of the English mind as Voltaire was of the French. He was of a retiring disposition, gentle, sensible, thrifty, and a lover of home. Tenacious and resistant, too, and a man who disliked the fuss and rubbish of this world and very soon took himself out of it and went home to Stratford. When the investigations were all done in regard to Shakespeare he supposed the final conclusion would be that he had the greatest of human intellects, the clearest and the most penetrating. He looked into everything and perceived the essential truth of everything. His mind shed a light on everything it turned over and examined. In a word, he saw the most and saw the farthest of any human intellect.

A Miss Bacon was over here a few years ago with some eccentric views on the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. She seemed to be a very calm and excellent person and very retiring. She came to see him, and he told her to go to Mr. ——, who had taken up the investigation of Lord Bacon's career and had been steadily at work at it twenty years. Mr. —— would be very glad to hear that Bacon was the author of Shakespeare, and if she could only give the slightest rag of evidence or fig leaf of fact to substantiate the belief he would be delighted. But for any hypothesis of this character to be proved by reasoning, no matter how wise or eloquent, it wasn't worth the paper it was written on. He saw what Miss Bacon had written, and she had shown talent in her book, but he told her all amounted to nothing in the absence of evidence to rest her theory upon.

After this Miss Bacon did not come to see him. She was often invited, and his wife, he believed, even went after her, but she was shy and afraid of troubling and never came. Hawthorne, he had been told, had written some book or other lately about England and had brought her case up. But she was dead now, poor woman.

He spoke of *Robin Hood* as the *Iliad* of England. It was a curious collection, — when written, or by whom, nobody could tell, — but as descriptive of the early times in England as the *Iliad* was of Greece, to which it bore the same resemblance as English beer did to the waters of the Pierian (Castalian) spring. He said if I was not familiar with it I should certainly buy Ritson's book. It would well occupy me on a rainy day.

The old nobles of England were natural-born kings and captains and chosen

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because they were so down to the time of Charles II, when 20,000 pounds answered instead, and anybody with any pretensions who could raise that sum could manage to get a peerage.

He dwelt considerably, as he did at the last interview, upon Pitt as being a wonderful man, and the man who in the midst of dissolute times and general feebleness by dint of his own individual force and prescience drove France off the American continent and left it to the English race, when but for him it might have continued to be French. I suggested that the English race never have allowed themselves to be dominated by French military power and that numbers would have carried the day in the end whether Pitt had succeeded or not. But Carlyle doubted this and thought things would have been very difficult but for Pitt.

He said he would finish his life of Frederick the Great in two or three months. The first half of the last volume was already in press, and then he would have a bad job off his hands. Nobody in England cared whether it was ever finished or not. Gradually perhaps people might come to read it. Frederick was the last of the kings. But the English were an insulated set. They knew nothing and they cared nothing about Germany, although they belonged to the same stock and ought to feel an interest and a sympathy for the German literature.

He remarked that he found smoking a harmless pastime, consoling and soothing to the nerves. He was greatly plagued to get good tobacco since the war. But he had to submit and take such as was furnished to him. He had it always of the same kind. It was the 'York River' tobacco. He had long used it and believed the people he bought it from sold a good deal of it. But he did not know that it was because he had introduced the use of it.

In this interview Mr. Carlyle dogmatized very little. He repaid my deference by great forbearance and moderation. He even went so far as to say that nobody could lament more than he did that he had indulged so much in the use of 'superlatives' in his writings. People ought to study to moderate their expressions. But it was a vicious age, and it tolerated such things as it ought not till finally we were stunned by mere noise and din, everybody striving to see who could bawl loudest. It was time to shut up. For his part he was through and would write no more.

He told me he wanted no more money than he had. He lived on a very frugal scale and did not want to change it. If anybody should come along and offer him 20,000 pounds he wouldn't take it, but tell him to go about his business and give it to Peter or Paul or anybody but him.

During a considerable part of this interview Mr. Carlyle sat in his dressing gown on the floor, his back against the jamb, puffing the smoke of his long pipe into the fireplace lest the odor should be offensive.

Sunday, June 3, 1866. — I made a final visit to Mr. Carlyle. I went at a quarter past eight and stayed till eleven. He was, as usual, full of talk, but less passionate and exuberant than I have seen him on former occasions. The death of his wife within a few months while he was absent in Scotland had depressed him. When I entered, the servant maid who opened the door told me he was asleep, but it was past eight, the usual hour for waking him, and she would go wake him if I would wait in the dining room. A Dutch neatness pervades every part of the house.

Soon Mr. Carlyle appeared in a slouch hat and carrying a cane and remarked that he was going for his accustomed walk, and would I accompany him? Of course I went. I found the old man walked with a good pace, but his legs seemed weak and uncertain. I inquired after his health. He said his health was

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good enough, but he had suffered much of late by his misfortunes. He inquired if I knew a lady, formerly Miss Dwight of Boston, who had married in England, but he forgot her husband's name. She was the most sprightly and brilliant woman he had ever known. She was perhaps too anxious to produce an effect and wore the appearance often of thinking, 'Am I now sufficiently brilliant and entertaining?' This woman was a familiar at his house and a great patriot on the Northern side during the war.

We got on to the prospects of war in Europe. He said there would be no war. He pitched into Denmark as the real criminal who had long ago robbed Germany of the duchies to which she had no more right than any Dick Turpin had to the watch which he robbed on the highway. But nobody knew history. Probably there were not three men in England who knew the true history of the Schleswig-Holstein question. They were German and belonged to Germany. I suggested that if they had sought their own freedom or had it offered to them it might abate the public sense of robbery from Denmark, but they were not restored to themselves but were simply swallowed by Prussia, who it did not appear could boast any very good claim to them, however it might be with Denmark. He grudgingly admitted that they were just now fallen to Prussia.

We walked up one street and down another for about twenty or thirty minutes through the crowded thoroughfares, — it was Sunday and everybody was in the streets, — and at length found ourselves at his door. The house is opposite an open square faced with a high brick wall. Reëntering, he carefully hung up his hat and coat on pegs in the narrow entry, set up his staff, and took me upstairs to the parlor. There I found a youngish woman whom he introduced as his niece. He then left the room and soon after returned in his dressing gown and slippers. The lady told me she was a niece of Mrs. Carlyle and had been staying with her just previous to her sudden decease. She informed me Mr. Carlyle seemed to have no special work on hand, though he was always busy.

Soon tea was brought in and with it came a white-haired venerable-looking gentleman whom Mr. Carlyle introduced as his brother, Dr. Carlyle.

The conversation ran on upon all sorts of topics, and I sought to draw Mr. Carlyle out instead of talking to his brother. He declared the sentiment of English people towards America was generally kind and favorable; that they had not in the mass any sympathy with the blockade-running and the ironclad makers and others who would have involved the two nations in war. He flew at Laird [shipbuilder and Conservative M. P.] and denounced him for an impudent Scotchman who had the audacity to rise in Parliament and attempt to defend his villainy in this respect by saying there was no law in England to hang him. The Doctor rather boasted and I concurred that the Scotch were very active and intelligent, and the Clyde-built ships were very numerous and held a high rank all over the world. All of which Carlyle said was of very small account and scornfully reproached the intimation of such a thing. If his country would attend to the higher things it would be very much more to their credit. But this they failed to do.

Mr. Carlyle was not so confident on the general subject of everything going to everlasting smash as he has seemed to be on previous occasions. He even thought it was an open question what was to be the result of the abolition of slavery and the spread of Americans and English everywhere. But he held to his old idea that the present system of voluntary service or hired servants could not last fifty years. It was the Heaven-ordained lot of some to serve and some to command, and bringing in wages to settle as to who was to do these things was a blotch on the eternal fitness of things.

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WHAT HELP FROM RUSSIA?

BY T. H. THOMAS

I

A FOREIGN correspondent, following on the heels of the Russian advance into Poland, described enthusiastically the long columns of marching men, with horse-drawn transport, motorized units, tanks, tractors, and the general array of mechanical equipment. His allusions to the vast number of broken-down motor vehicles by the roadside seemed a little ominous; what was left unsaid brought clearly to mind the obvious fact that no army of occupation in this region could be kept going by motor transport. In no part of Poland are the roads so few and bad as in this eastern and northern sector — in the whole region east of Brest-Litovsk; in no part is there so little road material for making a proper highway. For this first advance, the dependence on transport by road was a necessary expedient, as the break of gauge at the frontier made it impossible for the Russian railways to send trains forward with their advancing armies.

When the Germans swept forward over southern Russia in the 'bread offensive' of 1918, they took over the Russian locomotives and rolling stock, as well as the railway personnel — and with all this operated a Russian railway system under German control. This involved transshipment at the frontier, on account of the change of gauge; but this delay was less serious than that involved in relaying some thousands of miles of Russian track, and the painful shortage of rolling stock at home made it out of the question to provide German trains for southern Russia. So desperate was the need of grain that the outstanding railway specialist at the General Staff, General Gröner, was sent out to take charge there, while a special mission was sent to Moscow to give expert aid in gathering raw materials. Despite all Gröner's efforts, the 'bread offensive' ended in bitter disappointment; while at Moscow, after four months' hard work, the Mission reported 'not a single practical result accomplished.'

This was the first of many ventures in quest of the Golden Fleece, and since that time American and European technical experts have been constantly employed at Moscow in the effort to stimulate the flow of Russian raw materials. As long ago as 1925, Germany joined in the effort with a generous advance of long-term credits; England and France in turn sowed this same grain. All three failed to reap a harvest. On each occasion, moreover, the Russians themselves were anxious to achieve success: not to rescue a political ally, but to meet the desperate needs of their own industries, they were striving to increase their export trade. Whatever the causes, the results were the same — neither financial aid nor foreign technical guidance has ever been able to speed up production or to change the queer workings of the Russian industrial machine.

The problems involved in a change of gauge now arise again on the Polish frontier. Instead of operating the Polish railways on the existing gauge, as an

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emergency measure, the Russians promptly decided to relay all track on the Russian gauge — and this work has already begun. This means also that all the Polish locomotives and rolling stock become useless until they too can be rebuilt to fit the new gauge. It will not be accomplished soon. The Russian share of Poland is larger by some ten thousand square miles than all the New England states together, and has, apparently, a good deal larger population. A railway friend to whom one turned for guidance pointed out the peculiar complications and dangers involved in shifting an existing network of track to a broader gauge. He summed up the matter curtly: 'Take all New England. Relay all the track. Reset every switch and switch lever, and all the crossings. Uproot and plant over again all the train yards and station yards, and every roundhouse. How many cranes have you ready for the job? How many cars with engineering equipment? How many track superintendents and foremen? Are you going to work on through the winter, on hard frozen ground? In the meantime,' he added, 'while the work goes on, along this 400-mile stretch of frontier you will have to put up the standard signs: *No passing. Road under construction. Detour.*'

This prospect suggests a fairly effective traffic barrier. For some time to come, however, the volume of traffic between Russia and Germany will not be great. Although each state has been desperately anxious to increase its foreign trade, the planned economy of these two governments has had the curious effect of shrinking the trade between the two to insignificant figures. In a special article on the new Soviet-Nazi trade agreement, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of October 1 pointed out the decline in striking fashion.

GERMAN EXPORTS TO RUSSIA (*in Reichsmarks*)

1931: 762,700,000 1938: 31,800,000

GERMAN IMPORTS FROM RUSSIA

1930: 486,300,000 1938: 47,400,000

Russia's total foreign trade in this period has declined to something less than half. Her trade with Germany has dropped to about one fifteenth. Among the exports to Russia the most important declines came in machinery and other manufactures of iron and steel — the things Russia now particularly needs. These items Germany has consistently been unable to deliver under the barter agreements made with other countries during the last few years. The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, in surveying the field of what Germany might be able to furnish, suggested textiles (which Russia does not import), also bicycles, radio apparatus, pianos, musical instruments, and chinaware — in other words, a mixed bag of surplus stocks left unsold in Germany, and still less salable in Russia. This offers scant prospect of much increase in Germany's exports; and by the same token Russia's shipments will have to come from such produce as she is willing to send out without a return.

II

The Russian advance in the west involves also the building up of a new military frontier. The best part of the Russian army has long been established in the regions adjoining the western frontier. The barracks and all the housekeeping mechanism necessary for large forces in permanent stations have gradually been set up, while the railway network has been filled out in accord with strategical necessities. The frontier Lenin offered the Poles in 1920 cut at random across the pre-war network like a tear across a printed page. Since then these jagged edges have been patched and mended by new construction, new approach lines and concrete highways have been built, and a main line parallel to the frontier has been double-tracked. By means of all this the Red Army could plan an effective defense; and on this alone rested any real military security.

All this is left derelict by shifting the

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frontier a hundred or two hundred miles to the west. At the outset of winter the Russian divisions will have to establish themselves along a relatively bare and naked frontier, with bad roads and without concrete highways, and with a railway network left as jagged and broken as in 1920. This wide unorganized zone is necessarily far weaker than the old frontier; and for a long while to come the military position of Russia in the west will be less secure than before. Whatever Hitler's distrust of Stalin, military safety alone, at present, will not require leaving any great number of German combat divisions on guard in Poland. For Russia, meanwhile, the displacement of garrisons, the equipping of the new frontier, and above all the reconstruction of the Polish railways will amount to a major operation — one requiring not only a vast effort but also a far-reaching diversion of matériel and of railway transport.

It comes at a time when the Russian railways are badly short of good rolling stock for their work at home; when the railway services are in such a condition that even a washed-out bridge causes interminable confusion and delay; when, in fact, not only the railways but the whole administrative machine carry along in a state of tension comparable to that of a nation at war. This last partition of Poland leaves Russia far less effective as an ally of Germany than she was before, while the war itself vastly increases the tension of her industrial and economic régime. The closing of the Baltic and the overland routes to the west cuts off direct access to her best markets, while the freezing of Vladivostok will close throughout the winter her outlets via the Pacific. Her essential imports are no less threatened. Her industrial economy depends largely upon imports of machinery and tools from the west: Germany can now supply little or none; in England and France she will not be on the priority list; while the United States suddenly becomes remote and far away.

The paradox of an immensely powerful nation and a pitifully feeble machinery of state is, so to speak, an established tradition of Russian history. Under whatever régime and whatever changing set of circumstances, there recurs always the curious disparity between the potential energy and effective horsepower. At all times, too, the solution adopted has been to change the engineer. The Minister long in favor is disgraced; and each successor in turn is expected to achieve instantly the miracle of making the same old machine work. From the standpoint of practical administration, the successive Five-Year Plans or the system of purges in favor under Stalin express the same instinct to deal with shortcomings of administration by sudden and drastic expedients. The expedients change, but the 'personal solution' continues to be the patent medicine relied on; and the general governmental habit represents a continuation rather than a change. The violent contrast between the Tsardom and the new régime has tended to obscure the departmental continuity between the two. It has come to be fairly well recognized that the framework of the Red Army through the first years after 1917 was made up largely of a personnel of officers and soldiers trained and formed in the old Imperial Army — some 22,000 officers continued in the service, and of course an infinitely greater number of soldiers from the old ranks.

The railway service, in an even greater degree, must then have constituted the 'same old machine.' Unless the bulk of its personnel had held over, the railways would never have continued operating throughout the chaotic period beginning in 1918, and could never have picked up so quickly at the end of the civil war. A new race of firemen, engineers, and traffic officials did not suddenly spring out of the soil: the old personnel continued at work with the old — much too old — matériel. Locomotives that were judged far out of date in 1914 still

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have to do duty today; and, despite the golden horizons of the Five-Year Plan, four fifths or so of the rolling stock is without automatic brakes, while the coupling-pin of our boyhood days is still the thing in common use. One essential change, however, is that after bitter experience the old régime had learned that a workable railway service was necessary to a modern state and that only by a heavy outlay of capital year by year could such a thing be built up. The old railway system had conspicuous shortcomings, but it had not been consistently skimped and starved. Ever since 1918, on the other hand, the Soviet railway services have had to carry on under a government interested primarily in other things.

In Hitler's Germany, it may be noted, the same thing is true. The difference is that during the post-war years 'the feeble German republic' rebuilt from top to bottom a plant left derelict by the war; the establishment Hitler has been steadily skimping and starving was in first-rate condition in 1933. The Russian railway administration throughout twenty years, on the other hand, has had to keep on living in a ruined house. All the vast projects undertaken have ended in mere patchwork repairs, and the huge sums spent (or planned) for the railways have been swallowed up in the continuing deficit of a worn-out and inadequate establishment, continually breaking under the burden imposed upon it. In the lines constructed since 1920, according to the judgment of a German railway expert, the general standard of construction recalls that of field railways laid down during the war. In addition, there is the overwhelming handicap of having an essentially professional service constantly shattered by political conflicts within the régime. Although for a different motive, the heads of technical and administrative services have been overlaid by political appointees in a way comparable to the Tammany régime of two generations ago. Stalin's violent efforts against this evil have apparently made the situation not better but worse. Demanding administrative efficiency without himself having a touch of administrative experience, and without the patience to listen or learn or understand, Stalin, through his merciless remedy of 'administration by punishment,' has broken the backbone of any proper professional administration. His war to the knife against bureaucracy has fostered — as an inevitable protective reaction — the vices of bureaucracy in their most extreme form: the avoidance of all responsibility, fear of initiative and prompt action, and the safeguard of *paperasse* and shock-absorbing devices of every form.

As a result, a professional personnel such as could have developed during the past twenty years has never been allowed to build itself up; the brains and technical capacity inherited or available after 1918 have never been put to proper use; and throughout the kaleidoscopic shifts of courses and policies the railway service has remained the Cinderella of the Soviet governmental household. As a test, let us make a single comparison, remembering that Russia is almost ninety times larger than Great Britain and over eleven times the area of the United States: —

	Locomotives	*Freight cars*
Russia (1934)	19,400	542,000
Germany	21,000	594,000
Great Britain	20,500	636,000
United States	51,000	1,973,000

In one respect above all, however, the tradition of the old régime has carried over into the new. Far-reaching 'directions' of national policy are laid down by men who take railways for granted, with little sense of the limits they impose. In 1904, the precarious line of single track to the Far East had hardly been completed when a mood of ambitious adventure swept Russia into the Japanese war. The spectre of Russia's overwhelming military power was as formidable as it is today, and the possibility of making a

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stand against it seemed no less out of the question. This buoyant spirit was of course indifferent to the detail that the Siberian railway was of a different gauge from the Russian: from this aspect, Russia suddenly became two countries, only one of which could actually function in the theatre of war. Next, in the effort to remedy this contretemps and to gather the resources of the country for use in a distant theatre of war, it was forgotten that all the rolling stock of the country was barely enough to supply the needs of European Russia in peacetime. In many provinces, every station yard was soon piled high with grain or produce awaiting shipment — waiting often for months on end in the open, and ruined by the time it could be cleared away.

This general paralysis of economic life was the first phase of the revolution of 1905. No plot, no conspiracy, no underground opposition brought the thing about; and none of these things, we may assume, face Stalin today. Revolutionary elements, properly speaking, played only a lesser part in the upheaval of 1905. In Siberia and various other provinces, oddly enough, the suppression of revolt took the curious form of a systematic reconquest of the main lines of railway communication — a straight-cut military undertaking, with troops and guns.

This fiasco was not repeated in 1914. With energetic determination, the military and railway authorities together recast their arrangements so thoroughly that the railways achieved the vast mobilization of 1914 without confusion and far more rapidly than the rest of the world expected. But for the railways, once again, it was an excessive burden to maintain an army at war and at the same time to serve the needs of the huge country behind the front. This overload told more and more severely as the war dragged on. Other countries at war had the same experience (the United States by no means least); but in Russia the government could neither see nor cope with the necessity of diverting men and materials to the task of repairing the steady wastage. The munitions shortage of 1915 was overcome, but by the following year the railways had become the weak link in the chain. By May 1916, half the blast furnaces in Russia were shut down for want of coal and ore; all the metallurgical industries were being slowed down; and vast stores of badly needed munitions and supplies were piling up at Russian ports for lack of trains to carry them away. By 1914 the Russian steel industry had developed to such a scale that it was exporting steel rails to England; in 1916 it was unable to provide rails enough to meet the wear and tear at home. Yet the country at large in 1916 had the same abundant sources of coal and iron as before the war; the vast exports of grain had stopped, and the whole harvest remained for use at home.

III

No one will ever be able to undo the accepted conclusion that a process of gradual exhaustion forced Russia to withdraw from the war, that at the end she was running hopelessly short of men, munitions, and the general sinews of war. General Alfred Knox, who was perhaps the best and most understanding observer of the Russian effort from first to last, left a record of a very different state of things at the beginning of 1917. By almost every test, in his judgment, the army was stronger, better armed, and better supplied than at any time before. At the outset of the war 115 infantry divisions had been put into the field. There were 240 divisions under the colors on March 1, 1917, — plus 1,900,000 soldiers in depots and 600,000 men of the new drafts then coming in. By the Russian Staff estimate there were then 2343 infantry battalions in the European theatre of war, as against 2198 battalions in the German army. The 'fire power' of the army in the field had increased immensely in the last year; to

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take the expenditure of three-inch shell in three successive summer campaigns: in 1914, 464,000; in 1915, 811,000; in 1916, 2,229,000. In January 1917 there were on hand over 6000 75's, with over 15 million shells; and over 15,000 machine guns with a far larger stock of ammunition than ever before.

'The leading was improving every day. The army was sound at heart. . . . There can be no doubt that if the national fabric in the rear had held together . . . the Russian army would have gained fresh laurels in the campaign of 1917, and in all human probability would have exercised a pressure which would have made possible an Allied victory by the end of the year.'

Unorthodox as it sounds now, this judgment fits exactly with the conclusion then reached by Ludendorff, the most experienced authority of the Eastern Front. 'No one could then have foretold the breakdown of Russia,' he wrote, 'and no one calculated upon it.' After working for two years to bring the thing about, at the end of 1916 Ludendorff gave up all hope of forcing Russia out of the war, abandoned all offensives on his favorite front, and turned to submarine warfare to stave off defeat in 1917. The slightest prospect of a Russian collapse would have made this desperate expedient unnecessary; the whole decision was based on the conviction, and on the most obvious evidence, that the Russian army was not only sound but strong. The 'national fabric in the rear,' in turn, was torn apart by no civil population in revolt against the war, but by a physical breakdown in the machinery of railway transport and supply. There was no 'stab in the back' at the hands of an organized revolution; even when the revolution came it came as a planless and random spreading out of a spontaneous bread riot. Its outbreak in March 1917 was not brought about by a planned and concerted effort; its 'leaders' arose only after the revolution had taken place. In the last resort it came about for much the same reason as the revolution of 1789 — because of a rush of consciousness that the machine of government was ceasing to do its work. The prospect of a similar situation has been the real danger facing the successors of the old régime. The ruthless vindictiveness of Stalin is maintained by no danger from political rivals; against these there is an easy weapon ever at hand. The danger, Stalin rightly discerns, is not from without but from within — the ever-recurrent threat of what happened in 1917: no overthrow by his enemies, but a gradual (or sudden) failure of the machine of government he grips ever more closely within his own hand. Foreseeing as a possibility exactly what finally happened, General Knox in 1916 finished an entry in his diary with the comment: 'There are limits to the patience of even the Russian people.'

The breakdown of 1917 had a clear and specific point of origin: a transport crisis which occurred year by year in varying degree. Central and northern Russia are to a large extent kept alive by the wheat and grain of the southern provinces; and each summer's harvest the railways have to collect and carry north before the winter sets in. The great bulk of the coal used throughout central Russia likewise comes up from the south, and this too, as it happens, involves a heavy seasonal movement of traffic for the railways. St. Petersburg and the Baltic Provinces, however, had always relied chiefly on British coal, which came by way of the Baltic. Even in normal times these two traffic peaks in quick succession were often a serious problem for the railways. The coming of war closed the Baltic; and all the northern provinces at once became dependent on the south for coal. The war simultaneously drew off for its own needs, once for all, a large part of the rolling stock which had barely sufficed for the heavy annual transports of grain and coal.

From this followed an endless chain of cause and effect — each effect bringing a

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new cause of trouble. All Russia grew short of coal when the transport of coal was wearing down the railways; all the towns went without the food which the country districts were unable to send to market. Locomotives and cars broke down with the excessive burden of transport; the overworked repair shops could not keep up with their work; and the waiting lines of unusable engines and cars grew ever longer. Mismanagement of every sort increased the general deficit. On March 8, General Knox noted: 'The disorganization of transport is dealing the Russian cause a worse blow than any disaster in the war. . . . On February 7 it had been suddenly discovered that many railways had only two to five days' supply of coal. . . . The railways were ordered to carry nothing but coal for a week. The week was extended to March 14.' This blood transfusion in respect to coal stopped short the transport of grain to the larger cities. Three days before March 14 comes the note in the diary: 'There is practically no wheat flour in Petrograd. . . . Shooting commenced on the Nevski opposite the Anichkov Palace. Casualties are estimated at fifty.'

The casualty list has increased a good deal since then. Not to speak of recent additions, it would have to include the 3,000,000 or more deaths from the famine of 1933. This, in a way, is one of the best tests of the degree to which the administrative machinery of Russia has recovered from the breakdown of 1917. It might be classed as a negative test. The spreading of the railway network over Europe made it possible once for all to do away with the age-long spectre of famine; and the old régime, in spite of its many failings, took full advantage of this possibility in Russia. A total crop failure throughout the southern provinces is a periodic phenomenon, but never after the railways came was this peasantry allowed to die of famine. Stalin's apparatus of state can claim at least the record for the largest famine death list in all Europe for the past three generations. Is it a cause for surprise that today he has chosen not to submit this rickety apparatus to the test of war? The world outside, indulging itself in 'the glamour of communism' and the singular cloud castles it drew forth, has willingly ignored the substance behind and accepted the immense façade exhibited to an admiring generation. Stalin knows only too well the contrast between substance and shadow. Ever since 1815 the rulers of Russia have imposed, intermittently, this formidable shadow upon western Europe; after the Congress of Vienna the Tsar Alexander set up a peacetime army larger than the French army of 1812. It proved an army largely on paper, and with the faded remains of this illusion Nicholas I ventured forth upon the Crimean War. Unchallenged, the spectre of Russia remains successfully formidable, but when brought to the test there reappears each time the singular contrast between bulk and effective reality. In 1914, Nicholas II had 70 regular infantry divisions in his peacetime establishment. Stalin, today, has 30.

Is it strange that he avoids bringing these to the present test? To join Hitler offers at least the chance of avoiding it. To have supported Poland would have meant the certainty of having to let fall the façade and come forth with the naked realities of present-day Russia. Will the course he now follows be based on the 30 divisions he actually has, or will he sally forth like Genghis Khan at the head of the immense ballyhoo horde of countless followers which has been so triumphant a press-agent achievement? Some of us still remember the Russian steam roller.

The Russian steam roller rumbles forth again today — not as an armed host, but as a vision of immense stores of raw materials pouring over the German frontier. In reality, as has often been pointed out, most of these are badly needed at home — including many which appear as a 'surplus for export.' People

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and industries alike have been so drastically rationed down that even the things whose production is now being vastly increased still prove inadequate to satisfy the newly revealed demand. This is notably the case with oil. Russian exports amounted to $145,000,000 in 1930; in 1937, when far more was produced, they had dropped to $30,000,000. But in the meantime Russian consumption of oil had so increased that last year 5,000,000 barrels had to be imported from the United States. (The total output of the newly won fields in Galicia is far less than this.) On the present footing there will be none to spare for Hitler; and in Russia the highest grades of gasoline are not produced. In iron also the increased production leaves no great surplus for export: it amounted to less than $9,000,000 in 1937. (This may be increased considerably in the current year.) The exports of grain depend on the harvest year by year — 31,000,000 bushels of wheat went out in 1937, 2,000,000 in 1936.

If Hitler could change the main sinews of war from iron to wood, his ally could really help: wood and lumber are by far the leading articles of export from Russia. Take from the list all grain and fodder, meat, butter, and foodstuffs of every description (including caviar and sausage casings!), tea and tobacco, furs, coal, oil, iron and steel and manganese, and all other metals, as well as licorice root, glycerine, and precious stones — add all these up together and the total will not reach the value of the exports of wood and lumber: $144,000,000 out of a total export trade of $345,000,000 (in 1937).

In a world at war, who will buy Russia's $145,000,000 export of lumber? By what route will it be delivered? Where now will Stalin procure the special imports so essential to Russia's economic and industrial effort? His exports, hitherto, have in large part not represented a true surplus, such as Mr. Wallace's unsold cotton; they are rather a deliberate slicing off of things Russia needs herself, in order to get from abroad other things she needs still more badly. Will this slicing off be heavily increased for Hitler, in return for nothing?

The Russian people have long since been schooled to accept as the normal way of life the food shortages and the deprivations of all things which General Knox found so alarming in the last year of the war; their patience is now extended far beyond the limits of 1917. Yet this patience is a poor index of the working effectiveness of the Russian state. As one test we may note that throughout most of northern Russia the railways have reverted to burning wood. It has never been possible to pay for English coal since the new régime came in; it has not been possible for the Soviet railways to supply the north with coal from the south. In spite of most earnest efforts, it has not been possible to bring the railways to a condition substantially different from that they reached during the war. Their burden of work is far heavier, their means hardly greater than before: in 1935 the tonnage they moved was much more than twice that of 1913, the number of locomotives about the same. In 1930 a byplay of a Five-Year Plan led to a policy of 'intensive exploitation' of the railways. There were 62,000 accidents within a single year; 7000 locomotives (over a third of the whole number) and 64,500 freight cars were wrecked or broken down. How many accidents would there be if Russia were drawn into war?

With tools such as these in his hands, is Stalin about to sweep forward over the ruins of western civilization? Rather, we may put a different question. Even remaining in a state of peace, how long can the Soviet State stand the additional strains imposed on it by having to live in a surrounding world at war?

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CANADA SPEAKING

BY BERNARD K. SANDWELL

PRESIDENT TAFT, in the course of a political speech designed to persuade his fellow countrymen that it would be a good thing to enter into a fairly intimate commercial relationship with Canada, suggested to them that the result of doing so would be to convert Canada into an 'adjunct' of the United States. That word did more than any other single consideration to persuade Canadians *not* to enter into any such intimate commercial relationship with the United States; and the Reciprocity Agreement which the United States Congress had with some difficulty been induced to accept was refused by the Canadian people in a general election. If there is any one thing which the Canadian people are determined that Canada shall never become, it is an 'adjunct' of the great, and greatly admired and beloved, nation to the south of them.

The domination which the Canadians feared in 1911 was economic domination. The domination with which Colonel Lindbergh and his friends threaten them in 1939 is political domination — the enforcement upon them of a foreign policy determined not by themselves but by the United States. And the reaction of Canadians is precisely the same, their resentment precisely as bitter. President Taft did not really desire to make Canada an 'adjunct' of the United States, in any serious sense of the word; he was merely using the term loosely and rhetorically in an endeavor to make the best possible case for the Reciprocity Agreement before an audience of Americans, many of whom were reluctant to accept it. But Colonel Lindbergh and his friends do really desire to make Canada a 'protectorate' of the United States; they do really desire the United States to exercise a direct control over the foreign policy of Canada.

There is more justification for Canadian alarm over Colonel Lindbergh's speeches than there was over President Taft's utterance. If there is any chance of Colonel Lindbergh and his friends' coming to power in the United States, then much of what Canadians hold dearest is in serious danger. The chief reassurance lies in the fact that Canadians are not alone in their peril; every republic in South and Central America is in the same condition, and every republic in South and Central America is as determined as Canada not to become either an 'adjunct' or a 'protectorate' of the United States.

Colonel Lindbergh has the wrong idea about how the United States should treat Canada. It might be possible, in certain conceivable (but not at present existing) circumstances, to annex Canada to the United States. But it will never be possible to make Canada a protectorate of the United States. If Canadians are ever to cease being Canadians, they will want at least to be full-sized Americans with full-sized votes. If they are to cease being masters of their own destinies, they will want at least to have their share of the mastery of the destinies of the country which masters them.

But then Colonel Lindbergh has the

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wrong idea about how Great Britain is actually treating Canada at the present moment. He clearly thinks that Canada is now a protectorate of Great Britain, and would merely be exchanging protectors if she became a protectorate of the United States. But Canada is not a protectorate of Great Britain. She is a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, an association so loose and so voluntary and so free from binding commitments that another member of it, Eire, is actually remaining neutral in this war in which the rest of the Commonwealth nations have all, each by its own action, become belligerents together. Canada could have remained neutral in this war; a minority of Canadians think that she should have. South Africa could have remained neutral in this war; a minority of South Africans think that she should have. Both nations entered the war of their own free will, because they believed it to be their best national interest to do so. This freedom to conduct their own foreign policy, and this power in doing so to influence the foreign policy of the other nations of the Commonwealth, is greatly valued by Canadians. They are not in the least inclined to exchange it for a protectorate in which their foreign policy would be in all fundamentals determined for them by the protecting country.

It is true that President Roosevelt has declared that the United States will protect Canada. That is not quite the same thing as declaring a protectorate over Canada; or at any rate it has not been interpreted in quite the same way by Canadians. Canadians took it for granted that President Roosevelt, when he made that momentous but entirely personal announcement, was assuming that Canada would remain a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations; they interpreted his utterance as meaning in effect that the United States would coöperate with the British Commonwealth in time of trouble to the extent of relieving the combined forces of the Commonwealth nations from the task of defending the shores of British North America.

That may have been an unjustified interpretation; President Roosevelt may have meant merely that the United States would prevent any other European power than Great Britain from acquiring by force any interest in any part of the Canadian territory — a meaning which would go no further than the generally accepted interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. (The Monroe Doctrine would obviously prevent Germany, if victorious in this war, from taking permanent possession of any part of British North America; but it would not prevent Germany from imposing any other form of punishment upon Canada for her error in going to war.) But certainly the Canadians never supposed for a moment that President Roosevelt, when he declared that the United States would protect Canada, meant that the United States would assert any right to control the foreign policy of the Dominion, and particularly to control it in the direction of separating it from the foreign policies of the rest of the Commonwealth nations. They do not suppose so now, and it has been a considerable relief to them to find that Colonel Lindbergh's idea of the proper relationship between the United States and Canada is so strongly dissented from by so many influential American publicists.

Canada has spent the last hundred years in securing (latterly with little or no resistance) an ever-increasing measure of freedom from the 'domination' of the British Government, and has at last arrived at the point where that domination has completely disappeared. The authority of the British Crown in Canada is vested in a Governor-General who is appointed by His Majesty, not by the British Government, and who must be a person acceptable to the Canadian Government. The only important respect in which Canada retains her subordination

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to Great Britain is in regard to the alteration of her constitution; that power is left with the Parliament of Great Britain, not because that Parliament desires it, but because the minority elements in Canada have never been able to arrive at an agreement with the majority as to the way in which constitutional alterations should be made by Canada herself. It is a firmly established principle that no alteration in the Canadian constitution will ever be made by the British Parliament except on the request of Canada, and the only question that remains is how the request of Canada is to be certified if there is a difference of opinion between provinces as to whether the alteration should be applied for or not. It is equally firmly established that if Canada ever asked for the power to amend her own constitution, as Australia and South Africa already have, the power would be granted without hesitation.

Canadians are profoundly attached to the status of nationhood which they have thus attained, and which allows them, so far as constitutional right is concerned, the fullest possible control of their own policies, both internal and external. (They realize well enough that, like any other nation, they are somewhat conditioned in the use they make of that freedom by their geographical and economic relationships. It would, for example, be as difficult for Canada as for Mexico to set up a thoroughly communistic economic system while the United States remains devoted to private property; but Canada is not likely to want to. It would be difficult for Canada to maintain a close military alliance with a non-American power unfriendly to the United States; but Canada is even less likely to want to.) It is true that Canadians are by no means sure what use they want to make of their right to determine their own foreign policy, and that in times of crisis a large part of them, probably a large majority, are willing to accept the leadership of Great Britain even though not wholly convinced of the inerrancy of British statesmanship. But there is a good reason for that. Canada sees in her association with Great Britain the chief, perhaps the sole, guarantee against her becoming an 'adjunct' or a 'protectorate' of the United States.

If the British Commonwealth of Nations ceased to be a great power in the world, Canada would have no alternative but to seek admission to full citizenship in the United States. Without the British connection, and in this 1939 world in which force is obviously to be for a long time the determining factor, Canada with her wholly artificial frontiers and her vast unoccupied spaces could have no will of her own differing from that of her great and powerful neighbor. The preservation of the British Commonwealth of Nations is necessary to the preservation of the national identity of Canada; and Canada profoundly wants that national identity preserved.

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FRANCE MAKES UP HER MIND

BY VERA MICHELES DEAN

I

In the gray days of an exceptionally cold July, when Parisians shivered as they went about the task of making everything ready for another September crisis, there was a sharp awareness of life, such as men experience when they are about to die. Routine events — a trip to the country, a game with children, a well-cooked meal — assumed peculiar importance, since they might never be experienced again. Outwardly, life went on as usual. But below the surface one felt the controlled tension of people who had no illusions about Europe's immediate future.

Yet Paris was far more calm, less susceptible to panic, than Wall Street. Not because the people were unaware of the dangers that surrounded them, but, on the contrary, because they had lived so long in the midst of danger that they had come to regard it as normal. In a country whose army was still rated by military experts as the best in the world, it was difficult to detect signs of military preparations. There were hardly any soldiers in the streets, no military parades such as had become familiar in totalitarian states, few surface ripples to indicate the tremendous effort accomplished since Munich by 40,000,000 people to ward off a possible blow from hostile neighbors with a combined population of over 100,000,000.

Roused to action, France was seething with new activities and ideas. While journalists, in Cassandra tones, prophesied the evils which must flow from a period of 'no peace, no war,' the young generation, after displaying striking discipline in the September mobilization, were hardening themselves for future emergencies through various sports for which the French had previously shown little enthusiasm. While minor bureaucrats in France and the colonies expressed apprehension regarding the rise of the working class against the bourgeoisie, bankers with *Front Populaire* sympathies pleaded for fundamental reforms of the capitalist system as the best way of averting revolution. While society reactionaries advocated establishment of a strong-arm government, capable of holding the workers in check, liberal Catholics who had criticized bombing of open towns by General Franco urged moral regeneration through voluntary acceptance by the individual of his responsibility toward the state, and by the nation of its responsibility toward international society. While Mandel — '*qui fait un peu Empire*,' as one of his admirers remarked — was energetically reorganizing France's overseas possessions on more modern lines, Paul Reynaud's youthful brain trust at the Ministry of Finance worked night and day to liberate French economy from restrictions imposed by successive governments which had been overeager to placate private interests.

New personalities were emerging in political life, a whole new generation of men and women 'less than forty,' bridging the terrible gap in France's leader-

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ship left by the decimation of the World War. Much as they differed in their political opinions, ranging all the way from Right to Left, this younger group of France's future leaders had one thing in common: familiar with war and post-war problems, they looked at life without illusion and without prejudice. They were all critical of the political corruption, economic irresponsibility, and short-sighted bureaucratism which had marred France's post-war politics, and all felt a sense of responsibility for national and international reconstruction which in an earlier generation would have been regarded as nothing short of revolutionary. There was nothing static, and much that was movingly idealistic, about these young financiers at work on schemes for economic reform; these young Catholics highly critical of Vatican opportunism and determined to effect a spiritual revival on an egalitarian basis; these young Socialists, like Georges Monnet, Minister of Agriculture in the Blum cabinet, who could speak of farmers' coöperatives with a poignant eloquence formerly reserved in France for soapbox oratory; these young Communists who, for all their advocacy of international revolution, were fiercely devoted to the interests of France. Under the dead leaves of France's long winter of lassitude and discontent, fresh shoots of thought and action were pushing up, heralding another spring, another one of France's many renaissances.

Terrible as were the effects of Munich on Central and Eastern Europe, it had the salutary result of forcing France to reëxamine her position in world affairs without any of the illusions created by her World War victory. In this harsh light the French suddenly saw that their country, which in 1919 appeared to be the dominant power on the continent, had sunk to the position of a second-rate power, whose resistance could be contemptuously discounted in advance not only by Germany but even by Italy. This realization, which might have plunged a less elastic people into bitter humiliation and social discord, suddenly released the latent energies of the French, held in check for twenty years by the vain hope that Versailles had marked the final milestone of German expansion.

What Munich — which, like France's defeat at Sedan in 1870, temporarily diverted the country's attention from Europe to overseas colonies — had begun was clinched by Italy's colonial demands in November 1938 and the simultaneous failure of the general strike, which sealed the fate of the Popular Front. With that capacity for complete reversals of policy characteristic of its history, the French people turned overnight from socialism to Manchesterian liberalism, from defeatism to resistance, from skepticism regarding its political destiny to renewed faith in its traditional ideals. This profound, indeed revolutionary, change was effected with a minimum of conflict and friction, and with a display of voluntary enterprise and abnegation which may surpass the effort extracted from other peoples by totalitarian dictatorships.

To the foreigner unfamiliar with the temper of the French people, this change in the political climate appeared to be a move in the direction of Fascism. It is true that the cabinet of M. Daladier, entrusted with *pleins pouvoirs*, was governing under a series of decree laws which it adopted without prior reference to Parliament. It is true that the Chamber of Deputies — which in recent years had displayed growing inability to subordinate private interests to those of society as a whole — had been relegated to the background, although by no means muzzled. It is true that the government's decision to prolong the life of the present Parliament until 1942 cut short pre-election manipulations which the French so aptly describe as *cuisine politique*. But from the Daladier government, whose control of power was generally regarded as justified by the dangers of the international situation, to a Fascist

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dictatorship, France still had a long road to travel.

M. Daladier, whatever his faults or virtues, is by character not an unscrupulous dictator, but a flexible and astute politician, who keeps his ear to the ground and has an unusual comprehension of the vagaries of public opinion. Son of a baker, he understands the masses far better than cosmopolitan intellectuals like Reynaud or Mandel, is far closer to their interests than the financial circles represented by Bonnet. It was this capacity for reflecting the dominant mood of the French people which permitted Daladier — who in September 1938 received floods of letters from people in all walks of life pleading for peace — to yield, although reluctantly, at Munich, and two months later to reject Italy's colonial demands. He is not a man who arouses the enthusiasm of élites, like Briand or Herriot; but he can gain the confidence of the masses, because they see in him a symbol of their own strength as well as their own weakness.

II

As Minister of War, Daladier had displayed energy and organizing ability which won him the respect of military leaders. But as Premier he did not so much guide events as allow himself to be carried along by the tide. His real achievement after Munich was to sense the change in the mood of the French people; to recognize that, whatever their political labels, men and women had grown weary of half-hearted social experimentation, economic decline, humiliating diplomatic retreats, and were eager to support the one cause which has never failed to stir the French — defense and consolidation of France; and to make it possible for experts like Reynaud, who have no popular following, to remodel the country's internal situation in accordance with its external needs. Even the retention in the cabinet of M. Bonnet, denounced by his critics as an act of cowardice, was due primarily to astute political considerations. Daladier was aware of the unpopularity of his Foreign Minister — with whom he in any case shared responsibility for what happened at Munich; but he needed the parliamentary votes controlled by Bonnet to hold his narrow margin of power. And while Bonnet, after Munich, and especially after Germany's absorption of Czechoslovakia, had become a mere figurehead at the Quai d'Orsay, whose policies were directly dictated by the Premier, it was not until after the outbreak of war, when there was no more danger that the cabinet might be overthrown, that M. Daladier openly assumed the Foreign Affairs portfolio, transferring M. Bonnet to the Ministry of Justice.

It is obvious that the régime of *pleins pouvoirs*, in the hands of unscrupulous leaders, might be transformed into a brutal dictatorship patterned on that of Hitler or Mussolini. But on the eve of war Daladier's severest critics, although freely characterizing him as *cochon* and *salaud* in accordance with the best traditions of French republicanism, scouted the suggestion that he might have the ambition of becoming *Führer* of France. The limits of his powers are imposed not by constitutional restrictions — which might be easily overruled — but by the political maturity of the French people. The French are already so familiar with the entire gamut of political life, they have already experienced so many *Führers*, from Napoleon to General Boulanger, they have already rejected so many aberrations, like the anti-Semitism of the Dreyfus affair, that they are in a sense inoculated against the ideological epidemics of Fascism and Communism to which less mature peoples have proved vulnerable. For the period of emergency the French were ready to hold in abeyance the sacred rights of party politics, as they had done in 1914–1918. But these rights have not been destroyed, and they are bound to

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reappear if and when Europe is freed of international tension.

While the parties of the Right were undoubtedly satisfied with the work of the Daladier cabinet, especially in the economic and financial field, it would be difficult to demonstrate that the cabinet was exclusively at the service of Right interests — especially since the Communists, before their dissolution as a party, had expressed satisfaction with its efforts on behalf of national defense. It was equally difficult to reconcile the argument that Daladier, who after Munich seemed determined to present a firm front abroad, was the tool of Right parties with the accusation made in September 1938 that it was the Right which had instigated concessions to Germany. The most searching criticisms of the cabinet came neither from the extreme Right nor from the extreme Left, but from the Socialists who, after having pleaded for aid to Czechoslovakia in September, had begun to fear that the government would become so intransigent as to reject a negotiated settlement with that 'other Germany' which, according to Blum, still existed, even under Nazi rule. Political diagnosticians believe that, if elections had been held on the eve of war, the returns would have corresponded more or less to the existing setup, and would have revealed a prevailing sentiment somewhat left of centre, registering losses both for the Communists and for discredited groups of the extreme Right, like that of Doriot.

III

The conclusion of the Soviet-German pact on August 24, followed by Russian invasion of Poland, further disrupted the opposition parties by completing the rift which had long been developing between Socialists and Communists. While Communist newspapers were trying to work out a formula which would explain the pact as an attempt by Stalin to circumvent Hitler, and thus eventually aid the Allied cause, individual members resigned from the Communist Party, which, after its suppression on September 26, was reorganized into a party of farmers and workers. The government's decision to ban the Communist Party and suppress its organs undoubtedly gave personal satisfaction to some of its more conservative members, and reassured the section of public opinion which had long prophesied that France was drifting toward Communism. But at a time when Europe is swept by a tide of revolution it might have been more politic to allow the Communist Party to disintegrate unmolested — especially since it was feared by liberals that the suppression of the Communist Party and the arrest of its leaders might mark the beginning of a drive against the working class as a whole. Such a policy could hardly prove popular in a country where the struggle for the liberty of the individual has overshadowed the struggle for class interests.

M. Daladier sought to dispel this fear on October 10, when he denounced the Communists — who had regarded themselves as 'new Jacobins' and had demanded war against Hitler only to plead for peace after conclusion of the Soviet-German pact — but drew a sharp distinction between 'the workers of France, whatever may be their political opinion,' and 'men who wanted to abuse and betray them.' What injured the Communists most in French opinion was not their political and economic ideology, much as it was resented by a nation of small property owners, but the fact that they took their orders from a foreign government. This, especially in time of war, seemed nothing short of treason.

As a matter of fact, the spearhead of Left attacks on the Daladier government had been directed not against its course in domestic politics or its foreign policy, but against its economic program, on the ground that it marked a retreat from Popular Front reforms back to untrammeled old-fashioned capitalism. To all such attacks Reynaud and his young

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collaborators — who have for him the same devotion and loyalty lavished on President Roosevelt by his brain trust in the heyday of the New Deal — answered that the proof of the pudding was in the eating, and that up to the outbreak of war they had succeeded in doing all the things their opponents had said could not be done. Symbolic of the importance which economic affairs had assumed in the 'white war' of the past summer, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs seemed like a provincial backwater compared to the Ministry of Finance, where all was bustle, excitement, and energy, and where even the sedate *huissiers* ran so fast on important errands that the clank of their silver collar chains echoed through the corridors. Here was the nerve centre of French recovery; here was the group of brilliant young men, all under forty, who seconded Reynaud in his task of modernizing the French economic system without resort to totalitarian controls; here was the supreme test of a democracy's ability to solve intricate economic and financial problems with a minimum sacrifice of individual liberty.

Unlike the Nazis and Communists, Reynaud was trying to restore French economy, not by multiplying controls and restrictions, but by abolishing them as fast as possible; not by expanding state intervention, but by reverting to a form of Manchesterian liberalism; not by attempting to discourage private profit and enterprise, but by giving them full scope within the framework imposed by intensive preparations for national defense. The results accomplished in ten months, during the most threatening period for France since 1919, were nothing short of miraculous. But the Reynaud brain trust modestly disclaimed miracles, and insisted that their success was due entirely to the removal of the 'corset' of government restrictions which had hampered the normal breathing of the body politic. Broadly speaking, the 40-hour week — whose introduction had so plagued the Blum régime — had been abandoned in many industries, beginning with those working for national defense, with the result that, by June 1939, 92 per cent of the workers worked at least 40 hours, and of these 39 per cent worked more than 40; unemployment had been materially reduced; the cost of living had increased by about 6 per cent, but had been counterbalanced up to that time by a 3 per cent increase in wages, and by additional grants to large families; production had been greatly increased in most industries, permitting expansion of exports over 1938 and a reduction in imports, notably coal. The fact that production had risen not only in industries working for national defense — metallurgy, chemicals — but also in building trades, textiles, automobile production for civilian needs, and so forth, was cited by Reynaud in support of his contention that recovery in one sector of production would be reflected throughout the country's economic life. The most disturbing factor in this optimistic picture was the rise in the price of foodstuffs. This, however, M. Reynaud was planning on the eve of war to check by increasing quotas for imports of meat, butter, and the like, and by decreasing state subsidies to products of which France has an excess, such as wheat and wine.

The improvement in French production effected in 1938–1939 had served most of all to increase the military power of the country, without materially raising its standard of living — although it was already regarded as a cause for self-congratulation that vastly increased armament expenditures had not produced a *decline* in living standards. Public confidence in Reynaud's economic program had been demonstrated not only by the return of 'gold in flight,' but also by the gradual expansion of private investment in industries not directly connected with national defense. Reynaud and his collaborators believed that France, whose reserves of productivity had not been fully utilized in recent

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years, was in a position for some time to come — always short of war — to maintain a liberal economic system while perfecting the most ambitious armament program since 1918. For the same reason, they were not greatly troubled by the problem of effecting a transfer from wartime to peacetime economy, believing that, once international tension was relaxed, France would experience an unprecedented boom in consumption industries which would more than offset the reduction in armament production, and that the most constructive thing was to prepare for this eventuality by restoring the elasticity of the economic system.

The Ministry of Finance received hundreds of letters after each of M. Reynaud's reasoned, dispassionate radio broadcasts on financial and economic matters, in which he made no concession whatever to the public's lack of acquaintance with the technicalities of the subject. Some of these letters attacked his policy, others praised it. But the most interesting letters poured in after the promulgation of the tax on bachelors, which applied to men and women alike, a measure of equality which Frenchmen deplored as unchivalrous. Old maids wrote that they would like nothing better than to enter the happy state of matrimony, but that they had never met the right man; hard-bitten bachelors complained that they were too shy to approach women, and asked the Minister for advice. With true French capacity to enjoy a joke even in the midst of a critical emergency, young attachés at the Ministry of Finance had begun to discuss the possibility of establishing a matrimonial bureau to cope with this unexpected problem.

All parties, no matter how much they differed on other matters, were agreed that the best way to prevent further *chantage* by Hitler was to show that France was ready for war, if necessary. In a country where elections are fought on questions of domestic and most often of local or personal politics, foreign policy plays a far smaller rôle than might be imagined from conversations in Parisian cafés. The French peasant, who constitutes a majority of the population, is interested not in fighting wars abroad, no matter for what ideals, but in preserving his ancestral bit of land against foreign invasion. That is why it was possible for so many Frenchmen to accept Munich, even if shamefacedly, but impossible to acquiesce in Italy's demands, which directly affected French territory. On the eve of war the French masses were not bellicose, they felt no hatred for the Germans, but they were fed up with continual crises which prevented them from living in peace and enjoying life. Their attitude was best expressed by the phrase heard on all sides: '*Ils nous engueulent! Nous en avons assez!*'

This new determination to have things out with Hitler once and for all was in no sense due to a desire for French conquests on the continent. France's period of expansion is over. In contrast to 1914–1918, when she planned to reconquer Alsace-Lorraine and, in addition, obtained a share of Germany's African colonies as well as a mandate over Syria, France had no territorial war aims in 1939. M. Daladier, in his radio broadcast of October 10 answering Hitler's Reichstag peace offer, expressed the sentiments of a majority of his countrymen when he said, 'Neither France nor Britain entered the war to support a sort of ideological crusade. Neither France nor Britain entered the war any more with a spirit of conquest than that they were obliged to fight because Germany wanted to impose on them her domination over Europe.'

Like every French government since the foundation of the German Empire in 1870, M. Daladier voiced France's passionate desire for security against renewed German aggression. This security France has tried to achieve in various ways: by building up a strong national state and forming alliances with Britain

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and Russia before 1914; by unsuccessfully attempting to obtain guarantees of her territorial integrity from Britain and the United States in 1919; by establishing in eastern and southeastern Europe a group of states hostile to Germany which were to replace pre-war Russia as a barrier to German expansion; by seeking reconciliation with Germany through the League of Nations; by using the League to maintain the territorial *status quo* over German protests; by renewing her collaboration with Russia after Hitler's rise to power; and, when the League had collapsed and Russia had been excluded from Europe's councils at Munich, by returning to a full-fledged alliance with Britain. None of these methods has been entirely successful. Neither intransigence nor reconciliation has proved a remedy for Franco-German problems — although the post-war generation on both sides of the border had shown an inclination to let bygones be bygones until Hitler once more stirred the embers of old fears and old prejudices.

The French public, rightly or wrongly, were convinced that, if war came, France could defeat Germany — provided her industry was not paralyzed at the outset by mass air raids. They were more realistic than the British about the necessity of obtaining the support of the Soviet Union if the Allied guarantee to Poland was to be anything more than a pious wish, but felt no enthusiasm for the Soviet alliance, doubting both the efficacy of Russia's armed force and the validity of her pledged word. No one, not even the most penetrating critics of the Soviet Government, anticipated the possibility of a Soviet-German political deal, which caught Western Europe napping. Yet, when it happened, there was a certain sense of relief that the situation had been clarified, and that French Communists could no longer demand France's coöperation with Soviet 'democracy' against Fascism. The French were just beginning to realize that they had lost their post-war influence in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, at least for the time being, and were turning over in their minds the idea that perhaps their principal rôle in Europe was not to seek political hegemony — difficult to maintain for a country with a declining population — but to exercise that intellectual radiation which again and again has drawn other peoples into France's orbit, and has moved men of many nations to fight for French civilization when all other values seemed to have gone by the board. This idea, necessarily obscured by the outbreak of war, may yet prove a clue to France's future — provided that Naziism and Communism do not succeed in blotting out Western Europe.

France, as in a microcosm, symbolizes all the problems which have so deeply troubled twentieth-century Europe. This country, where the rising bourgeoisie won its first major victory against the *ancien régime*, is now confronted abroad by the revolution of the lower middle class and the proletariat against the bourgeoisie; and, simultaneously, by the revolt of countries rich in man power but poor in raw materials and lacking in political maturity against the rule of the older democratic communities. Europe is once more in one of those periods of convulsion when it desperately seeks to achieve unification — as in the religious wars of the sixteenth century, when it was torn between Protestantism and Catholicism, and the Napoleonic era, when it was torn between the French Revolution and the forces of reaction. Today a new revolution is wrestling with Western democracy for domination of the continent. In this struggle France may yet provide a synthesis of Europe's profound antitheses by reconciling individualism with responsibility to society, respect for religion with freedom of thought, family morality with the development of individual talents, private initiative with social reform, and thus point the road others may follow, as she did in 1789.

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UNDER THIRTY

[What are the aims, the experiences, and the perplexities of the Post-War generation? The Atlantic *intends to find out. Space has been reserved for the best letters written by men and women under thirty. The letters should, if possible, be compassed within 650 words, and those published will be paid for. Under special circumstances, anonymity will be preserved. —* The Editor]

I WANT TO GO TO WAR

San Diego, California

To the Editor of the *Atlantic:* —

I want to go to war.

I do not punctuate that sentence with an exclamation mark. As I write the statement I feel neither bellicose nor martial. Those political and national beliefs I may possess in no way enter into this desire I have expressed. I want to go to war because I see in war an immediate and actual means to the beginning of my career.

If this sentiment were mine and only mine, I should hesitate to write it, lest people believe me to be an untouchable and an outcast from human society. However, I am not alone. I belong to a fraternity of young men widespread throughout the nation, young aviators with their 'wings' who want a chance to fly. We are young men who have earned every hour we have spent in the air. For the one hundred and seventy-five hours of flying necessary to obtain a commercial pilot's rating with the United States Department of Commerce we have paid a minimum sum of two thousand dollars, attending accredited aviation schools, learning to manage the required types of ships. Now, graduated and licensed as pilots, many of us are grounded, barred from commercial or government aviation by what seems to be the insurmountable barrier of specific and specialized requirements.

Commercial air lines demand twelve hundred hours of 'logged' time in the air, and ratings which have come as the result of expensive schooling in the subjects of blind flying, radio, instruments, and navigation. To enter into training for the Army, Navy, or Marine Air Corps, it is necessary to have at least two years of college or university credits. For those of us earning our own way, either of these alternates is a hard and often prohibitive road.

To return from the general to my particular case, I am twenty-four years of age and in the midst of my second year at State College. I have earned my commercial pilot's license. To have progressed this far toward a career in aviation has meant making the necessary expenses by every possible method. I have worked in the printing department of a national publishing company, in the shops and engineering units of three aircraft factories, in the kitchens of two boardinghouses, in a garage and a service station, in the employment of a mortician and a politician.

Other young men, like me in my limited means and single desire, have followed courses equally divergent and 'off the beam.' These are devious ways into aviation.

I want to fly. They want to fly. When we see within a national conflict the direct and certain means to our aim, we want to go to war. We selfishly and seriously realize that war may be the

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end as well as the way. We find that flying and death are upon a careful balance. And we know we would prefer either to the present uncertainty of wandering.

FRANK RICHARDS

PROXY PARENTS

New York City

To the Editor of the *Atlantic:* —

The beginning of all these sagas sounds the same: 'I finished school and was without a job.' I had hoped to get into publishing for children, but it soon became clear that without business experience or secretarial ability I was of no use to business men. I am twenty-two, and graduated from Bryn Mawr College in 1938. My 'cultural' college background seemed to have little practical value to anyone.

As I thought over my situation, I was struck with the difficulty of bringing up children in New York City. Parents either had to devote themselves wholly to their children, have an expensive full-time governess, or leave them with ignorant nursemaids, in those scattered hours when the children were home from school. Emergencies of all sorts came up, and there was no one to whom parents could turn with confidence for assistance. In the old days, one could call on maiden aunts or unattached cousins, but nowadays these good ladies have lives of their own.

Once one uncovers a need, one can fill it, and can do so profitably. The idea grew in my mind. What of the many girls in their early teens, too old for nurses, yet too young for complete independence? Surely they would rather go shopping with a college girl as a companion than be tied to their mother's apron strings. Might not the mothers also be relieved occasionally? I thought of the parents who want to go away for the week-end but do not dare leave their children in old black Dinah's sole command.

I had a leaflet printed, setting forth all these and many other services which I would perform for harassed parents. The organization was called 'Proxy Parents.' Thanks to the coöperation of schools, I was soon able to send my folder to several hundred parents. The telephone began to ring, at first once or twice a day, then gradually more and more. My time became filled; then the time of two other girls, then five girls, then fifty. They came to me from colleges, from the Junior League, and from four big New York private schools. I interviewed them with the utmost care. Only a small proportion of the girls who applied were taken on as 'Proxies.'

Our charges ranged from eighteen months to twenty-two years. We wheeled babies in the park; we took grown girls to Europe. We amused convalescent children in hospitals, did tutoring, took children Christmas shopping, or ran households in times of stress. When one woman was taken suddenly to the hospital, leaving a two-year-old son in nursery school and no one in the house, she called us from the hospital, and a Proxy took over the house for two weeks. She looked after the child, answered the mail, did the marketing, and generally handled the situation.

The idea of Proxy Parents spread like wildfire. Parents sent other parents; papers and magazines wrote it up; the radio kept asking for interviews. Gradually requests started coming from far afield. Letters came from other parts of the country, asking us to meet young people at trains, or go with them to the Fair. Branches started, under my surveillance, in other cities. Two of these, one in New England and one in the middle West, are already thriving.

Now, one year from the time Proxy Parents first came into being, it is an established and flourishing concern. It has had its ups and downs, its humorous moments, and its sights into tense domestic situations. At times it has wavered. This year, however, it is firmly

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on its feet. In time I still hope to put across a certain publishing venture, but there is a difference: I no longer want to start at the bottom, as I did last year. I want to start at the top and make something from nothing. That is what our generation has to do, but we should be glad. It brings with it a satisfaction that cannot be expressed.

G. Alison Raymond

A YOUTH PROGRAM FOR POLITICS

Louisville, Kentucky

To the Editor of the *Atlantic:* —

Within a few months we shall be facing a presidential election — the second in which I shall be eligible to vote. As a recent first voter, I feel I have the right to expect the parties to take certain stands on issues which are of the utmost importance to America. More important, I shall expect the victorious party to live up to its statements.

I expect both parties to follow the general principles of the New Deal. Despite its multitudinous defects, the program of the Roosevelt Administration has included a few reforms that have been long overdue, such as social security, public housing, stock-exchange control, and the Tennessee Valley Authority. These and other measures were designed to promote economic democracy and justice, and every fair-minded man realizes that they are absolutely necessary to prevent oppression and mitigate poverty.

The parties must devote themselves to the improvement of the position of government before the bar of public opinion. Without doubt the present administration has given the discredited spoils system a new lease of life.

Both parties should take a definite stand against involvement in a European war, and mean what they say. Of all citizens, those of my age have the most to lose in the event of war; we are therefore justified in demanding that the parties understand us very clearly on this point. Modern war is so utterly destructive of what the American people have been trying to build up for one hundred and fifty years that nothing should excuse the parties from opposing it.

Government should recognize that cheap and readily available medical treatment is essential to the life and happiness of the American people. The Federal Government must see to it that necessary medical treatment is placed within the reach of people who cannot now afford it.

I believe that every boy or girl who is mentally qualified to attend college is entitled to higher education as a matter of right. If a student is prevented by family finances from going to college, it is the business of government through such agencies as the National Youth Administration to assist him. The Republicans as well as Democrats should pledge themselves to the extension of this project.

Freedom to disseminate one's opinions is our most priceless possession. We must not consent to its being weakened, under the guise of 'limited emergency' or 'national safety.' At present there is talk of curbing Nazis and Communists in our midst. I have no esteem for Nazis and Communists; but if we begin a witch hunt against them, would not any other unpopular minority be the next victim of persecution?

Finally, I expect the parties to realize that the basis of all freedom and happiness is sane economic well-being, but that the palmy days of Coolidge prosperity are gone forever. America has enough natural wealth for each person to live securely, peacefully, and profitably, with sufficient time and money to develop himself to the utmost and live what Aristotle 2300 years ago called the 'good life.' Here is a challenge I expect the parties to take up. The quest for skyrocket profits should not be revived. The quest for the 'good life' must take its place.

Emmet V. Mittlebeeler

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FOR THE COMMUNITY TO ANSWER

Wabasha, Minnesota

To the Editor of the *Atlantic:* —

I am one of the million nomads of public service. We work eight, nine, ten months of the year — two or three years in one place and then we move on. In the summers we drift. We travel or study if we have the money. If we haven't we look for temporary jobs. We are not nomadic by nature — we are so by necessity. In our home towns we are visitors, welcomed as such, but criticized if we move to participate in community life. In the towns in which we work we are restricted to our limited field and made to understand that the economic and social problems are not our concern. Yet we are called the *teachers* of America.

I had been teaching two years — and loving it — before I finally drew breath and looked around at the community in which I taught. I began to wonder about its problems and my connection with those problems. Here I was — teaching a foreign language to boys and girls in a Dakota town where 50 per cent of the families were on relief and 80 per cent were of foreign origin. Why, in heaven's name, was I teaching foreign idiom to children who had never mastered English? And why did I despair so at the dull-eyed stares in my English Literature class? Max, there in the front row, was supporting a family of four with the sixteen dollars a month he made on NYA. Anna lived in one of the basement houses so typical of Dakota, sleeping in a room with eight others. And so around the class.

In such a community I was an unnecessary frill. Reluctantly I came to the conclusion which several of my fellow teachers had reached before me. We could do very little with the 'citizens of tomorrow' (that cant phrase so familiar to teachers) unless something were done about today. We tried to find out what could be done to readjust the adults in our community so that they could help the children and provide a future for them. We thought we found a partial answer in the consumer coöperatives — no new thing in the Dakotas, but never till recent years so consciously viewed as a means of community rehabilitation.

Several of the more progressive townspeople had already formed a discussion group which we joined. Adequate leadership was lacking, the farm members were at variance with the business men — not one member was absolutely sure of what he was discussing. It seemed that we had at last found a place where we could be of real service. For a few weeks we worked with furious enthusiasm, devouring literature, formulating and discarding discussion outline after discussion outline. Spring came and we were ready to act.

But we had forgotten that doctors, lawyers, laborers, farmers, may adopt a small community and settle there — but not teachers. Our supervisor made it a point to suggest to us that our activities might arouse the resentment of the business men, that 'people were funny about teachers.' Then those of us who had been in the community two years or more were reëlected in April with no raises — a tactful indication that we had reached a point of diminishing return in our usefulness to the school. Another year and we might be dropped or cut. It was time for us to move on.

I really should have known. 'Two years in her first position is the optimum for the beginning teacher,' says my agency manual. My outlines are in the bottom of my trunk now. By next year I'll have forgotten young Max and Anna and their puzzling problems. We move easily — we nomads of public service.

TEACHER

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ESSAYISTS young and old, known and unknown, are invited to compete for the Club. A prize of $250 will be posted each month for the most distinctive essay of a thousand words. It gives us great pleasure to confer the December award on Llewelyn Powys, who sends us his contribution from Clavadel, Switzerland.

FLOWERS OF SWITZERLAND

WHEN I came to Clavadel as a young man it was in the late autumn, and for several months I looked out upon nothing but snow and sunshine, so much so, indeed, that for a short while I came to be possessed by a restless nostalgia for the winter greenness of England, for the soft opulence of its island summers, with the small birds merrily singing in every thicket and hedgerow.

On my coming down from Cambridge in the year 1907, I got work as a schoolmaster at Bromsgrove. It was not a happy period of my life, and if anything redeems it in retrospect it is the interest that I learned to take in wild flowers. I discovered that the finding of these seely weeds, and the learning of their names, offered me a sure escape from my spiritual imprisonments. Issuing one afternoon from 'the Steps,' — a fine old eighteenth-century house where I dwelt in dolorous unease with my 'colleagues,' — I happened to notice in a damp ditch a little yellow flower that was obviously neither a hawkweed nor a dandelion. I enclosed it in my Sunday letter to my mother and soon received an answer: 'Your dear father says that the flower you have found *is a very common one* and that its name is "coltsfoot." The ancients used to call coltsfoot *Filius ante Patrem*' — and in after years a chance sight of this flower never failed to bring back the discomfiture I experienced over my father's casual comment.

Dr. Martha Egli, in an excellent little book, tells of an odd play that children have with gentians, with this matchless mountain flower that borrows its hue from the sea, from the sapphire, from the sky — *Herrgottsblume*, 'God's flower,' as it is called. Holding the gentian between finger and thumb, the little girls boldly chant the words 'Dead, dead, come out,' and at the same instant squeeze and twist at the flower until its pistil — a little pale corpse — is propelled from the bell. By this ritual they actually think to surprise and exorcise death himself, curiously couched for the nonce in the orifice of these triumphant trumpets.

The gentians are in their glory when goat boys first begin to bring down from the high mountains bunches of Alpine roses, still only in bud. The fragrance of these tough immature nosegays is as dear to a true Swiss as is the first sight of an edelweiss. The odor that these wild rough bunches emit is feral beyond all conception. They smell of mountain winds, of mountain rains, of moss, of bark, of lichens cold to the touch, of the fells of chamois, and of the breath of eagles.

The Alpine roses are still in full blossom when the dandelions begin to gladden the valleys on every side with their fairy gold. Not a footpath way, not a lane, not a gray fence or swart stable, but is fringed with the gaudy discs of these life-affirming, sun-scented flowers.

Then when the dandelion clocks are all 'telling the time,' and the Alpine roses are past their blossoming, the valley meadows lie ready for the first swathe to be cut. Often it happens that the butterflies and faltering moths that, hour after hour, wander and waver above the clustering flower heads hold their frivolous surveillance over fields of separate color patches.

The second mowing sees the valley sadly scanted of its flowers. The grass is luxuriant enough, but the scythes are sharpened before ungarnished slopes. As at the earlier time the implements glitter and glance like swords at the hour before dawn, but the honor of the fields has departed. It is essentially an emerald aftermath. This is not yet the case on the mountain tops. On the very crest of the Jacob's Horn above Clavadel there grows a pasture patch of the yellow flower called villous hawkweed. It is a favorite food of the chamois, a golden food that dances and nods against the airy margin of a dizzy cosmos.

Gone now and forgotten in the dales is the soldanella, with its fringed edges, gone the

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water avens, gone the grass of Parnassus, the white dryas, and the 'heaven keys' (*Primula auricula*). A few white clovers only remain — God's flesh, or heaven's bread, as they are called. Then follows the idle season of Martinmas, when every hour the rowan-tree berries ripen and redden, and the days grow shorter and the nights grow longer, and the spirits of men and women are troubled by vague misgivings. It is a time of recollections, and, suitable enough, there is suddenly to be seen everywhere the last lonely flower of the year. This flower is the autumn crocus, the saffron crocus. In all directions it opens its frail petals with solicitude, decorating the lifeless faded fields before the winter whiteness envelops all — *Colchicum autumnale*, or *Herbstzeitlose*, as the Germans have named it — a flower wistful as a solitary street cry heard at Michaelmas by a weeping child.

Its appearance is a sure sign of the nearness of the dark solstice. In the old days it was the custom of women to pick the first autumn crocus that they saw and to cover their hands with the juice of it, hoping that some occult virtue in it would preserve the suppleness of their fingers through the long 'spinning evenings.'

To a poet's eye the smockless nakedness of these flowers is a delight, and yet the mere look of them has provoked cruelty. If a girl's chastity is suspected it is an ancient usage to straw the path that leads from her father's house to the family washing well with handfuls of these flowers. A happier association may be found in the name *Chilteblume*, or the flower that shows itself at that time of the year when young men, after the evening milking is over, are drawn to the houses of their sweethearts, the windows, because of the thickening autumn twilight, being already lamplit.

LLEWELYN POWYS

JORKENS AMONG THE GHOSTS

'I SUPPOSE you've seen lots of ghosts,' said a young member of our club one day to Jorkens.

Of course he meant to imply that the tales that Jorkens had told us at different times were rather along the borders of credibility, in those dim places in which ghost stories might be expected to flourish.

'No,' said Jorkens, 'I have never seen a ghost.'

'Not?' said the other.

'No,' said Jorkens. 'I've heard them, of course, but I have never actually seen one.'

'Why "of course"?' asked Terbut.

'Well, knocking about the world as I have done,' said Jorkens, 'one comes sooner or later pretty near to most things. I have been in the next room to a ghost. I might even say that for a moment I had been in the same room with one. But they are queer elusive things, that always move when you move; and I never actually saw one.'

'What did it sound like?' asked Terbut.

'Sweeping,' said Jorkens. 'Sweeping floors with a broom. And sometimes hammering nails into a wall, to hang a picture. And poking a fire, and raking out ashes; and doors shutting, and long skirts swishing, and somebody looking for something mislaid.'

'Not very romantic,' said Terbut.

'No,' said Jorkens. 'Just common daily things, but haunting with just as much vigor as any romantic ghost that you ever read of. In fact that's how I was sure it was a ghost. If it had been doing romantic things I might have suspected that someone was pulling my leg; but hammering nails into walls and sweeping floors — there could be no trick about that; no one would make it so dull.'

'And how did you know that it wasn't housemaids at work?' asked Terbut.

'The house was empty.'

'Tell us the story,' I said.

'I wanted to rent a cottage for a few weeks in the country: one room and a kitchen was all I needed. I wanted rest and quiet — that was all. Well, I found the quiet all right; I found it in some folds of the South downs. By far the loudest sound was the whir of the wind in the trees, where there were any trees; and, where there were not, the principal sound was the chirrup of grasshoppers, and perhaps an occasional skylark, and sometimes a dog barking on the other side of two valleys. The quiet was all right, but I couldn't find a cottage quite small enough. And then one day a house agent, to whom I went in a little town, offered me quite a large house.

'"That wouldn't do at all," I said.

'"Why not?" he asked.

'"I only want to pay half a crown a week."

'"You can have it for that," he told me.

'"Drains?" I said.

'"No, the drains are all right. But some people find it a little noisy."

'"What's the noise?" I asked.

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'"It seems quiet enough to me," he said. "But some people hear it, or say they do."

'"Hear what?" I asked.

'"I'm sure I don't know," he said.

'"I like it quiet," I told him.

'"Well, we can't put in soundproof doors and windows," he answered, "for half a crown a week."

'I saw the point of that, and I said no more. And he motored me over to see the house. It had nearly twenty rooms in it, counting everything. Small ones, of course, but a very nice house, and silent as a cemetery at night; and half a crown a week for the rent. I jumped at it. And I went in next day, doing my own cooking, and arranging with a charwoman to come once a week from a village two miles away. I went there in the morning and the sounds were as I told you, grasshoppers on the overgrown lawn, the wind in a few trees, and very rarely the distant voice of a dog, probably the charwoman's.

'It wasn't until the afternoon, just after I had made a pot of tea for myself, that the other noises began. I heard them faintly at first; and gradually they passed the various points, when one wonders if one heard a sound at all, when one cannot make out quite what the sound was, when one wonders if it was really what one thought it — and then unmistakably sweeping. "I didn't tell that charwoman to come until Friday," I said to myself; and went into the next room to see what she was doing. There was no charwoman there; and the sweeping receded to the far door as I entered, and went to another room. I followed, and the sweeping went faintly, but hurriedly, out through another door. Then I came back and finished my tea, and I very soon heard the broom at work on the carpet again. And not only that, but I heard other brooms going, taking up the tune from each other as grasshoppers do. I got up again, and went through all the rooms, and not a broom was sweeping. I sat quite still and listened, and counted as many as six brooms sweeping.

'Of course I didn't like it; and a phrase of the house agent's came to me without any comfort: "What do you expect for half a crown a week?" Once I heard a nail being hammered into the wall in the very next room, and jumped up and went there at once, and there was no one there. I remember the bark of the very distant dog coming over the downs then; and, faint though it was, there was a reality in the sound of it for which I felt intensely thankful. Then I went through the whole house, room after room, and still there was no one there.

'If it had happened at night I could never have stood it, but as the afternoon wore on the sweeping ceased. Then a chill seemed to fall on the little neglected house and there came sounds of the poking of fires, and those were the only sounds that troubled me any more till night came. And with night it was perfectly quiet, after the boom of the shutting of shutters on the ground floor had died away. I went to bed early, and lay awake a long time with the door locked, which is of course a silly precaution to take against ghosts, and waited to hear more voices haunting the house. And none came.

'There was nothing like electric light in the house, and I kept my one candle burning; and some while after midnight I must have gone to sleep, and the candle burnt itself out.

'In the bright morning I was called by footsteps. You might think that I started awake with a pretty good jump, but I didn't: the steps were so quiet and usual, so natural and so ordinary, that they only just awoke me; and it was only by noticing that no hot water had been placed on the mouldering wash-hand-stand that I knew I had not been called by a live housemaid. There was a lot of raking of fires going on; but as soon as I got down to the kitchen to boil an egg, for which I had to light the fire all over again . . .'

'What do you mean by "all over again"?' asked Terbut.

'Well,' said Jorkens, 'I had the impression that the kitchen fire had been lighted already, and that the ashes of the old one had been all raked out. But it was not so. It was just as I had left it the day before. The noise in the morning was perfectly dreadful; sweeping in every room, sounds of feet scurrying, and heavy noises booming up chimneys from grates, while I ate my egg. The whole house promised rest, and each room whispered of quiet among its old curtains, but I had no quiet all that morning.

'It was obviously ghosts, and I knew that the house agent could help me no more than the plumber. I decided that the clergyman would be the man, and to him I went, over at the village where my charwoman lived. I was lucky enough to meet him in the street, which was a lot easier than going up to his house and ringing the bell. And I asked him

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at once if he would mind giving me some advice, and, as of course it was his job to do that kind of thing, he said he would. He did not know much of my house, having taken over that parish some while after the last owner had died; then it had been let, and tenants stayed a very short time, and the rent came down and down until it reached the figure at which I had found it, of half a crown a week.

'He was a tall man about fifty, with a grayish moustache, and I told him the whole story of the house on our way to the vicarage. And then he brought me inside, and we sat in his smoking room and he made me tell him everything all over again. And then he sat and thought for a long while. And at last he said: "I always try to be as practical as I possibly can. I have to be. If I weren't, I couldn't run a village cricket club, and about twelve other organizations that you have never heard of, and that wouldn't interest you if you had. But it is not my job to be a materialist. Well, then, you've got ghosts up at that house. I have heard rumors of it before. But what you have told me leaves no doubt of it. And they are pretty restless. Going on all the morning, you tell me."

'"Yes, hard at it," I said.

'"Well, then," he said, "there must have been trouble in the house, and perhaps it affected the air, so that spirits can't rest in it. You can't tell what may trouble the air: look at wireless."

'"But why so many of them?" I asked. "I heard six brooms going at once. And they can't have had six housemaids in a little house like that."

'"Not at the same time," he said. "But you don't know how far the trouble went back, or how long it lasted."

'"I never thought of that," I said. "But what can I do? I want to stay there and to have quiet. And I can't have that with the housemaids tearing round all the morning."

'"No," he said, "no. It seems as if the air must have got all jagged and worried. You'll have to patch it up, I suppose."

'"Patch it up?" I said.

'"Yes — little kindnesses of various sorts," he said. "Quite small things will sometimes do it."

'"What sort of things?" I asked.

'But he was thinking away by himself and hardly seemed to hear me.

'"Little things that might soothe bygone years," he said. "Small kindnesses that might take the edge off old worries. You must look at it practically, you know. You have to be far more practical with ghosts than you do with a football team. Just a few kindnesses. Do what you can. And do it in a practical way."

'And, practical though he probably was, the problem that I had brought him seemed to have sunk him almost in a reverie, so that when I thanked him he seemed hardly to hear me, and he said good-bye to me with a look on his face as though he pondered problems far deeper than that which I brought. Thinking things over, I went to the old charwoman and asked her if she could come that very afternoon, and she said she would; so I bought a bottle of champagne at the grocer's, and when she came I gave her champagne instead of tea. She drank the whole bottle that afternoon and was enormously delighted and ran through all the rooms singing. I got a very bad name in the village over that champagne, but I have often had a bad name before; for the more you travel, the more prejudices you meet. But what is much more to the point, and is in fact the whole point of the story, the weary sweeping ceased and quiet came back to the house, and I had a month of it for only ten shillings. Obviously that does not include what I paid to the grocer.'

LORD DUNSANY

ATLANTIC BREAKFAST — 1879

[IN the *Atlantic* for March and December, 1879, Katharine Carrington of Colebrook, Connecticut, wrote two amusing stories of flirtatious conductors and girl passengers on a railroad. That they aroused much comment at the time is evident from the following letter of Miss Carrington, which recently came to light. It was written after her attendance at an Atlantic Breakfast in honor of Oliver Wendell Holmes. — THE EDITOR]

BOSTON, *December* 3, 1879

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME,

It is all over, and I still live, though a good deal bewizzled with excitement. I had an unalloyed *good time*.

Rose had a carriage ordered for half-past eleven. We alighted at the hotel, and, going in, asked for the dressing rooms for the At-

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lantic Breakfast. Presently an immense commanding fat strong-minded ideal L. L. came sailing in, who we afterwards learned was Mrs. Sherwood — 'M. E. W. S.' — and a pretty young woman with a cloud of golden hair, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

Mrs. Stowe greeted me most affectionately, 'Are you Sarah Terry's daughter?' More ladies came in. I was introduced to Lucy Larcom, and several others I forget. Mr. Osgood took me out, remarking some nice things about my stories in a perfunctory way, to which I replied perfunctorily. He led me into the reception room, where there was a great crowd, and consigned me to Houghton, who struggled up to where dear Oliver stood, his back to a window, in such a glare of light you couldn't see him, though he could vividly see you. I said I presumed he had forgotten the letter I wrote him last summer, but I hadn't forgotten the answer he sent me, and was glad of a chance to thank him for it. 'Ah, yes,' he said, 'I receive a great many letters and it is impossible for me to remember them all.' I said of course he couldn't, but we remember the answers he sent us.

I had a lovely talk with Miss Sprague, 'The Earnest Trifler,' with Miss Larcom and Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Warner and a Mr. Somebody of Harvard, who told me my second story reminded him of Browning's *Ring and the Book*, only there wasn't so much prose in it.

Houghton, Osgood, and Company were flying about anxiously with diagrams. Rose came after me to introduce me to Howells, who wanted to pair me off with my escort. 'Well, Miss Carrington,' he says, 'your story woke up the contributors, didn't it?' I said yes, I was much obliged to him for allowing the discussion; it was very amusing to me. 'Well,' he says, 'they seemed to want to talk about it, so I thought I'd let 'em.' He then consigned me to Mr. Lathrop, whom I found an enjoyable companion.

He was a very nice-looking young man (married Kitty), editor of a Sunday paper in Boston. I couldn't for the life of me remember anything he had written, and when he kindly confessed an anonymous novel, *Afterglow*, I had read it, but couldn't possibly remember the least clew to it. But I did remember some very flattering reviews of it and pleased him by attending to them. It would have upset you completely to hear me 'talk shop' with him.

Rose was up at one of the swell tables alongside Emerson, looking as if her position were more exalted and honorable than agreeable. They adroitly put a table of great folk at each end that no one might feel at the 'tail end.'

Mr. Howells told me about half those invited had come, and as they invited a good many besides the contributors, they can't have asked all of the latter, for there are about a thousand, Mr. Houghton said in his speech.

Oliver's poem was fine, though rather sad, but delivered with great spirit and effect. Mr. Howells' speech was most felicitous; he delivered his happy hits slowly and deliberately, and then, as we all laughed and clapped him, stood smiling and looking as if he couldn't help being amused himself. Mark Twain was very funny and most heartily clapped and laughed at. I enjoyed all the poems and speeches. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe read a poem.

They broke up at half-past six, and after leaving my autograph with everybody else's, I came home.

KATE

EVIDENCE

HERE lies a bee, the victim of his fate.
It seemed a purely suicidal thing
For him to stir me into swatting state
From total disregard before the sting.

So here he lies; and somewhere in a hive
A cell or two may lack its honeyed store,
And fate the cause, for I did not connive
With reasoning to make the market soar.

The price of honey's no concern of mine.
One laborer the less will not much change
An industry in which none can resign.
This will not cause the hive to rearrange.

Were he a very Hercules of bees,
His product still were small to larger eyes.
He did the best he could. *De mortuis*
Nil nisi — I shall not now criticize.

So much of good and ill depends on chance,
And size makes relative a loss or gain;
The world is filled with doubtful circumstance
Like this wherein we met, I stung, he slain.

KEITH THOMAS

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THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

'For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat'

Language as Bird Song

'Do you make these mistakes in English?' the Sherwin Cody School of English inquires of Everyman and his wife in a familiar headline. The noun *mistakes* is there specific and concrete. If the question were 'Do you make *this sort of mistake?*' — not 'this sort of *a* mistake,' if you please, and above all not '*these* sort of mistakes' — then the noun, ordinarily concrete, would be abstract. Our remark on the frequently overlooked difference has brought forth a surprising amount of philosophy from readers who agree with one another about as harmoniously as you would expect of philosophers. One of the more suggestive comments, and certainly the most entertaining, runs: —

> In explaining the difference between *I want some sort of a handle for this box* and *I want some sort of employment for this boy* your correspondent, a logical grammarian, seeks a distinction in unconscious logic. Read the two sentences aloud; notice that they make the same tune. Let me suggest that rhythm determines our choice of words more than logic, that sound is more important than sense, that language is greater than grammar. English speech is predominantly anapæstic, and popular speech gently tends toward such a rhythm. (Bishop's Law No. 1.) Language is only incidentally used for expressing communications exactly; it is chiefly a kind of bird song, bringing pleasure to the utterer, and consisting mainly in repetitious, idiotic sound. The grammarians may perfect their own analytical systems, but their rules will never account for the way people talk. (Bishop's Law No. 2.) — Morris Bishop, *Ithaca, New York*

What are we going to do with this modernist manifesto? The observation is exact. *Some sort of a handle* and *some sort of employment* are indeed rhythmically identical. To show that their rhythmical likeness is not the explanation of their grammatical unlikeness would be a tough assignment — especially when the contrary is argued with the resources of a professor of the Romance languages combined with those of a favorite contributor to the *New Yorker* and historian of the variegated imbecilities of *Homo sapiens*. Shall we simply tell Mr. Bishop that he has given deliberate utterance to a piece of admirable fine fooling and that no one knows it better than he? But the assertion of a talent for mind reading is not an answer. Shall we question Bishop's Law No. 1 by pointing out that those spontaneous and simple cries in which the impulses of speech are nearest those of bird song will assay hardly an anapæst to a carload? (*All aboard! Way below! There she blows! Rah, rah, rah! Kill him! Look out! Never again! Hold 'em, Yale! Drop it! Not on your life! Damn!*) But that would shed no light on the question whether English 'gently tends' toward the anapæst; whether the speech of our day is more nearly anapæstic than that of Milton's day, Franklin's, Mark Twain's.

For my part, I choose simply to maintain that Mr. Bishop is leaving out, for his insidious purposes, an indispensable principle of relativity without which all discussion of language remains academic. For instance: I call his analysis 'entertaining.' What I tacitly mean is that it entertains *me*, or that I could count on it to entertain many and various persons. I know, of course, some to whom it might be pure gibberish; but these do not deter me from using the epithet with a good conscience. There is this difficulty, this dualism, in pretty much all our use of language, and it makes a good deal of language potentially ambiguous and sometimes flagrantly

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false. You cannot call something exciting without raising implicitly the question who is excited by it. A seaman will report, in good faith, a calm day, but the report strikes a seasick passenger as a mere addition of insult to injury. Most of the facts of language are relative, for the simple reason that its users are different persons.

Language is a kind of bird song: all right. But is it 'chiefly' a kind of bird song? That depends upon who is doing the estimating. Is it, for instance, chiefly a kind of bird song to Mr. Bishop? (You will have noticed that, himself impervious to the anapæstic urge, he does not write 'a kind of *a* bird song.') Rhythm more than logic may determine the choice of words — for some choosers; but it seems to me that logic has played a fairly substantial part in choosing the words in which Mr. Bishop says so. Has he let sound be more important than sense to him, or used language 'only incidentally' for exact communication? I dare say his words brought pleasure to the utterer, as they did to me; but is that the sole or the principal thing they have done? Does a man who seriously says 'I want some sort of employment for this boy' use language consisting 'mainly' in repetitious, idiotic sound? I trow not.

If we are going to lay down sweeping generalizations about what language 'is,' we are going to be victims as well as beneficiaries of our generalizing. Plenty of us — some poets, more politicians, still more who just like to hear themselves talk — do indeed use speech as if sound were more important than sense. Others, the ones with good minds and tone-deaf ears, use it as if logic were all. At least a few strive for the harmony of sound and sense and are unsatisfied without the cadence that placates the ear while what is said informs the mind. (Among these I firmly include Mr. Bishop, on the strength of all the evidence he has himself supplied.) Language 'is' the medium of all three classes. It is incantation; it is communication; and it is harmonious adjustment.

But note this: it is only language the balanced, flexible, relatively precise instrument of communication that can be reasoned about with much profit, or taught, or learned by practice, or lucidly criticized.

The Dragnet

Stories that has. The *institution named* at the beginning of the paragraphs above has drastically revised its advertisement offering to cure us, in fifteen minutes a day, of colorless diction and stunted careers. Whether it was prompted by some printed comments on the quality of its own diction in the former advertisement, there is no knowing. The revision is a vast improvement. Nevertheless, it impenitently describes the institution's prospectus as 'one of the most interesting stories about education in English that ever *has* been written.'

Submit. Is an order properly *submitted?* The membership secretary of The Literary Guild of America, Inc., says Yes, in a clipping sent me by Mrs. Channing Pollock:

> If you desire either one of these selections, you may *submit your order* either to us or to Bloomingdale's and it will be given immediate attention.

Mrs. Pollock says No: —

> I submit that submitting an order is out of order. . . . When we get into the impending war I hope no American general will *submit* his commands — what?

My correspondent might, I think, be said to have *submitted* the clipping to this department, but its own context flouts the Websterian definition that comes the nearest — 'to leave or commit to the discretion or judgment of another or others.'

Wilson Follett

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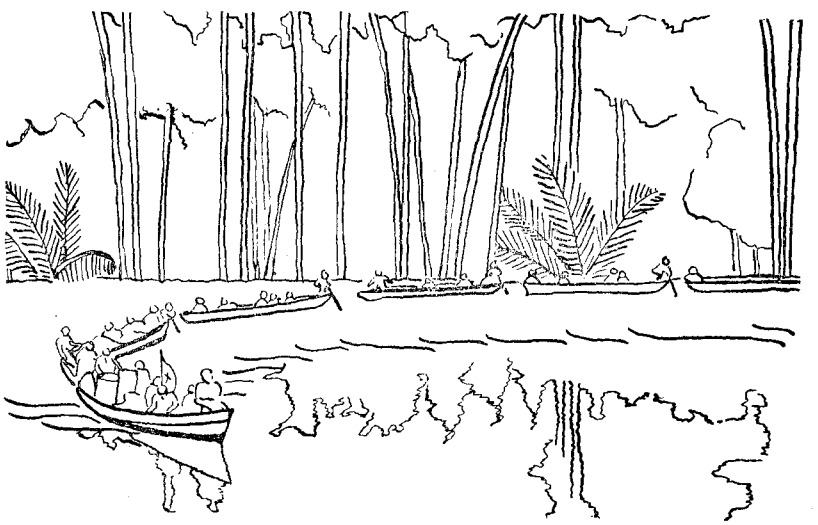
The Atlantic Serial

LAND BELOW THE WIND

CHAPTERS 11–15



BY

AGNES NEWTON KEITH

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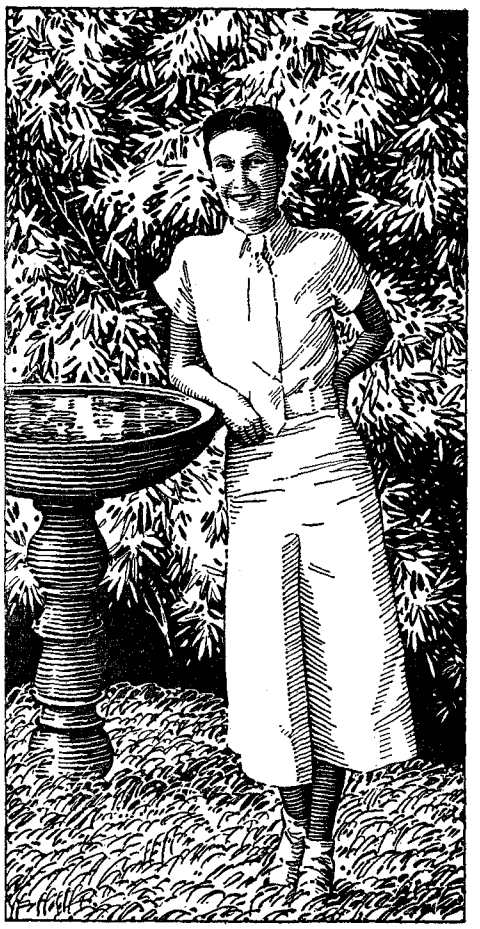

Agnes Newton Keith

author of

LAND BELOW THE WIND

Here is the autobiography of an American girl who married an English official and went with him to the farthest outpost of the British Empire. Nothing in her upbringing in California, no course she had taken at the university, could have prepared Agnes Keith for the life she was to lead in Borneo, where her husband is one of the seventy Englishmen directing the destinies of some 270,000 tribesmen in this, the third largest island in the world.

With Mrs. Keith, who never by any chance takes herself too seriously, one enjoys the timeless days, one is party to the curious meetings between East and West which take place in Borneo, one laughs at the dilemmas and the sorry, childish ways of men, whether they be white or Malay. We see her house in the beauty of a tropical night and also when it is drenched and leaking in a monsoon.

We see the Keith compound with its Chinese cooks, its Murut houseboys, and its assortment of monkeys and mongooses. We hear the talk that passes between the Keiths and the old native chiefs upcountry who recall the days before Borneo was 'pacified.' We see what the jungle can do to break down the fortitude of a woman who is both curious and courageous. Here is the story of a far country.

Land Below the Wind is the winner of the Atlantic $5000 prize. In the printed volume will be found much new material in addition to the chapters we have been privileged to publish in the magazine.

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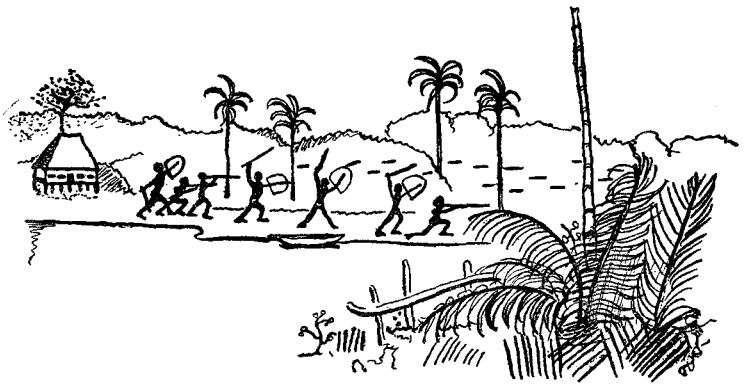

LAND BELOW THE WIND

BY AGNES NEWTON KEITH

XI

No story of Colonial life in the British Empire paints the picture as it is without a view of Government House standing in the shade of the trees, surrounded by a garden of English flowers, with a stretch of green turf for the tennis, with a secluded back garden for tea, and with His Excellency the Governor's wife glimpsed behind the hedge doing a bit of surreptitious and energetic digging in the garden between social events. No matter where in the British Empire the Government House may be, I feel sure it will be recognized by these features. Government House, Sandakan, is no exception.

If one paints the picture in more detail one sees, inside, rooms which are large and dignified and always made gay with flowers, tables with *Tatler*, *Punch*, the London *Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and the framed photographs of the children who are at home in their English nurseries. Chinese servants in long white gowns will be bustling in with gin and bitters and whiskey and soda, and native servants in sarongs and wound headcloths will be smiling brilliantly and moving languidly, and women in flowered evening dresses will be talking about the weather, and men in mess jackets or tails will be standing erect and presenting a more handsome than comfortable appearance. And if one listens at the open doors of such a gracious room there will be heard the soft tones of pleasant voices.

The hospitality of Government House, North Borneo, is traditional. Night after night the lights burn there, while visitors from every part of the world meet those of us who call Sandakan home. Meeting in this spot thousands of miles away from our native lands, with people coming from every direction and going in every other, we begin to lose all sense of space or distance.

'G.H.,' as Government House is more airily referred to in private, is not only the international meeting ground, but the promulgator of local social custom. Functions at Government House are dignified and formal, and the guests are expected to dress accordingly.

Long columns sometimes run in the Singapore newspapers to determine the exact state of public opinion in regard to the dress-suited Briton in his Empire exile. The advent in an English colony of some prominent American visitor who has forgotten or discarded his dress suit and appears at a formal function in an open shirt usually brings up this question. In a tropical climate it is easy to relax and be sloppy, and it seems to me that it is better to be on the side of excess formality than the contrary.

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This requires an effort, for there is no use in pretending that a dress suit in a tropical climate is comfortable, but the result is attractive. We women have less to contend with in dress discomfort.

His Excellency the Governor and his wife extend an unceasing hospitality to the Europeans of our community, a hospitality which we cannot return, as it is the accepted custom that the Governor should not dine away from Government House. The only social return which we can make is to remember to 'sign in the book.' At the entrance to Government House grounds is a small sentry box where may be found 'the book' of the Governor and his wife. To sign one's name in this book is the equivalent of leaving cards or calling on the Governor, and one is expected to make a dinner call within twenty-four hours of being entertained at Government House. Those who do not do so are not invited again.

It is also the correct thing for all visitors to Sandakan, which is the seat of government, to sign in the book within twenty-four hours of their arrival. After this courtesy call is paid on the Governor the visitor will be invited to Government House so that his acquaintance may be made, but unless he signs in the book his acquaintance will probably not be made. It is a simple custom to conform to, and one whose benefits in hospitality received it is usually beyond the powers of the recipient ever to return.

In Westminster Abbey one May day a King was crowned.

'O God, the crown of the faithful; bless, we beseech thee, and sanctify this thy servant George our King: and as Thou dost this day set a crown of pure gold upon his head, so enrich his royal heart with thine abundant grace, and crown him with all princely virtues, through the King eternal Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'[1]

[1] Prayer spoken by His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, at the Coronation of His Majesty King George the Sixth, May 12, 1937.

And at the sight of the King's head being thus crowned the people cried, '*God Save the King*,' the Peers put on their coronets, the trumpets blew, the great guns of the Tower were shot off, the women wept and prayed, and the British Empire throughout five continents echoed with the sound.

In Sandakan we celebrated the Coronation with as much enthusiasm as if we had been in Westminster Abbey, instead of nine thousand miles away. The first royal breeze came when the British cruiser *Adventure* steamed placidly into the tepid waters of Sandakan Bay. Past the silent leper settlement of Berhala she crept, picking her way among the tiny islands, and then in the early morning freshness settled peacefully at anchor close to the mainland. Her guns saluted the fort, and the fort returned the salute, and with that seventeen-gun salvo Sandakan stepped into a pageant.

The opening scene was the garden party at Government House. All those on the calling book had been invited, and as this included aborigines of Borneo, Malays, Chinese, Japanese, and Filipinos, local color poured over Government House lawn as profusely as if it had been a Hollywood set. Native chiefs had come in from all parts of North Borneo, and many a pagan head-hunter ate pink cakes and drank orange squash amidst Sutton's best balsam and salvia which bloomed in the garden that day.

Suluk Chief Tuan Haji Abdul Samat, with rancid coconut-oil-scented hair, and tight bright trousers, moved with a rocking-horse gait on his high-heeled Malay slippers. Penglima Sura, Chief of the Orang Sungei, who had traveled for three days down the rapids of the long river to be present at the fête, watched with interest the passing European pageant. Across his consumptive chest a brilliant pinch-busted bolero was fastened by one button, and his emaciated legs were clad in henna-colored native trousers which fitted him like wrinkled skin. Under a headcloth of

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rust and purple shone his barklike face, and his blackened teeth showed startlingly in his blood-red betel-juice smile. All of the natives were chewing *sireh*, with the red juice trickling from the corners of their lips.

Of the many pairs of tight native trousers present Datu Agasi, Suluk chief, wore the pair most precariously so. Only a man of his courage would have dared to sit down in them. Perhaps his impeccable black patent-leather shoes gave him confidence.

Kiang, chief of the lazy Idahans, wore loose-wrapped Bajau trousers which allowed him to relax comfortably, and when he walked he moved with the confident grace of a marauding tomcat. Old Bagat, the Murut chief, was disappointingly dressed in khaki. His aboriginal costume consisted only of a *chawat*, or loincloth, and this he would not wear among Europeans. The *imam*, priest of the Mohammedan mosque, was a dignified figure among his followers, dressed in a long, flowing gray robe and a fusty-smelling black turban. In contrast to the native groups the rest of us looked pallid. Although the natives stayed shyly to themselves, they looked happy and amiable and rallied with enthusiasm for refreshments, accepting the unfamiliar hospitality of European food with dignity.

The Chinese citizens of importance remained slightly withdrawn from the general festivities, forming an almost immovable, and socially unmixable, black and white frieze. Their wives, gowned with the perfection of neatness and grooming of the Chinese dress, made the European women seem overdressed by contrast.

The Coronation garden party was an event which we women had premeditated months before with the ordering of new gowns from home. During the preceding weeks our besetting topic of conversation had been, 'Will my new dress arrive in time?' Apparently they all had. Certainly it was exciting to see so many new gowns all at once, and although it was difficult to examine each other without appearing to, we all managed to do so. In addition to the confidence-restoring effect of our new gowns, our conversational powers were rejuvenated by contact with the newly arrived navy personnel. It was delightful not to be struck dumb in the middle of a conversation with the realization that you had said exactly the same thing in those very words the last time you had conversed with that person.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SANDAKAN

The Seaforth Highlanders had come with the *Adventure* and they serenaded us with bagpipes, and danced the sword

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dance on the smooth green turf of the tennis courts. The native chiefs received even this with polite impassivity. When the afternoon was nearly over people drifted towards the Governor to be ready for the farewell line. Women adjusted their expressions and men relaxed theirs, for the strain of the performance was nearly over.

Then the ship's band struck up 'God Save the King,' and I found to my surprise that my eyes were full of tears and my heart was throbbing. I may not be an Empire Builder, but I discovered that day that there was something strong and real in the flood of feeling that was pouring over the British Empire on five continents, and I was proud to be engulfed by it. For even old Bagat, the Murut chief, even Haji Samat, even Kiang of the Idahans, could understand from his own tribal rule that with the birth of every ruler there comes the death of an individual. And we all shared one desire that day, to pay tribute and respect to the death of Albert Frederick Arthur George, the man, and the birth of King George the Sixth, the Ruler.

Following the garden party came a week of festivity. Never have I seen such intensive social activity in Sandakan. Even in the backquarters of the European homes celebrations were held, and meals and drinks were brewed all night over the kitchen fires. When we would return to our bungalow after midnight we would find that our household had moved surreptitiously into the front garden and its members were looking down with an untiring admiration at the unusual fireworks and electrical display in the town below.

All week Arusap entertained six brother Muruts who had come in from their village in the interior. They all slept in his room with him, as an aftercrop of lice and ringworm attested. My trips to the backquarters were triumphal entries, with naked natives springing to their feet and saying in Malay, 'Greeting, Mem,' which they had been instructed by Arusap to do. We donated oddments of food to their entertainment, and I disposed of a large decanter of whiskey and sherry which had been accidentally mixed together, and for which I had long been trying to find a use. I wondered at the time if I was a wicked white woman plying the natives with drinks, but at the same time I remembered the rice beer with which I had in the past been plied by the natives, and I thought that if I could stand up to rice beer with cockroaches in it, whiskey with sherry would be mild for them.

Every night there floated up to us on the hill the mingling of many melodies from the native and Chinese town below. The skirl of the Highlanders' bagpipes, the insistent drums of the Chinese dragon dance, the plaintive thread of

CORONATION DRAGON DANCE

Malayan *keronchongs*, the throb of native chants, all these wove in and out of the staid beat of 'The Land of Hope and Glory' like the glinting golden cords in a woven native cloth.

The final night of celebration came. After the good-bye dance at the Club, Harry and I stopped in the cool darkness of our garden and looked down at the harbor below. The *Adventure* had not yet extinguished her fairy lights, and against the midnight background of sky and water she glowed in perfect miniature outline. An imperial crown outlined with electric jewels shone amidships.

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'God save the King!' I said.

And if an American citizen, and one who by marriage is also a British subject, may with reverence and sincerity feel those words, I felt them then.

Then the lights blacked out, and Sandakan Harbor became an indigo pit. Tomorrow we should again be just a far-flung outpost of the British Empire.

XII

If the Sandakan interludes of domestic drudgery lasted too long for Arusap's patience, he either asked for a vacation or resigned. Either action had the same result; he abandoned town for a few months and returned to his kampong. There he built up prestige for himself in tales of his Tuan's prowess, and drank rice beer steadily until his brown skin glowed a mahogany red. He drank rice beer through the weeks of the rice-harvesting season, and then spent the next few weeks recuperating and amassing a peace offering of gifts for us before he returned to Sandakan.

Meanwhile Harry and I, still infuriated but no longer surprised at the faithless behavior of Arusap, would have promised each other not to take him back. But Arusap had a disarming way of returning to the house unconscious of having done anything except take a well-earned vacation. When met with splendid outbursts of vituperation from Harry, and the savage declaration that he should not enter our service again, Arusap sadly took counsel with himself. He agreed respectfully to all that was said, then unobtrusively retired to the back of the house, where the substitute boy recognized Arusap's superior claims and considered himself dismissed. The next time drinks were called for, Arusap would appear behind the tray, still reeking of strong tobacco, still dignified and beautiful, and life would resume its regular pace.

On one of his vacations at home at Kampong Pau, Arusap married Kuta. Of Arusap's age in years he was himself uncertain, but for several rice harvests then he had been 'looking for tobacco,' which is to say, seeking the company of girls. Kuta, although little more than a child, had given first evidence of womanhood, and was therefore considered to be of marriageable age.

That year the rice harvest had been large and the rice beer plentiful, and under the propitious dry skies and bright sunlight the gongs of the kampongs had boomed for days. Now the favorable half moon, which in its gentle swelling symbolized pregnancy, swung in the sky, and the month was ripe for the wedding.

The wedding gift, a generous one, for Arusap came of an honored family, was presented with suitable ceremony to the bride's father. Four ancient and valued jars, three heavy brass gongs, a blowpipe, a native dagger, a scarf with shell discs, and a buffalo were delivered to Kuta's parental home. This bride-price had come to Arusap intact, as it had been the price paid to his father by the bridegroom of Arusap's sister at her wedding. The gift had then been held prudently in charge for the benefit of Arusap when he should marry.

The ceremonial jars of rice beer for the wedding guests were filled, the fowls were killed and prepared, the preserved and rotted fish and meat were dug up and brought forth in little bamboo containers. The drinking teams, composed of the friends of the bride versus the friends of the groom, sucked thirstily upon the bamboo drinking reeds placed in the beer jars until, from exhaustion and repletion, neither side was able to arise to its feet and declare a victory.

Then was the time for Kuta, with her twenty strings of beads about her throat, the gift of the bridegroom to his bride, to come forward and meet Arusap in the final rite which was to be symbolic of their union, the eating of rice from the same plate and the drinking of rice beer from the same great jar together. The pale bisque of her body shone in the

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orange light of the oil flames, and the brilliant beads swung on her bare, full breasts. The delicate moon-shaped face with the flat cheekbones was close to Arusap's as their heads met over the *tapai* jar. As her full-lipped mouth sucked on the bamboo reed she raised luminous eyes to his, then hastily, modestly, looked away. But those oblique eyes with the dark brown pupils liquid against a blue-white iris made Arusap turn a deeper red than did the rice beer.

Kuta had a small, perfectly formed body with sophisticated breasts, a bodily maturity made more entrancing by her facial childishness. She was as naturally luscious as a sun-ripe, golden-fleshed mango fruit, and as wild as the plump-chested pigeon that wings through the top of the jungle trees. And she was the only creature alive who could make Arusap hurry his dignified step.

Nevertheless in time Arusap was discontented with life at home in his village and desired to return again to Sandakan. Kuta, who had never covered her breasts in her life, who had never seen a white woman, who had never been away from her own kampong, refused to accompany him. So Arusap arrived back in Sandakan with only the memories of matrimony to solace his celibate hours.

For a number of months our household slumbered lazily in the easy tempo of Sandakan. During this time it was in the back of our minds that Arusap should have his wife with him, for a native seldom takes on that impersonality of bodiless service which in the mind of the master can emasculate a servant. Although we knew that there was probably more peace in the backquarters without an extra woman, our hearts persistently said 'Poor old Arusap.'

Then Harry told Arusap that the time had come to *pergi round* again. This phrase of Malay-English, literally 'go around,' is used by all native boys to describe their master's travels, and is accompanied by another word, *louse*, corrupted from 'traveling allowance,' and referring to the extra food money the boys receive. To *pergi round* and make *louse* was a delightful prospect for Arusap, and when in addition Harry told him that he would revisit Kampong Pau on his tour, our household awoke to action. I could not go this time, as I was having fever, but my .22 rifle was going, and it adequately compensated for my absence.

Arusap supervised the preparation for four weeks' travel. All provisions, clothing, bedding, were packed in the tall native-made traveling baskets, and in the *bongons* of Harry's own design. Then Harry and Arusap, alike clad in khaki shorts, headed the *kuli* procession for the interior.

The Murut villager always gives a hospitable greeting to old friends, and welcomes an excuse for a holiday interval. During the five days of their visit, Harry, Arusap, and the men of the kampong hunted wild cattle, wild pig, barking deer, and sambhur. Feasts were held daily and native dances were performed. The village was in a perpetual state of celebration, everybody's belly was agreeably full, and a haze of good humor prevailed. Kuta alone of the village women remained in the background, shy and unapproachable.

Just before his party left for home Harry called together the headman, the elders, and Kuta's family, and, summing up his knowledge of native custom and divorce laws, he informed them that Kuta must accompany Arusap back to Sandakan. If she refused to return with him Arusap would divorce her, as he would have the right to do, for refusing to perform her conjugal duties. Furthermore, if Arusap divorced her under these circumstances, her purchase price would have to be returned to Arusap by her father. After taking counsel of itself the assembly agreed with the Tuan that this was custom, and Kuta must accompany Arusap back to Sandakan.

Although she had fought steadily against leaving the village, when the de-

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cision was once made Kuta accepted it with philosophical native resignation.

Arusap and Kuta lagged amiably in the rear together. Arusap's eyes were more dreamy than ever, his mind more abstract, his step more deliberate. When the party arrived at the first coastal town a *kebaya* was obtained for Kuta, whose clothing until then had consisted simply of a sarong wound around her waist and covering her legs. The *kebaya*, a short Malay blouse, was purchased, and Kuta strained it across her breasts and fastened it with one insecure brooch. From the prison of this brief garment important parts of Kuta seemed always to be escaping as if the small full body were struggling to be free.

Aside from the constant rebellion of her body against its clothing (which she removed at every opportunity) Kuta showed little antagonism to the civilized life of Sandakan. When an event did arouse her, however, she gave immediate and natural expression to her emotions.

There were also occasions when Kuta retired early to bed in their small room in the backquarters down the hill. If Arusap was delayed until late to bring drinks for a party, he might find when he also retired that the door of the room was locked against him. On such occasions he silently climbed the hillside back to the cook shed and slept on the kitchen floor with the cats.

Above all things there were in Arusap's world to desire, he desired a son. Three times life had glowed in the womb of Kuta. And each time before the birth Kuta had prevailed upon Arusap to send her back to her village, where pregnancy taboos and birth customs could be observed, and where her female relatives might administer the appropriate poundings of the abdomen and massage preliminary to childbirth.

The first time a six months' babe had been born dead. This, Kuta and Arusap reasoned, must have been owing to the fact that one night during the time of her pregnancy the fire had been allowed to die down under the house roof, and with the death of the flame the child had died in her womb.

The second time a babe was born who lived only two weeks. This death, thought Kuta, was probably due to Arusap's carelessness, for while out hunting with the Tuan he had forgotten one of the taboos which, as an expectant father, he ought to have observed — he had eaten the head of a deer. The disregard of this taboo had occasioned the baby's premature death.

The third child to whom Kuta gave birth had died after three days, and this in spite of the fact that the village midwife had cut the umbilical cord with a sharp piece of bamboo, the same piece of bamboo on which she had impaled the entrails of a buffalo, which should have given the child the strength of the animal. So Kuta and Arusap could only believe that there must have been witchcraft exercised against the child by some enemy.

Now for the fourth time Kuta was pregnant, and Arusap prayed for a son to carry the seed of his vanishing tribe. Again Kuta begged to go home to her village.

But Harry and I were determined this time, and insisted, that Arusap should forbid Kuta's return to the kampong so that the child might be born in Sandakan under a doctor's care. In his great desire for the child Arusap dared to oppose Kuta. After violent opposition Kuta once again showed a sudden philosophical acceptance of fate, and consented to remain.

Throughout her months of germination Kuta showed neither change nor maturity in her face. With her small body, her tiny wrists, her delicate little throat, and her immature face, she did not look like a pregnant woman, but rather like a beautiful child whose womb and breasts had swollen overnight into unexplainable fecundity. When she went up and down the stairs to the back-

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quarters we all prayed silently that dogs, cats, and apes would stay out from under her feet, as her appearance threatened that the slightest jolt might precipitate the babe. But Kuta was oblivious of any worry. The larger she grew the less she moved about, the less work she did, the more time she had to lie on her mat and smoke.

Special morsels of food to which she as a pregnant woman took a fancy were brought faithfully by Arusap. Sometimes it was the sweet-sour pleasantness of a rambutan fruit, sometimes the rich, creamy kernel of a durian, and sometimes the roasted flesh of a jungle pig which Arusap must take the day off to shoot.

We were very fond of Arusap and Kuta, and we felt bound to them by the ties of responsibility, and also by the even stronger bonds of the confidence which they placed in us. But it was not only our paternal affection which determined us that the coming child should have every opportunity for survival. We had come to love the country in which we lived, and to cherish a dream of the preservation of its native races. Arusap and Kuta were both pure-blooded Muruts, members of a rapidly dwindling group of aboriginal Borneo pagans. There was something implicit in this coming babe, the flesh of two pagans and the blood of a dying race, something implicit that was greater than any individual.

As to the possible date of the baby's arrival Kuta and Arusap were vague. Kuta saw no importance in noting whether it was one, two, or three months since she had first evidenced pregnancy. Arusap tried to be helpful, but without Kuta's coöperation it was difficult, and his best guess was that the child was conceived at 'the change of the monsoon.' This guess was not borne out by her overwhelming size. But the doctor under whose care we placed Kuta from the time her condition first became noticeable said that she would in all likelihood present the household with a Christmas gift.

Kuta was probably the first woman of her tribe to experience a medically supervised pregnancy and confinement. She was examined at weekly intervals by a nurse, instructed to take regular exercise, and told what to eat. Kuta was docile in the acceptance of this advice, but not in the observance of it. She continued to lie on her mat all day in a fog of cigarette smoke, and to eat only such morsels as she especially fancied from the hand of Arusap.

Her small room was cleaned and whitewashed, and a bed and mosquito net were purchased for the infant so that he need not sleep between his parents on the mat. A small tub for his bath, and a layette of diminutive bright calico *bajus* and sarongs, were supplied.

Christmas week arrived and Arusap was instructed to make no attempt at midwifery himself, but to call for help at Kuta's first moan, as the ordinary native birth is precipitate.

During the week there were a couple of false alarms occasioned by stomach-ache, the result of too much fried rice and pork. Then Christmas Eve, a dinner party, and Kuta's pains occurred simultaneously. The nurse was sent for and assured us that nothing would happen for some hours. The dinner party dawdled on over drinks. Arusap drifted about in a mental muddle. Shortly after midnight the guests left, and Harry and I and Arusap rushed to the backquarters to wait anxiously outside Kuta's room like three mutually responsible parents.

Kuta howled miserably. The light flooded out of the little room into the warm, dark night while the nurse stood in the doorway gossiping heartily. Kuta continued to howl, and the nurse continued to be cheerful, but at three o'clock she said it was time for the doctor. Despite the significant arrival of the doctor the infant took its time about actually entering a strange world, and it was almost dawn when the child emerged. But

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when the first tenuous thread of sound came from the lungs of the babe, and he proved upon inspection to be a son, everybody went to bed happy.

The small male form of Bayong bin Arusap was born beautiful and perfect. He sucked milk and slept, and slept and sucked milk, quite unconscious of the fact that a war was waging over his head, the war of hygiene against superstition and tradition.

During Kuta's pregnancy care had been taken to offend as little as need be against Murut customs and tribal taboos. After the birth of Bayong the doctor and nurse made small gifts to him in order to ward off possible danger incurred by their attentions, attentions which would attract the notice of an evil spirit who might harm the child.

But when it came to food and cleanliness we were determined that no compromise should be made between hygiene and tradition, *if* we could prevent it.

During the first forty-eight hours of Bayong's life the milk did not flow to Kuta's breasts. Kuta was terrified that the child would starve, so she secretly fed him tinned milk from a long rubber feeding tube attached to an unwashed ginger-ale bottle. When we discovered this bottle lying on the floor under Bayong's bed Harry threw it out of the window into the bamboos, while I tried to explain to Kuta that Bayong wasn't really hungry yet. The next day I discovered the rehabilitated feeding apparatus again in use. This time I confiscated the bottle, tore up the tube, and warned Arusap and Kuta that if anything other than mother's milk was given to Bayong Harry would take the child away from them. Fortunately by then Kuta's milk was flowing. It was constantly suspected, however, that morsels of a more 'strength-giving' nature such as rice, pork, fish, and sweet potato crept into Bayong's diet.

In theory Bayong slept in his small bed, which stood by his mother's mat. But daily he could be found lying on the mat with Kuta, heavily shrouded under the mosquito net and almost invisible in the reeking haze of Dusun tobacco smoke. Kuta explained that Bayong would fall from the bed and injure himself, so the bed was banished and a wicker basket took its place. But Bayong still stayed with Kuta on the mat.

There was the problem of air, fresh versus fetid. Daily I went down and opened the window and door, removed the blanket from over Bayong's head, and lifted his mosquito net. I knew that this ventilation lasted only until I was out of sight, so I used to sit and talk with Kuta until Bayong had had a good breather.

When Bayong was a couple of weeks old we suggested that he should be placed outdoors daily in the early morning sun. Both parents were apprehensive about this. They feared the child would be stolen, or, if not stolen, strangers would gaze too closely upon him and attract the attention of an evil spirit who might harm him.

But Bayong continued healthy and hearty, either because of civilization or in spite of it, according to one's point of view. When only seven weeks old he was taken to the baby show at Government House. Among some three hundred infant entries of Chinese, Malays, Javanese, Indians, Filipinos, and natives, Bayong was the only Murut child. He received much attention and admiration, and a prize box of baby soap and a blue ribbon for being judged the finest native specimen in the competition. Arusap, Kuta, and Bayong remained dignified, agreeable, and impassive, accepting as their just due the plaudits of the multitude, but Harry and I were unable to hide our pride at the triumph of our joint production.

Three days later in the warm silence of the afternoon siesta hour my bedroom door flew open without warning, and Ah Yin burst in. Looking up from my book in surprise, I saw that her usually cheerful face was distorted with excite-

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ment and alarm, and she was crying as she struggled to command words in which to speak.

Ordinarily Ah Yin spoke passable English and Malay, but now in her agitation native Cantonese rushed to her lips and the chopped Chinese syllables poured out unintelligibly. Gradually into the excited Chinese flood crept Malay and English, and finally I made out the words 'baby' and 'sick.'

Leaping from the rattan long-chair, I snatched my kimono and thrust my bare toes into native sandals as I ran to the door. Down the slippery ironwood stairway and out through the food-scented cook shed, down the fifty sun-blazing steps which descended the hill to the servants' quarters, I ran.

Anguished wails guided me to Kuta's room. There in the stifling three-o'clock heat of the shanty I found Arusap and Kuta crouched on their mat over Bayong, almost covering the child with their bodies, while the tears rolled down upon his shielded form.

Shouting at them to be quiet, I pulled them off the mat, and lifted Bayong, whose tiny body was swaddled in a hot damp towel. I listened for his heartbeat. A throb of heart and pulse seemed to be perceptible. His damp head lolled helplessly back and his eyes were glazed, but a warmth of breath still came from his open mouth.

Controlling the terror in my heart and forcing myself to be calm, I asked the despairing Arusap what had happened to the child. Miserable tears trickled hopelessly down his dark face as he sobbed his answer. Bayong had suddenly been taken ill at his stomach, the Chinese doctor had come and given him some medicine and gone away, and then Bayong had stiffened out and become as I found him.

I waited to hear no more. With the child in my arms and the parents following I raced up the stairs in the torrid heat and ran through the cook shed and into the house to the telephone.

Before dialing the number I listened again for Bayong's heartbeat, but my own heart pounded so violently that I could not tell whether it was the baby's heart or mine which trembled through both bodies. Then with the child held against me and the cold sweat from my flesh bathing us both in a deathly chill I rapidly dialed the number for the doctor who had attended Bayong at his birth.

The telephone was answered by Dr. Lo Mat, his Chinese assistant, who explained that the doctor was away, but that he himself had attended Bayong that afternoon. There was nothing to be alarmed about, he declared. It was just another case of summer complaint.

'But, doctor, I tell you he's dying! He's dying in my arms!' I cried. 'You must tell me something to do for him quickly!'

'Now don't excite yourself, madame,' replied the cultivated voice soothingly. 'It's just a stomach upset. All these native babies have summer complaint now. They will feed them improper things, you know. However, if you are worrying about the child let your boy bring him down to my office and I'll have another look. I assure you it's nothing to be alarmed about. . . .'

The soothing accents continued, but I no longer listened, for I now realized with despairing certainty that the child in my arms was dead. The little Murut's eyes, which had looked for so short a time on a friendly world, were open and sightless.

I dropped the receiver and turned to Arusap and Kuta. Wordlessly I looked into their submissive faces. In their resignation I saw what we had fought so hard to change, I saw conviction that the new world of white men and doctors was only as the old world of natives and midwives, helpless in the hands of destiny. Their son was dead. The lifeless body of the child spoke more loudly than anything I could say.

Arusap held out his arms for the child, and I laid Bayong in them.

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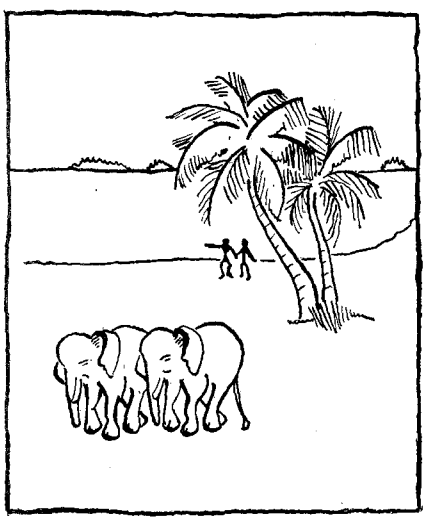
XIII

Did you ever bathe in the hot blue water with your feet on a coral-reef strand, with starfish tickling the soles of your feet, with the bleached sand running beneath them, with the water melting into the sky in waves of sunshine, and your body melting into the water? Then your body has no burden, it wavers and washes in the moving of the sea, and your weightless feet, your water-washed thighs, your shadowed legs, your drifting



hands, dissolve from you, and are born into the warmness and coolness and sweetness of the sea.

Every year in August we go by launch to the islands in the Sulu Sea. Off the east coast they lie — Selangan, Pababag, Penampangan, Timbun Mata, Omadal, Bod Gaya, Bakbak, Bamban, Punupunu, Mata Manuk, Sipidan, Pulau Babi — we go there to the islands of the Sulu Sea.

Sometimes I dislike reading poetry — it has no sympathy with me, and says nothing to me, and I am distraught with it. Sometimes I am too crude and vulgar and bad-tempered for sweet-spoken words, and sometimes there is nothing in me that is, or ever can be, fine.

But there in the islands of the Sulu Sea I would have fine thoughts spoken with shapely words — words that are cut and polished and set like precious stones, Tiffany words of rare workmanship used for flawless gems. There I would read an *Iliad*, and dream an *Odyssey*.

There in those islands the sun rises, and shines, and sets upon a tropical kingdom which belongs to us. There, lying on the deck of the launch, we divide the islands equally, Harry to have half and I half. Like rulers, we name our possessions.

'Bod Gaya mine. I want those tall three peaks, and the white orchids that bloom wild on the top, and the shallow hot bay where we swim.'

'I'll take Omadal, with the native graves, and the phallic symbols, and the boats that are only half built, and the crescent of sand that you look across to see the sea on the other side.'

'Timbun Mata mine. But it's large and you shall have half.'

'You'd better have Bakbak, too, on account of the shiny blue crabs that you like so well.'

All about us is the nighttime blue. A yellow cantaloupe moon perches upon one peak of Bod Gaya. Beneath it on the sleeping water spills a golden stream. The sky is very close and deep, and the stars are flung about most carelessly. The light flows from the stars into the water, and the ocean shimmers where the drops fall. The translucent depths of the sea are brilliant azure still above the clear coral sands. The shapes of sleepless fish are busy all the night, as may be seen by those of us who lie upon the deck and pry into the private life of tropic isles.

Thus we, two people here together, drift in the Sulu Sea.

Writing from Timbun Mata Island

Dumpas is waiting to lead the way. Dumpas is our river god. He arranges the tides that rise and fall in our island river. Only Dumpas can successfully navigate the *lipa-lipa* up the river from

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the sea to our jungle camp, and back again to the sea.

Si Budak stands behind. Si Budak does the dirty work. When nobody else will do it, Si Budak must. He is, perhaps, twelve years old, a wiry child, covered with sleek black skin and filled with iron springs and steel coils and metal organs.

Arusap is ready — Arusap, who has just been restored to our household after six weeks at Kampong Pau, and whose mood is momentarily that of the prodigal son. When Harry is not along Arusap is responsible for me, and he travels under oath not to allow me to use my own judgment.

Through the impenetrable jungle we go. Advisedly I use the lurid word 'impenetrable.' I do not use it before the Accurate Mind, my husband. He would say, and reasonably so, that if men penetrate the jungle it cannot be impenetrable. But when I am alone I allow myself these travel-book extravagances.

Today Harry is away on another island exploring for a new forest reserve, so I go through the impenetrable jungle. The path leading from our camp to the river's head is a tunnel cut through primary forest growth. This tunnel is dark, low, damp, and hot, and it has every objectionable feature that a tunnel can have, except the whistle of a train behind one. Damp drops down overhead, and seeps up underfoot. I stoop often, but creepers catch my hair and clothes. *Nipah* palms cross above me, and I cannot see the sky.

We come to muddy meanderings which lead away from the river, and find that Dumpas has turned the trick again with the tide. The game is to arrive at the river before the path is under water, but not before the tidal flow will float the boat to the landing. To swim down the path in order to boat down the river is a doubtful pleasure.

On the other hand, to wade through mud for three quarters of a mile before reaching the boat at low tide is even more depressing. That is so depressing, what with the stink of the mangrove mud as it sucks at my mosquito-bitten legs, and the loss of my sneakers, which are sure to remain in the mud, and the plunging of my hands into the horrid stuff when I lose my balance, that the thought of lurking crocodiles is as much a relief as a threat.

But today Dumpas has dealt craftily with the river tides, and we arrive at our *lipa-lipa* dry.

I lie in the bottom of the boat with bananas and dried fish, under the lovely bright sun. The lovely, lovely bright sun, I think, remembering the perpetual warm damp of our tree-buried forest camp. The beautiful, life-giving sun, I rhapsodize, expanding and stretching and drying to the very marrow, as I lie and look up at the clean early-morning sky.

Si Budak, Dumpas, and I have our shirts off, I in a bathing suit and they bare-chested, and our feet are also bare. But Arusap sits with dignity, and cuddles the .22 on his knee, for Arusap is the trusted one.

'Pigeon!'

Dumpas stops paddling, Si Budak stops, and we drift. Everybody is attentive while Arusap aims at the treetops. I cannot even see what he is aiming at. He fires, and something drops from the brightness between treetops into the darkness of mangrove swamp. Dumpas paddles in the direction until Si Budak, who stands in the bow, yelps sharply and drops into the pool. He goes in like a plummet and disappears completely. Now he is up again, with the water pouring from his round black head, and the body of a wild pigeon in his hand. He squirms over the bow of the boat and plops back into it. Every little iron spring and steel coil inside his glistening body is working perfectly.

Honor is satisfied, and we need not return to camp empty-handed. Arusap continues to hold the .22, but I doubt if he uses it again. He loves to take the

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rifle, and taking it he must justify himself by shooting it, but only enough to justify himself into taking it again.

We reach the sea where the motorboat lies. The captain and crew, one Chinese, one Malay, have left the boat and gone to the shallows to fish with casting nets. Dumpas halloos them back, ropes the *lipa-lipa* to the stern of the boat, and throws out his fishing line. I tie my fishing line to the roof of the boat cabin. I only pretend to fish because the Bajau soul of Dumpas suffers if it sees an unused fishing line. Then I stretch out on the top of the cabin in my bathing suit. I lie on my back and look up above me. Clouds are in the sky and islands are in the sea, and islands are in the sky and clouds are in the sea, and sea and sky are one inseparable iridescence of reflections.

Never in all the æons of time has there been such a day as this. Never in all of the lives of men has there been such a day, such an hour, such a moment, as this, I think. I am a cloud in the sky, an island in the sea, a breeze on the water, a freshness in the air. I am a girl in love, I am a woman well-wedded, I am a man adventuring, and I am a child enchanted.

I am thinking extravagantly, I rebuke myself. But this is an extravagant day.

And then a cloud above me, and suddenly comes the rain, as excessive in its violence as the day has been in its beauty. We haul the mattress into the tiny cabin. The rain beats and blows and drives on us. Dumpas and Si Budak sit in their *lipa-lipa* holding mats of *nipah* palm over their heads for umbrellas. The water pours from the black tar head of Si Budak and shoots off his nose like a waterspout. Si Budak sheds water perfectly; he is always dripping but never wet. It must be a waterproof quality in his skin inherited from generations of Bajau ancestors who have lived on the water.

The motor put-puts back a horrid petrol odor which smells fine to-day because it is part of Robinson Crusoe's equipment. I sit and grin at my bare toes, and think how surprised Man Friday would be to see toenail paint on his island.

The rain bounces brusquely off the sea. At the stern of the boat the Malay captain has made a bed of coals in a large iron basin. Two pots are cooking over this. One has rice — that I know without looking; the other has boiling octopus.

The rain stops. It doesn't grow less and then abate; it just turns off and the sun turns on. We anchor over the shallow coral strand where I may bathe. The water is transparent over the clean white reef. Dumpas stands at the stern and Arusap takes the bow to watch from the boat for sharks, octopus, or river-mouth crocodiles. The sandy bottom is daintily crusted with starfish, and these alone look up to see what I am doing.

In the little cabin again, I put on very short shorts and a shirt with the tail out. The tail being out marks the low point in sartorial imperfection, but it gives coolness to the stomach.

The others gather at the stern for food. Everybody eats, putting the rice in individual white shells that look like blanc de chine, and dipping into the common pot for the fish. It smells good and I am hungry. I should like to eat with them, but I distinctly hear my husband describing various possible diseases to be encountered in that common kettle. I open my hygienic tin of bully beef.

Now we are going down to the little island with the Bajau village on it that I saw the other day. How thrilling it is actually to see a little island in the distance, and then to be able to go to it! Other people go by islands and say, 'How quaint! We must go there sometime.' But they never do go there. And now I am going there.

We are at my little island and the motorboat anchors. There is my toy matchstick village under the coconut

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palms. Dumpas is going to take me ashore in the *lipa-lipa*. Dumpas takes us all ashore, the captain and crew happily abandoning the motorboat. We all have our fish to catch, our food to wangle, our evening kettles to fill, and we are full of business.

Several families of Bajau women are wading over the coral-reef shallows, in water up to their thighs. They stand silently to watch us in our *lipa-lipa*, and for a moment they are figures painted in burnt sienna on a jade, water-color sea. Then they wade on through the water and become groups of women doing their marketing on the ocean bottom.

I climb out of the boat and follow behind them. After that first interested look they do not stare. They are not surprised at me, and they are too unfamiliar with European women to see anything astonishing in the costume I am wearing, shorts and a flying-tailed shirt. It is natural to them that I should wish to follow in the shallow waters and search with them for the wealth of the sea. There is plenty there, plenty for all, and tomorrow the tide will leave more.

Their henna-red and indigo-blue sarongs are twisted tightly above their breasts, and hauled high between their legs. Occasionally a woman untwists her whole sarong, slips it loose, and then retwists it snugly.

Naked babies are tied to their backs and naked children wade with them. The children are little burnt almonds. The young women are firm-bodied, with conical breasts and nipples like young round ginger roots. The plum blush of their cheeks glows through the brown sienna. The old women have stringy arms and faces like walnuts.

I follow the emblazoned path they are leaving behind them on the sea bottom, a ghoulish path strewn with the dead bodies of black sea slugs, black *bêches-de-mer*. A vermilion rosette of floating velvet ribbon blossoms from the middle of each dead slug. The rosette streams out in the water over the white sand bottom. I follow the ribbon-budded funeral path, and come closer to my Bajau market-women to see what they are doing.

I watch one old mother. She slides her arm down into the water and picks up a slug, rips him down the belly with her knife, and probes for a piece of sweetmeat while his crimson internals gush out. Then she tosses the emboweled black bladder back into the sea, and the red guts trail from it, in the salt water. The black bulb lies like a beautiful, empty, ribbon-tied package.

I walk with the women now, and try to tread warily as they do among the starfish, tiny squid, and jellyfish. When a jellyfish is sighted mamma warns the children, and I take heed too, standing quite still until I locate it.

Sea snakes we find also. This is a travel-book exaggeration, for they are sea snakes only as long as they are under water. They are of all sizes, from a couple of inches to six feet in length, and they are usually a pale, best-quality jade green with opalescent rings about them. They are terrifying under water, but lift them carefully out of water on the crook of a stick and all the terror drains from them as the water flows away, and they become nothing but twisted, empty snakeskin stockings. I drop them quickly in the water again so they may recover their self-respect.

Enchanted coral gardens grow under the sea. They bloom with bright perennials, miniature herbaceous borders, blazing balsam beds, bright blue salvias, and periwinkle *petreas*. Surely the best seed of the Empire is here; surely it was catalogue-ordered long ago and Sutton himself has gardened diligently over it; surely, surely it doesn't just grow!

The occupants of these gardens are little darting fish, little blown-glass fish from art-shop windows, little fish too fragile and beautiful to be real, little fish of every hue. Watching them flash is seeing a prism turn in the sun, is looking into a spectroscope. They are enchanted

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and belong in these gardens; they bedizen, delight, and adorn them. I move carefully, apologetically, among them.

The Bajau women at their marketing give little attention to the unedible side of our surroundings. Old mother and I have arrived at an unspoken agreement. I am collecting sweetmeat from sea-slug rosettes for her, and she is saving the largest, clearest, and thinnest clam-shells for me. This is good, this is very good indeed, we all agree.

The Bajau baskets are filling quickly. It is a good market day.

(And what have you to-day, Mr. Ocean? A nice mess of clams for Papa Lamug? Some little sweet mussels for Baby Bagat? And a bit of sea-slug sweetmeat, please — we do all like that so much! Oh, no, Mr. Ocean, not that one, nor that one, nor that one. . . . You know those are not your very best-quality sea slugs, and I am not satisfied. I shall just keep on opening them — *yes, I will pinch the fruit* — until I find the ones I want with the delicious little piece of sweetmeat down the centre. And a couple of twists of that tender, slimy seaweed for old Grandmother. She does fancy a chew of that. And just throw in a couple of squid for that lazy dog of ours. *A soup bone for Fido, please.* If it wasn't for the children I'd put him in the pot too.)

The sun comes and the rain comes, and the rain comes and the sun. The sea is clear blue glass in the sun, and then the sea is frosted green glass in the rain. The rain dries on my face and hair, and the salt dries on my legs, and my clothes dry to my body. The clouds swim over us, the sun beats on us, the brown babies cling to us, the naked children follow us, the spun-glass fish play about us.

Oh, life, this is very good of you! Oh, little girl that I used to be, what more can I ask than I have!

Dumpas comes after me with the *lipa-lipa*. Arusap says it is time to go home, and home we must go. Back on board the motorboat I return to my mattress on the roof. It is sunset now, and there is nothing left in the world but beauty. I am too small for such beauty. I only know that I give thanks to the blazing, clouded sky, the tossed-up black tropical islands, the oily, resting sea, for existing until I could see them. There is nothing in me great enough for this, but all of me that is gives thanks.

The boat bangs over an uncharted coral reef and bumps to a stop. I nearly shoot off the roof. Everybody stands up and poles and shouts and we move again. Full speed forward goes our Malay captain. Bang on to a coral reef again we go. This is like riding over a rough road on a tire-less wheel rim. Again we pole forward, again we shout, again we move, and again we bump. I think that this must be very unseamanlike navigation, but nobody seems to care.

Now we are off the reef and moving smoothly. Arusap shoots at jellyfish which burst obligingly on the surface of the water. I hope that jellyfish aren't very sensitive to pain.

We arrive at the river's mouth, where the high tide is faithfully awaiting us. River God Dumpas has made his usual infallible arrangements. Dumpas, Si Budak, Arusap, and I cast loose in the *lipa-lipa*. In the dusk of the river's mouth they paddle very carefully among the flooded mangrove roots. Here every night near the muddy banks Dumpas sees Grandfather Crocodile. Tonight he will not even let us joke about him lest he should show himself. Until we are well up the river we keep a respectful silence, not daring to mention his name.

Where the river goes dry and the path goes wet, Puasa meets us with flashlights. It is stumbling business to follow our tunnel through the jungle back to the camp by flashlight. A large monitor lizard out for an evening debauch flops off the path in disgust. A wild pig grunts in the undergrowth, and barking deer call. Si Budak slithers into a pool and is again in his native state of

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drippingness. Old Father River has become impatient about his delayed business, and sometimes now we wade on a flooded path. But Robinson Crusoe doesn't mind wet feet on his way home.

Through the black bars of trees the campfire greets us. Harry shouts 'Ho-ha,' cookie asks if we brought something for the pot, and I ask if a new forest is now reserved.

'Was it a good day?' says Harry.

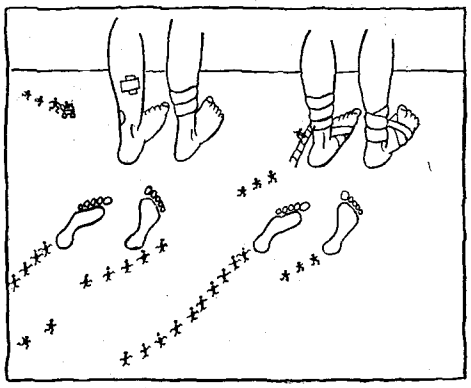
I am lying flat on my cot now, with my shoes off and my muddy feet dangling. A hot bath is cooking in the petrol tin. I smell pigeon curry. When I have the energy to stretch my arm out I can reach the cigarette tin, and if I stretch further I can reach the whiskey flask and have my little drink.

Extravagant phrases come to my mouth, and travel-book exaggerations are on my tongue.

Then I sigh happily and say, 'Every day in the life of Robinson Crusoe was fun.'

But not every night!

Our camp on Timbun Mata was cut in primary jungle, where the wild pigs had wallowed unto the third and fourth generation of them that had pig ticks.



PURSUED BY PIG TICKS

I awoke in the middle of the restless night, scratching. Every pin point of my body crawled, the hairs of my flesh stood on end, and even my mind itched. In this condition it was maddening to listen to the regular breathing which told of Harry's sleep. He had as many pig ticks as I had, as many sand flies, and more leech bites, and it wasn't interfering any with his night's rest. He didn't even have the decency to wake up and sympathize with what I was enduring.

I grip my hysterical thoughts and say, I do not itch, I do not itch. I am very comfortable. What a nice cot I have to lie upon. Now I am going to sleep. Now I am going to sleep. Now I am going to sleep. Now I am going to sleep.

I jump out of bed and disentangle the mosquito net, feel on the floor for the alcohol bottle, pull off my nightgown and douse myself with spirits, then crawl back in bed, tuck in the mosquito net, and start counting sheep. I herd them up to the fence, and boost a couple over, and then recall having read an article which exploded the somnolent theory of sheep-counting.

Now the mosquitoes which bit me while I was out of bed are producing their own itches, and the pig ticks are burrowing again in jealous exasperation. I give up mental soothing syrup and indulge in a thorough, complete, and satisfying scratch. But scratching is only good if you are prepared to keep it up until you tear yourself to pieces, throw the pieces to the pigs, mop up the skin and hair, and call yourself a melancholy memory. To stop short of this is torture, and I am not a stoic.

I think about two possible courses. One is to be a hysterical wife, wake Harry with screams, and tell him he must get me out of this. Women do do things like that — why not I? But Harry would be such an unresponsive audience. An imagined glimpse of his face at such a performance shrivels the idea. He dislikes being awakened rudely under any circumstances, and I feel sure that his wife's sobs while she scratched pig-tick bites would not call forth the best in him at two o'clock in the morning.

I will take the other possible course

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and get out of this tomorrow. I will quietly and sensibly ask Harry to send me back to the mainland, and from there I can catch the steamer to Sandakan. But this is Tuesday and I have missed this week's steamer, and that means a week as uninvited guest somewhere, inconveniencing men who have more business here than I, being another woman who thought she could take it and couldn't. Oh, dear, why did I ever come!

But I can't stand this — hard days in the jungle and then sleepless nights. If Harry sleeps I can too. I will sleep.

I do not itch. I am very comfortable. What a nice cot to lie on. The *kulis* have no cots. And I have a nice little cot mattress, too. Damn, I'll bet the ticks are in that mattress! I'll douse it with petrol tomorrow, and the blankets too. If I can get rid of the ticks I can stand the other bites. But the ticks have no respect for decency — under the arms, around the middle, up the legs, over the stomach.

I get out of bed and get a cigarette. The flame of the match is comforting. The clock face shows me three o'clock. Harry turns over and grunts, 'Time to get up? Anything the matter?'

But this is not the time to tell him.

'No, it's not time to get up.'

My bites are leaking now and will probably get infected. I cannot continue with this performance night after night. I shall ask to go home tomorrow even if it hurts my pride. And once I am home I will never come in the jungle again. So that's settled, tomorrow I go home. . . .

Can it be that I have slept?

I smell coffee. Life-giving, humanizing, sent by Heaven to put hair on the chests of heroes — coffee!

'Ringggggggg!' I shout across at Harry's cot. But he already has his cigarette lighted and his socks on and is searching for his always lost garters.

I pull shorts and shirt from under the mattress where I keep them out of the nighttime damp. I disentangle myself from the mosquito net. We both sit on the steps of the *sulap* [1] drinking coffee.

The jungle morning opens, and the heaviness of the night pours away into the freshness of the dawn. The weight of my sore and sleepless body lifts from me in the vigor of the coming day.

It is light enough now to see to comb my hair, and I put on a little rouge, and Harry is whistling.

'Have a good night?'

'Lousy.'

'What's the matter?'

(Now is the time to say I want to go home.)

'It's those damnable pig ticks. I itch so. I think I'll not go in the jungle today with you.'

'Tell you what, we'll both take a holiday. We'll go off on the motorboat and look for a shallow beach to bathe from. The salt water will do our bites good. And there's a plot of teak on the other end of the island I want to look at, too. Come on, hustle up.'

(Now is the time to say I want to go home.)

(*Eeeah!* If you go home now you're gonna miss a lotta fun. *Eeeah!*)

'Ready?' Harry calls.

'Just a moment.' (There is a funeral being held for one hysterical wife.)

'Coming,' I answer.

For all I know better men than I may have wanted to go home — in the middle of the night.

Writing from Selangan Island

And now, in one short but extravagant section I recall the ridiculous behavior of the leaves, the crabs, the sails, and the *sulaps* on Selangan Island.

As soon as Arusap lighted the petrol lamp we heard stealthy movement and persistent rustling in the fallen leaves upon the ground. I climbed down from the *sulap* and stood with the flashlight focused on the clearing. The dead leaves

[1] *Sulap* — small native-made hut, usually constructed from matting strips of screw-pine leaves, and roofed with strips of *nipah*-palm leaf.

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at the edge of the jungle were moving toward the *sulap*, undulating with a whispering voice, and surrounding us like a creeping carpet. I watched very carefully to be sure it wasn't the effect of my second gin.

'Harry, come here. If you don't see what I see I'll give up my gin forever!'

Harry, shocked perhaps by this proposal, joined me quickly on the ground, while the dead leaves crawled in on us. And then, by the simple expedient of lifting the leaves and looking, we found crabs and crabs and crabs and crabs.

They were moving curiously in toward the circle of our lamplight, probably the first bright light in their lives.

Within the hour they had all been up to see us and gone away again. Looking for them later, we saw nothing.

That night we ate too much. There were turtle eggs with sunken shells, tapioca root baked crisp like long French rolls, boiled heart of wild palm with a flavor like oysters and artichokes, *durian merah* roasted to a magnificent scarlet and tasting like chestnuts, and a roast of barking deer, and rice.

After that there was little left that we could do, or wished to do, except admire our great content and tightened stomach skins. Lying on our backs under the mosquito nets, with nothing itching for the moment, with Timbun Mata jungle camp and pig ticks left behind us, with the breeze blowing from the sea through our *sulap*, we were in luxury. The only other thing to make that luxury complete was a book. The sole remaining unread volume of the books that we had brought was Somerset Maugham's *Traveller's Library*. Harry had it.

'But I want half,' I said. 'It's my book, too.'

Harry took a razor and cut the back binding through the middle. 'Here's your half,' he said.

My half began with Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale*, and was a very satisfactory half.

Like that we lay under the mosquito net. And Harry quickly fell asleep, and I was nearly so, when suddenly the breeze became a wind, the wind a gale, and I looked up to see the roof blow off. The stars were there above me, and nothing else.

Again I blamed that second gin, again I called for Harry, and then, I in a nightgown holding on to the vanishing sides of the *sulap*, Harry in a sarong hanging on to the last piece of palm-leaf roofing, we cried for Arusap, Dumpas, Puasa, and the *kulis*.

More quickly than it seems such things can happen the supports of the *sulap* were swarming with the bare brown legs of rescuers. Lashing down with strips of *rotan* such *kajangs* [1] as remained as house walls, and running to the jungle after the fleeing *atap* roof, they reassembled certain pieces of the house.

Meanwhile the gale blew harder, I rescued Harry's glasses, the Leica, our garters, and any small luxuries that still remained, and crawled into my bed with them, trying to stifle my laughter and remember that this was a situation which might be serious. Above me in the *sulap* wove a network of human legs. Never have I seen so many, such good-looking, such brown and shining and active legs, in such unconventional and unstudied and innocently risqué poses. Such a beautiful tangle of masculine legs would surely save us from anything.

But fast as the men worked to get the house together, struggling to have us sheltered before the rain, so quickly the wind puffed the house apart again.

Then Dumpas the Bajau, who lived in his boat, climbed down the cliff to the shore, took the great bronze sail from off his *lipa-lipa*, climbed up the cliff again, and wrapped our little house up inside that great bronze sail.

Harry and I were left inside. The men crawled out, and bound the sail about the house with *rotan* strips, twisting and knotting and making all secure. With

[1] *Kajang* — strip of matting made from *nipah*-palm leaves.

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the house bound about thus in the sail, no wind could get inside; our *sulap* rocked and swayed, but held together.

'Do you think she'll blow to the Philippines, Captain?' I asked. Just then my eye fell on the gin bottle, tipped over on its side. 'And don't you think, Captain, that a storm like this calls for a tot of grog?'

The Captain made no answer, but the First Mate knew what she thought. And so then the Captain, just to be matey, joined her in one.

And the gale blew, and the sail billowed, and the vessel swayed and creaked, and the next morning we awoke in Manila Bay.

So I should like to say.

But we didn't. With sails furled close, with anchor dragging and wheel lashed fast, with the Captain and the First Mate drunk in the hold, the ship rode safe through the storm and awoke to another dawn on Selangan.

A month later Harry and I board the coast steamer together. We are very brown and very thin and very healthy, and our legs are embossed with adhesive patches.

'Good morning, Mrs. Keith,' says the Captain. 'Did you have a good time out there on your tropical islands?'

'Wonderful. Don't we look well?'

'That you do. I always thought those little islands would be nice to go to for a holiday. I'd like to send the wife and kiddies off to one for a couple of weeks. They could have a good rest.'

'Yes, indeed, Captain, just the place for the wife and kiddies. Air conditioning, modern sanitation, vacuum cleaner, sewing machine, and a circulating library being installed next year.'

The Captain looked a bit confused, as well he might, and said, Well, well, he hadn't heard. And then the steamer stopped at Lahad Datu and Mrs. Tuxford came on, and she said, What fun it must be on the islands, she must go there sometime. And then Miss Sawyer came along and she said, too, she must go there sometime. And then the steamer sailed again and we went by more islands, and people said they would all go there sometime.

But we go there.

XIV

With youthful swiftness Fi-fille came towards us across the lawn, using the private path that leads between the Chinese Consulate and our garden. She carried in her hand the blue paper of the Consulate war telegrams which came to her father, the Chinese Consul, and which she often brought to us.

At the same moment in which I saw Fi-fille I saw the tall Japanese Consul appearing from the public path at the other corner of our lawn. The painted-on-silk figure which tiptoed beside him, the high spikes of her French heels tapping elegantly into the turf, must be the animated Tokyo wife of whom I had heard. They came towards us smiling.

The smug hostess expression faded from my face. The Japanese Consul and his wife were our invited guests for tea at what would be our first meeting. This afternoon I could not welcome Fi-fille. The Sino-Japanese war situation was just entering a crucial phase, and to entertain together the families from both consulates would be a social stupidity which was almost a rudeness.

Rapidly the International Situation advanced across the turf towards us, unaware as yet that it was a Situation. Fi-fille's casual glance did not recognize the Consul, and she herself, in saffron-colored jersey and skirt, was, at first glance, any smart young woman.

As simultaneously as if they had measured their steps beforehand, the three arrived at our doorway. Hoping that this moment in my life would never repeat itself, I stepped forward to greet them.

'It is indeed a great pleasure that we meet.'

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I turned to the bowing Consul. 'Good afternoon, Consul; we have been anticipating knowing you. And do you know Miss Genevieve Ou, the daughter of our Chinese Consul?'

Austere wonder appeared in his eyes at my introduction, and the air became full of unspoken exclamations. Fi-fille's face grew bright with confusion, now she was understanding the situation. It seemed to me then that the tinge of rouge and lipstick on her oval face added no more sophistication to her countenance than does a turquoise ribbon to a kitten.

The Consul recovered first, and gripped Fi-fille's coral-tipped hand. It lay in his slender fingers like the wax hand of a window mannikin. Fi-fille had apparently lost connection with it, and I wondered vaguely if the Consul might toss it away when he had finished.

'Fi-fille, this is the Consul's wife.'

With easy grace Madame veiled the questioning in her face, and extended her hand. The Consul transferred Fi-fille's hand to Madame, who touched it daintily and then returned it to Fi-fille, at whose side it swung abandoned.

The next difficulty was to negotiate our doorway. I stepped back and gestured for Madame to enter, and she gestured for me to enter, and I gestured again for her to enter, and she deprecatingly held back for me to enter, but I stood firm. Protesting, she then stepped over the sill first. I then gestured for Fi-fille to enter, as I was the hostess. She gestured for me to enter, as she was an unmarried girl. This dilemma we usually solved by entering doorways together, but to-day she was determined on etiquette. I gave up and preceded her. Meanwhile my husband had solved his doorway problem by stepping around the corner to the French window, and forcibly injecting the Consul through this before him.

Fi-fille sat on the divan by my husband. Her face had become an exquisitely moulded bisque mask. The expressionless young woman I saw there was a stranger to me. I could not tell whether she was deliberately handling the situation thus, or whether she was in a trance of embarrassment.

The face of my husband beside her was another mask. The yellow, livery look of many years in the East now for the moment possessed it painfully. Distress at the awkward situation had strained away into tightness the amiable laugh lines which usually show at the corners of his eyes. I read his thoughts behind his mask, but hoped that nobody else could. He was a conversational loss, and husband and friend together formed an unrising dough in the social sponge.

I searched for a conversational loophole. 'You have lived in San Francisco, I understand, Madame?'

'Since one year. But only a little do I speak English. You will pardon?' Her voice tinkled out the words with a diminutive sweetness which suited her small stature.

'My wife desires to learn immediately to speak better English.' The Consul's voice was clear and decisive. I noticed that, although he was very tall, he was not un-Japanese-looking. His bones were Oriental and shapely, and without fleshy padding. His face was like a fine-boned and beautiful skull with parchment moulded over it. The death mask of a samurai, I thought.

'You find our isolated Borneo very quiet after San Francisco, Madame?' The question was inane, but the pauses were worse.

'Ah, quiet, yes. But there is movie here in Sandakan. I like movie. And you, Madame Keith, you have been to Japan?'

'Yes, but we were only there for one week.'

'You like Japan, yes?'

'Yes, indeed, Japan is very beautiful,' I said helpfully.

'You were there in cherry-blossom time?'

'No, we were there in October.'

'Ah, chrysanthemum time.'

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Tea arrived. With the passing of cream and sugar, sandwiches, biscuits, and tarts, with the comforting occupation for our hands, the scene became almost social. I saw my husband's mask becoming pliant with the warmth of tea.

And then Fi-fille refused tea. She hurled a belligerent 'I do not care for any tea!' like a bomb into a nursery. It burst among us, and its fragments shot up and exploded the comic-strip balloons which still floated inoffensively above our heads with our amiable pleasantries on them. Our social phrases came tumbling down, and the descending fragments scratched our bright surfaces.

Conversational *rigor mortis* ensued. I passed the flower-decorated cakes to Madame, who removed one tiny pink one from the tremendous plateful.

'And does not the other lady enjoy tea?' she questioned.

'She says she has had her tea. Fi-fille, why don't you speak French with Madame? Madame speaks French fluently, I believe.'

This bait dropped by Fi-fille without a nibble. I passed the cakes to the Consul. He would not have any. I passed them to Fi-fille. She would not have any. I relinquished the overwhelming plate with the one tiny pink cake missing. I never again wanted to see sandwiches, cakes, or tea.

Just as I gathered myself together to reopen Japan, the Consul's eye fell on the milky jade of the large Sung celadon plate which hung on the wall, the one with the highly embossed acanthus blossom, of which we were so proud. The eye of the Consul sparkled from out his samurai mask.

'You collect?'

Even without words the answer was in the glow which came in my husband's eye. Expression wrinkled his mask.

'A little, Consul. And you?'

'I also have the spiritual joy, the financial misfortune, to collect.' The Consul was over by the plate, gently removing it from its holder, smoothing the ancient surface, feeling its oyster gloss, touching reverently the embossed acanthus. My husband was beside him, unable to conceal his pride of his treasure.

'It is genuine, Consul. You see here . . .' They turned it over, then back. 'Nine hundred years ago some old boy turned, and worked, and moulded . . . this leaf, this petal, this stem,' finger tracing them lovingly, 'perfected this oval, and today we have them still. That's what gets into the bone about this early stuff. It's that feeling that throughout centuries men have handled and valued this, and that for centuries to come other men may do so. It is our link with the past. Don't you feel that way, Consul?'

'Indeed, yes. It makes us one with the ages.'

I thought that I had heard these phrases before somewhere, but my husband and the Consul seemed quite satisfied with their originality.

'And you are happy also that your husband collects?' questioned the Consul's wife of me. We exchanged sudden laughs. We saw that both of us understood that the wives of collectors live on the verge of bankruptcy.

The Consul and my husband disappeared into the library, and I knew what this meant. The best pieces of Sung were there.

'Diplomatic relations with Japan saved by Sung celadon!' My mind carried a front-page newspaper article with this joyful streamer. 'Ceramics save the day! Sung, and Ming, and blue-and-white, play their part in keeping world peace. Siamese ware and early trade-ware, blanc de chine and famille rose, snuffboxes and medicine bowls, pots, jugs, and pitchers, all gather at International Conference to make the world safe for collectors. Wives excluded, and the wolf not allowed at the door!'

Now that the samurai mask and the angry-husband mask had disappeared

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amicably together, I felt that I could deal with the female situation. Almost with gusto, I eased us out of our seats and towards the hall. Madame was an obliging creature and quite content to be disposed of in any way I suggested, but Fi-fille was still enveloped in her aura of obstinate tragedy. Slowly we negotiated the hall doorway, again an almost insuperable obstacle for our gentilities.

'This is a native blowpipe used for poison darts. It is a favorite Borneo weapon,' I described.

Madame acknowledged this gracefully, and then stepped over to a hanging native skull, the trophy of a head hunt.

'And do these Borneo men still hunt heads?'

'Sometimes.'

'But that is not civilized, I think!' She shuddered away.

I caught Fi-fille's glance, and felt what she was thinking of Madame's comment. Fortunately, she did not say it.

I chose the double doorway through which we three might step at once, and we went out to the garden. We all said that the view was wonderful, wasn't it! And what tree was that? That was the African tulip tree, the *Spathodia campanulata*. And what rose was that? That rose was an hibiscus. And did that white lily have a fragrance? No, that white lily was a scentless orchid. And wasn't that wonderful to have orchids growing all about! Yes, that was wonderful, but we still liked geraniums. And should we all like to walk down and see the *wah wahs? Wah wah* was the native name for *kelawat*, and *kelawat* was the Malay name for gibbon ape, and if Madame loved the animals she would surely like to see the *wah wahs?*

Slowly, slowly, slowly we walked.

'Oh, Hermie! Oh, Anjibi! Ooooooooh! Whooooooo? Whooooooo?' I made *wah wah* noises. 'They go to bed very early, and now that dark is coming I am afraid I cannot get them to come down.'

'Oh, but the baby one! Can I love him in my arms?' begged Madame.

I entered the cage, but Herman was nervous with strangers about, and hung out of my reach, and jibbered at me like an old man with unmanageable false teeth. Madame and I made supposedly enticing noises. Herman, Anjibi, and Fi-fille looked at us with common scorn.

'If you will come over some morning I can get them down for you. They are more playful in the morning,' I apologized.

We returned to the house, and we all looked at the clock. 'You pardon, please, if I call to my husband in Japanese?' queried Madame. I pardoned gladly, and she called.

'My husband! It grows dark. Surely we have been here a long time. Surely we have said everything twice. Surely it is time to go home. Come away from your plates and your bowls.' Her voice tinkled it out in music-box Japanese, but I knew every word that she said.

'Yes, yes! Indeed I do forget the time when we collectors are together. But now I come.' The samurai mask appeared from the library, accompanied by Harry.

'Good-bye!'

'Good-bye!'

'Good-bye.'

'Good-bye.'

The sloping path lost them to sight. Then Fi-fille turned quickly to me, and I saw that the delicate mask of her expression was breaking.

'Oh, you must be angry with me for coming! Oh, please do not be! I am so sorry, but after I was here I did not know what to do.' The clear skin flushed with unmanageable emotion, and a lock of shining, irresponsible hair fell forward out of the well-arranged permanent wave.

I remembered then an old Chinese proverb I had read, 'When riding a tiger it is difficult to dismount.'

But Fi-fille had dismounted from her tiger now, and in the place of a militant

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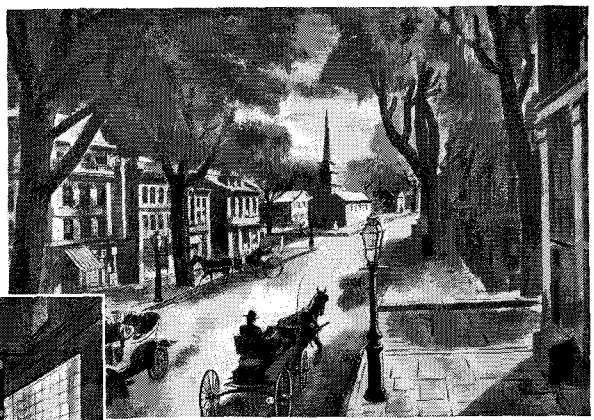
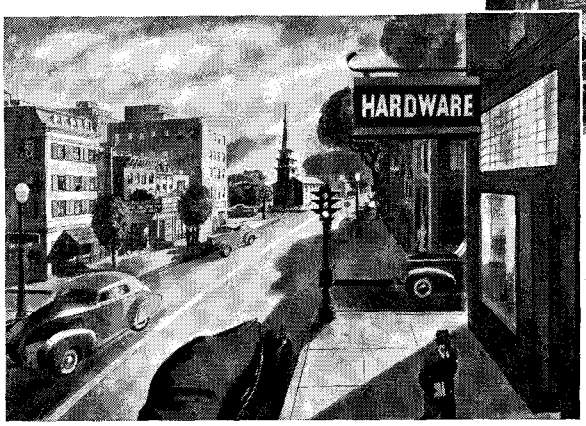
Why America is Healthier...

AND HOW YOU CAN HELP TO KEEP IT THAT WAY

1909—Thirty years ago—in an average community such as illustrated at the right—tuberculosis was the leading cause of death. Such other diseases as typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping cough, and measles were also common causes of death. The annual toll of fatalities from preventable causes was entirely too high.





1939—During the past three decades, the death rate for tuberculosis, according to latest available figures, has declined more than 66%; for influenza and pneumonia, 24%; for measles, 87%; for whooping cough, 59%; for diphtheria, 90%; for scarlet fever, 87%.

AMERICANS BORN TODAY HAVE, on the average, a prospect of living ten years longer than those born a generation ago.

More people now live to see their heart disease, cancer, or syphilis completely cured or checked.

Progressive American communities have banished diphtheria, typhoid fever, smallpox as public hazards—and *every* community can! Safety education has helped reduce accidents.

▶ *Why* is America so much healthier?

Because a tireless, eminently capable body of men and women—medical and public-health workers, and those engaged in safety work—have within one lifetime so brilliantly extended our defenses against disease and causes of death.

They have discovered the causes of many diseases and have produced effective vaccines and serums for their prevention and treatment. They have safeguarded our milk, water, and food supplies and the very air we breathe. They have helped us establish efficient health departments.

▶ How can *you* help America to maintain its enviable health record?

First of all, by guarding your own health—having regular medical check-ups and seeing your doctor promptly in the event of sickness. Second, by concerning yourself with the efficiency of your community's health services. And third, by giving your support, whenever you have the chance, to the cause of better local health conditions.

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Amazon there was just a small girl who had been too distressed all afternoon for tea and her favorite cakes. My heart recalled the childlike defenselessness, the youthful eagerness, I had seen in her face in the afternoon sun.

I took Fi-fille's hand and I held it tightly, while I urged her ahead of me into the lighted room. I called for the afternoon cakes again, and we searched attentively for her favorites. I called for a watered vermouth for her, and lighted a cigarette, and then while we sat and smoked we looked about us searchingly. The parlor of horrors had vanished. And I saw, and Fi-fille saw, that this was the house of her friends.

From the evening when I first met the Chinese Consul, and Madame Ou his French wife, and Fi-fille and Georges, the young daughter and son, I connected them in my own mind with my family group at home. And the better that I came to know them the more they came to be for me the symbol of family life in Sandakan. I went often to the Chinese Consulate, for Fi-fille and I discovered a mutual attachment, Georges and I practised the tango, Madame Ou lent her French-style periodicals to me, and the Consul discussed with us Chinese nationalism and gardening. I went often, and always when I entered the doorway there I felt as I had felt in my own home in the United States, that family affection is a fire which warms all those who come near it.

The Consul himself spoke the Mandarin dialect of Chinese, the dialect of the diplomats, but he also spoke French perfectly, and French was the family tongue employed by all of them in their home. I used to try intensely, when the flames of their French licked around my head, to bring back to my memory the small amount of French which I had one time known, but always instead Malay words sprang to my lips. But Fi-fille and Georges, who spoke English very well, would dart with their agile tongues in among the French phrases, and pluck out those of significance, and translate them into English for me. By reason of this erratic method the conversations at the Consulate were always very alive, very fluent, very well illustrated by gestures, but principally made comprehensible by virtue of our mutual desire to understand one another.

There in that home I found many beautiful possessions which I admired, of both Chinese and French origin. And I not only found cosmopolitan treasures from Peking and from Paris, but found in the Consul and Madame themselves qualities of being which came from equally distant sources. But never was there anything in those differing qualities which failed to be predominated by the bond of affection between them. Madame ruled her end of the dinner table with a generous elegant gesture. The Consul ruled his end with an unobtrusive low-spoken word in Mandarin, but the rule of both was to the benefit of both.

And great among the qualities which I found in that home to admire was the quality of sincerity to their friends. And among those friends, whom to me it was unaccustomed pleasure to meet, I found ever more fuel for the fire of my interracial warmth.

Not all Asiatic homes are open to Europeans, and not all European homes are open to Asiatics, and to Eurasians sometimes the homes of neither are open. But when a home welcomes all, as the Consulate did, it welcomes people whose stories are writing the future of their races, but whose lives are tangled.

I watched many stories begin at the Chinese Consulate, and many of them are still without ending. There was the Chinese doctor with an Edinburgh degree, who brought to Sandakan his wife, a smartly dressed young Spanish woman born in Gibraltar. He practises in Sandakan still, but she has returned to Gibraltar with their baby.

There was a young Eurasian nurse who came to Sandakan from Singapore.

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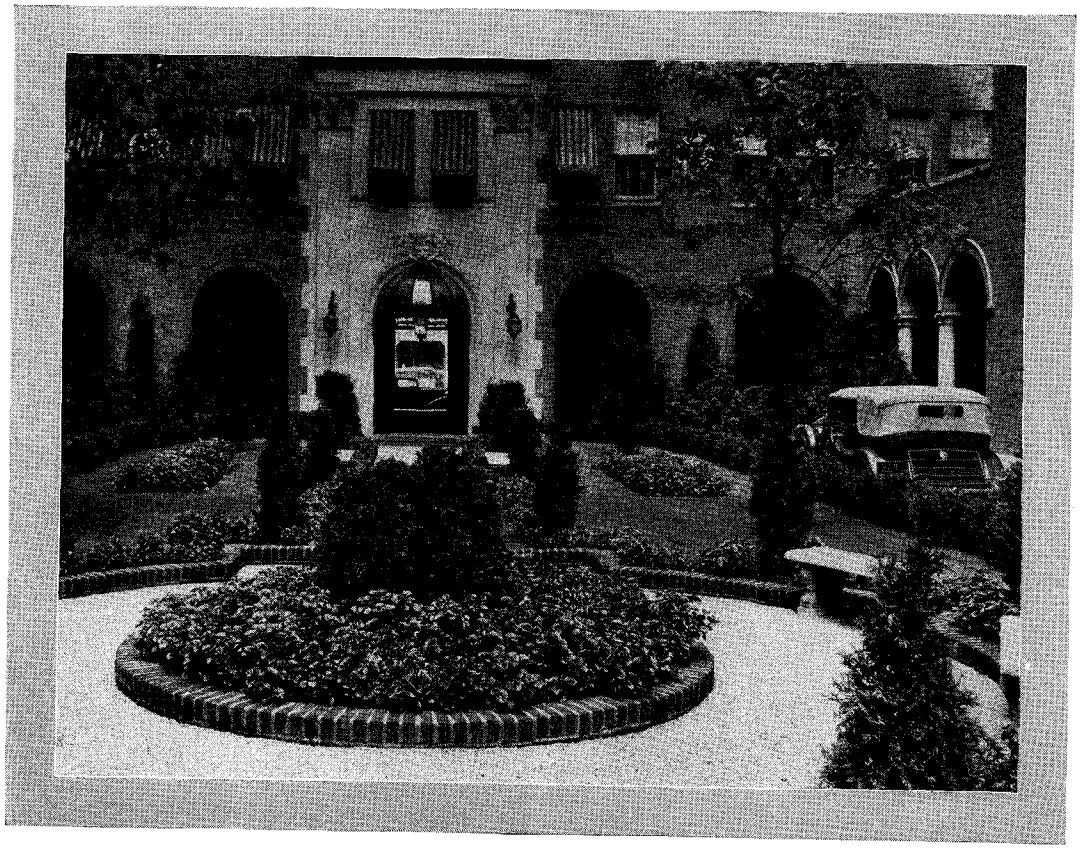

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Her mother was Siamese and her father was English. When she first saw our semi-Siamese cat, Mary, she picked her up and laughed and said, 'You're like me, kitty, half and half!' I had read that the Siamese Eurasian women were often very beautiful, and when I met this girl I saw that it was so. She was also intelligent, industrious, and ambitious. Her story is only beginning.

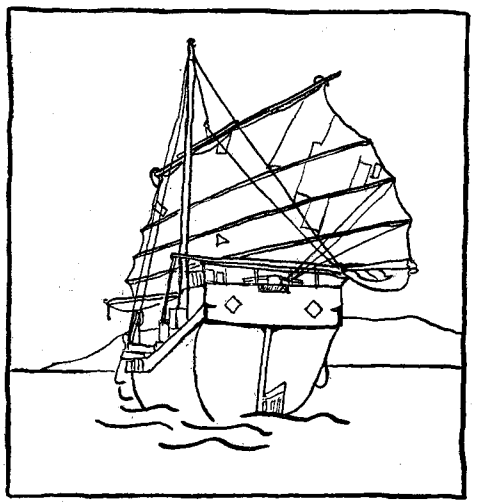
These and many others came to the Chinese Consulate, while through companionable buoyant evenings we gorged on Madame Ou's lavish French dinners, or at cheerful Sunday tiffins reveled in the salty tang of her Marseilles *bouillabaisse*. And those days were happy days, it seems to us now, as are all days before impersonal disaster becomes personal, when looked back upon.

Then coincidently with the growing imperativeness of the war in China the dinners and tiffins began to abate, and I thought that it must be the war situation, which it could reasonably be. Some time passed without my visiting the Consulate, and then suddenly as a shock the answer came to me. Unexpectedly one afternoon I happened upon the Consul in his garden when I had not seen him for some weeks. He smiled, he was most courteous as always, we said good-day, and I passed on, but I had seen that he was very ill. A few days later Fi-fille came and told us her father must leave immediately for Hong Kong, where he would probably have an operation.

The afternoon came when the Consul was to sail. We asked permission to go with his family on the launch which was to take Madame Ou and the Consul to the Hong Kong boat that lay in midstream. At sunset the boat weighed her anchor and moved slowly towards the harbor's mouth. When we on the launch below looked up and watched the ship out of sight I could see to the last the Consul's smile, which seemed to me celestial upon his beautiful and aristocratic face.

I had always drawn a comparison in my own mind between the Consul and his family and my own closely knit family, but I had little known the coincidence which was to work out in our relations to draw that comparison more deeply and more sadly.

Within a few days after the Consul left we had news of him which had been radioed to a passing Borneo-bound ship. The message said that the ocean passage was very bad and the Consul was grow-



ing weak. Then came news by wireless from Hong Kong — the captain of the steamer had forced his engines to their utmost speed, had brought his ship in to Hong Kong a day ahead of time, and the Consul was safely in the hospital. Then came the news, just eight days after he had left Sandakan, that the Consul was dead. Five days after that I received a cable to say that my own father had died in the United States.

And I do believe that these two fine men live on, in the hearts which they leave behind them, and that to create love in the hearts we leave is the richest legacy.

XV

We were on the *Empress of Canada* in Hong Kong Harbor.

'There's too much luggage!' Harry

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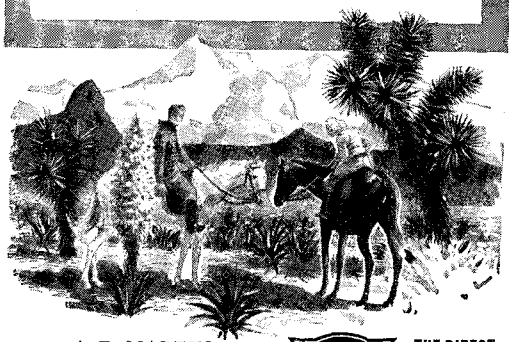

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said, and the words were somehow familiar.

There was my wardrobe trunk, Harry's favorite abomination, standing boastfully against the wall with its chest swelling out like a fat woman in a Pullman aisle. There was Harry's steamer trunk, hiding modestly beneath a bunk as a well-trained trunk should do, and there was his small sheet-metal trunk with the manuscript of his Murut vocabulary and his favorite books, lying docilely beside his other trunk. There were two legitimate suitcases with clothing, there were two zipper bags with dutiable goods, and one large suitcase with dutiable gifts. There were our two brief cases, each one fighting to be on top, and my portable typewriter, and the golf clubs, and the duffle bag with Harry's Ming porcelain wrapped up in my rabbit coat. And there was the large, very large, Chinese-made extension suitcase which held my manuscript.

'Can't that manuscript suitcase go in the hold?' Harry asked.

'No,' I answered. And Harry said nothing.

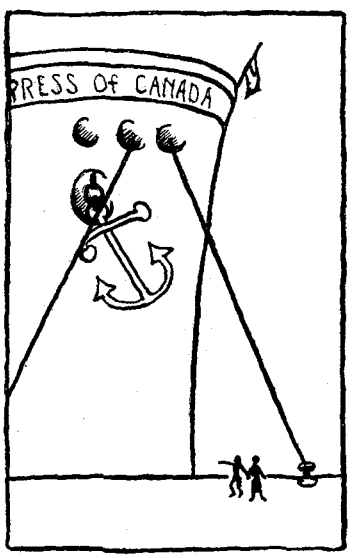
When I had had fever and had worried constantly about not being able to finish my book before our leave came, Harry had promised me that I should take it all home with me to the United States, down to the last scrap of paper.

'All those drawers- and drawersful of half-written notes?' I asked. 'You mean I can take all of that home? And all those stacks of what looks like scrap paper to anyone else? And all those papers in clips? And my sketches? And my Malay dictionary? And the Handbook? And the Malay pantuns and songs and the Jawi reader? And the sheets and sheets of stuff that I might never use at all, but maybe I might? All of that?'

'All of that,' Harry had promised. So now the Chinese extension suitcase stood in the cabin. It had extended to such proportions that it would not go under the berth, it would not stand between the beds, it would not fit in a corner, and it would not go in the closet. The suitcase stood, and Harry said nothing.

My plan was to work on the manuscript all the way across the Pacific, and to have it emerging in a coördinated state by the time we reached British Columbia. During the first few days of the voyage I upset everything in the cabin daily by opening the Chinese suitcase and sitting and nibbling tastelessly at the edges of the sheets which lay on top. At each nibble it became less appetizing.

Meanwhile Harry vacationed in the smoking room, occasionally returning to the cabin full of the beer of human kindness, only to find me dyspeptic on undigested manuscript. Then after three



days, like a vaccination, the virus of vacation took. I strapped up the Chinese suitcase and sent it down to the hold, and gave myself up to watching the exile's return.

Oh, that trip across the Pacific! Oh, the cold again! Hong Kong was cold, Shanghai was cold, Kobe was cold, Yokohama was cold, the *Empress of Canada* was cold! Or maybe it was I that was cold. The only time I was warm was sitting in a hot bath or drinking whiskey, and once I took the whiskey

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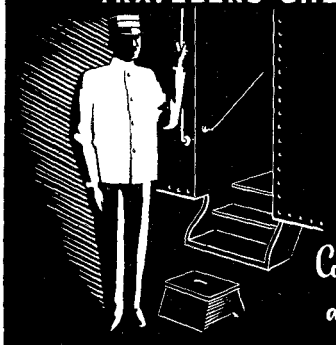

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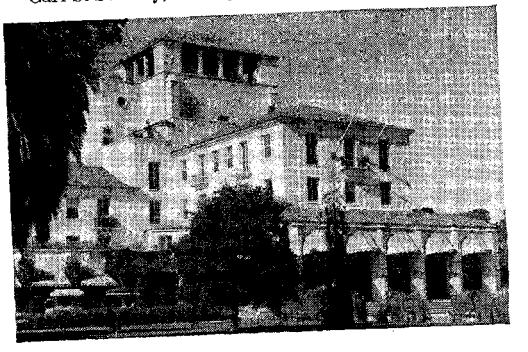

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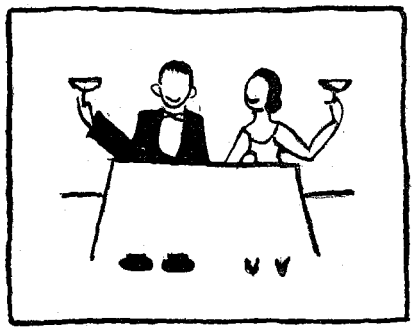
in the bath with me. My body hurt with the cold, but it made me live again.

And oh, the food! Red-blooded Canadian beef; liver that had no cirrhosis; kidneys without Bright's disease; apples, oranges, pears, and grapes which could be distinguished one from the other by flavor as well as by shape;



vegetables which did not have to be labeled and indexed in order to reveal to the consumer their identity; and one head of lettuce per day per Keith, and NO tins.

Oh, the women in furs again! And a real dance orchestra, and hot water running out of the taps, and an enamel bathtub with a drain therein, and all the luxury of a luxury liner, and we two people in the lap of it! Ships have carried passengers before, but never two more contented ones.

'And the natives,' we explained to our English friends, 'will paddle out to greet the ship in kayaks and birchbark canoes. They are a white-skinned race of more than average stature, with Aryan features and simple ways. Clad in the skins of the wild beasts which they have shot in the Canadian Rockies, and adorned with the beads and bracelets which the traders from England have brought them, they will look alarming, but they are not dangerous. Be surprised at nothing, however, for we are about to touch at our first port on the North American Continent.'

The next morning we came into harbor at Victoria, British Columbia, and if the natives of Canada were a disappointment to our English friends, at least early spring in Victoria was all that we had promised.

I walk down the quiet streets of Victoria wanting to shout and sing, filled with a joyful vigor again. It is the old wonderful feeling remembered from all the happiest moments of my life, the joyful feeling that went with me on the hilltops of Borneo and came down the Borneo rivers. At last I no longer carry the listless carcass which has burdened me through weeks of fever, and the blood awakens in my quiescent flesh. This is no whiskey stimulation, this is coming alive in a spring world — a spring world after four years and a half in a land without seasons. The crocuses bloom. How happy they make me! The sun shines. How beautiful it is! The rain falls. How cozy our fireside! And the milk comes out of a cow, not a tin.

Everything in the world about me shares in a great vigor. I recognize now as never before the tremendous aliveness of the people of this continent, a germinating aliveness which makes it impossible to catalogue them. People and positions flutter out of their pigeonholes and refuse to be documented. Wives wash their husband's underwoolens in order to ride in handsome motorcars; plumbers talk philosophy and philosophers do the plumbing; the man who paints the pantry borrows the anthology of English poetry and the man who compiles the anthology paints his own pantry.

Conversation here is not English dinner-table conversation. It leaps nimbly from the subject of unemployment in the Canadian provinces to the submarine habits of the goldfish who swim outside in our garden pond; from the threat of war in Europe to when will the neighbor's bitch have pups. It is not English dinner-table conversation, but it is very alive and very invigorating.

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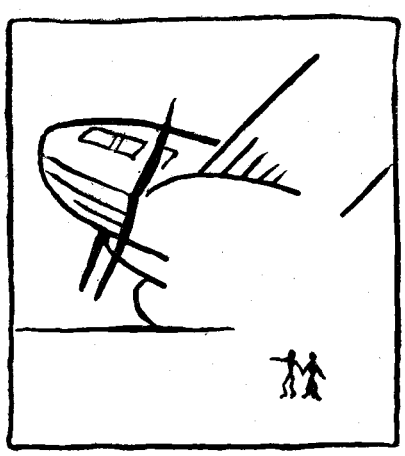
two days. Two nights of boring in and out of sleeping berths like a maggot in a cheese hole; two days of crawling in and out of Ladies' Rooms like a constipated caterpillar; of watching female hair, teeth, eyebrows, lips, and cheeks vanish from their owners to lie disabled, impotent, in shelves above the washbasins; two days of squeezing by the bosoms and bottoms of fat people who stand in the aisle, and of stepping on the feet and suspenders of men who undress by their berths; two days of asking the Pullman-car porter persistently, When do we reach Portland, please? and Eugene, please? and Klamath, please? and Shasta, please? and Oakland, please? and of trying to get off at each flying station to telephone home, feeling that I cannot wait longer, now that I am so near, to hear the sound of those dear voices again. And finally asking, And When Do We Reach Los Angeles, Please? And then we do reach there. And a traveler has returned.

A traveler has returned — to the greetings of people she loves, to the warmth of affections withdrawn from, to the circle of arms that was hers at her birth. These be three enduring things, and for them a traveler gives thanks.



And so I am home in America. A traveler returns, but he is never the same; he returns, and what he returns to is new. And if he comes from an outpost of the British Empire, and from jungles and swamps, and from Eastern languors and tropical calm, then a traveler returned is momentarily confused by life in the U.S.A.

I read the headlines: 'Ape Man Bites Woman'; 'Phantom Burglar Robs House'; 'Girl Sobs Story of Killing Father for Affection'; 'Arsenic Widow Marries Victim's Son'; 'Actor Divorces Fifth Wife Because He Loves Her.'

Life here seems to be lived in headlines; love is in electric lights; vice is illuminated with neon signs; crimes are the biggest and best; men test their strength by the number of live goldfish they can swallow within the hour, by the number of girls they can kiss within the day, by the number of women they can marry within the year. Quiet affection and unblazoned love lie moth-eaten in the bottom drawer. The digit 'one' is at a discount, nothing under five counts in marriages, and when the man bites the dog it is appetite, not news.

These are my people and I am proud of them, but not when I read the headlines. But I know that behind those headlines, like a clear flame which is distorted when seen through the glass of a cheap lamp, burns a fine and great energy. Burns the same great energy which made our forefathers set sail for this once stern and rockbound coast, which made our grandfathers move in covered wagons across this once uncharted soil, which made our fathers build New York, Washington, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles on these once unbroken and unballyhooed acres. Burns the same great energy which makes the United States today the potentially greatest, the most exciting and dangerous, place in the world, far more so than the Borneo jungles.

This is my country and I am proud of it. For I know that here is a fertile clay which teems with the very bacteria of life. Everything flourishes in this clay, grows to the tallest degree, flowers to the

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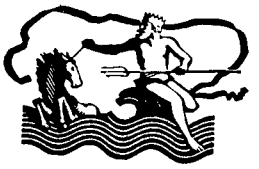

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hugest size, and reproduces in the greatest number. On such a fertile clay guard well what seeds may fall.

A traveler has returned, and he wishes to tell what he sees. But there is the same risk in writing about this country as there is to the around-the-world journalist who writes about Borneo — the risk of seeing only the elephants and the rhinoceroses, because they are SO big. And that is the way with the United States, and with Borneo — unless you look closely you may classify them by their elephants and their rhinoceroses.

People ask me if I wish to return to Borneo. People ask me if I like our life out there. The answer is that I like our life as we live it better than I like anybody else's life of which I know.

I like the black nights of Borneo when the air smells of tree buds and wet leaves, when the only sound is the bark of the frogs and the tock of the nightjars in the jungle, and the only company is our own, and the only words are ours. I like the quiet days at home alone, days in which I am not ambitious, energetic, or noteworthy, but just am. It takes time and solitude to exist, and we have those in Borneo. I like the jungle trips, when I come to know the things I have wanted to know — the Stygian gloom of the *nipah* swamps, the murky green of the rivers, the beautiful excitement of the rapids, and the mellow color of sunlight on the backs of naked men.

I like our coming home on leave. We hurry through space, over oceans, across continents, and pass through all conditions of climates, people, mental attitudes, manners, and morals. One day my feet are too big for my shoes and the next day the shoes drop off in the cold; one time my dress is too daring and the next time it's dowdy; in one place I am being careful not to shock the people and in the next place they are shocking me.

I am glad that we come home on leave to a new continent, to these United States of America, where we may see life written with headlines again. And while I am here I like being the woman who came from a long way off — was it Bermuda or Buenos Aires? Siam or Central America? China, India, or Africa?

When I left the United States to sail for Borneo in 1934 I said to my husband, 'This is a moment of great joy. I will remember it all my life.' That was almost five years ago, and there are things now which I understand, and accept, which I did not know then.

I know now that in that land to which we are returning there will be two people there together, and they will be everything to each other, or they will be nothing. I have learned now that it is not easy to leave children, and the people you love, to grow up, or to die, in a distant land. And I know now that when in that last moment I stand on the deck and look back at the dear faces which say good-bye to me I shall be embracing in my mind the fact that such farewells may be eternal. Then everything in me will say, 'How can you go!' But I shall go.

I shall go, because I know that when we sail again for Borneo this fall I shall feel the same deep emotion of happiness from which I spoke five years ago. But my lips will not need to utter the words this time when I turn to my husband, for we both know now without speaking that to journey together is happiness.

(*The End*)

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